UNIVERSITY
LIBRARIES

Tallahassee

FLORIDA STATE
UNIVERSITY LIBRARIES

AUG 22 1994

TALLAHASSEE, FLORIDA

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2024

https://archive.org/details/throughsouthamer0000jaza

THROUGH SOUTH AMERICA'S SOUTHLAND

Books by J. A. Zahm
(H. J. Mozans)

Through South America's Southland

Up the Orinoco and Down the Magdalena

Along the Andes and Down the Amazon

Woman in Science

D. APPLETON AND COMPANY
Publishers New York

THE AUTHOR AND COLONEL ROOSEVELT IN THE BRAZILIAN WILDERNESS.

FOLLOWING THE CONQUISTADORES

THROUGH SOUTH AMERICA'S SOUTHLAND

WITH AN ACCOUNT OF THE ROOSEVELT SCIENTIFIC EXPEDITION TO SOUTH AMERICA

BY

THE REVEREND J. A. ZAHM, C.S.C., PH.D.

(H. J. MOZANS)

AUTHOR OF "UP THE ORINOCO AND DOWN THE MAGDALENA," "ALONG THE ANDES AND DOWN THE AMAZON," "THE QUEST OF EL DORADO," "WOMAN IN SCIENCE," ETC.

917

LIBRARY
FLORIDA STATE COLLEGE FOR WOMEN
TALLAHASSEE, FLA.

SIXTY-FIVE ILLUSTRATIONS

NEW YORK AND LONDON
D. APPLETON AND COMPANY
1916

F
2217
.Z2
1916

9/18
Z/2hm

Copyright, 1916, by
D. APPLETON AND COMPANY

Printed in the United States of America

IN

SANCTA · CRVCE

PARI · NOBILI · FRATRVM

REVERENDIS · DILECTISQVE

IACOBO · ALOISIO · BVRNS

AC

IOANNI · GVLIELMO · CAVANAVGH

HOC · OPVS

AMICITIÆ · TESTIMONIVM

D · D · D ·

10/3/30 Cop. 2

36054

I have passed manye landes and manye yles and contrees, and cherched manye fulle straunge places, and have ben in manye a fulle gode honourable companye. Now I am comen home to reste. And thus recordynge the tyme passed, I have fulfilled these thynges and putte hem wryten in this boke, as it woulde come into my mynde.

Sir John Maundeville.

FOREWORD

It is now three and thirty years since duty first led me to our sister republic of Mexico. The interest which I had previously felt in the achievements of the Conquistadores was greatly enhanced by my sojourn among their descendants, in the valley of Anahuac, and has since continued to grow with the passing years.

Since this first visit to Mexico, other duties coupled with special research in the religious, educational and social condition of the peoples of Latin America have led to my following in the footsteps of the Conquistadores from the Strait of Juan de Fuca to the arid plains of Patagonia and from the source of the Amazon, in the Peruvian Cordillera, to its broad estuary four thousand miles distant. Thus, through a strange combination of circumstances, I have been

> "A palmer, as ye se,
> Whiche of my lyfe much part have spent
> In many a fayre and farre cuntrie,
> As pilgrims do of good intent."

An account of some of my long peregrinations has been given in my two previous books, "Up the Orinoco and Down the Magdalena" and "Along the Andes and Down the Amazon."[1] The present work completes the trilogy which I had in contemplation when, nearly a decade ago, I began the first volume of the series bearing the general title of "Following the Conquistadores."

It was my good fortune, when about to start on my last journey to the southern continent, to be able to enlist Colonel Roosevelt's interest in the wilds of South America. In the first of the following chapters I have given a brief account of the origin and organization of our expedition—an expedition which gradually developed from a small band into a large company of nearly

[1] Published under the pseudonym of H. J. Mozans.

two score persons and which has since become known as "The Roosevelt Scientific Expedition to South America."

The scientific results of this expedition have been given by my distinguished associate in his interesting work, "Through the Brazilian Wilderness." For this reason, I have in the present volume confined myself, almost entirely, to a narrative of the incidents of our journey and a description of the places which we visited together. In this, as in my preceding books on South America, I have had little to say of the material, political or economic conditions of the countries through which we journeyed. These subjects have frequently been discussed by statisticians and specialists. My interests have been rather in the history, the poetry and the romance of the places visited. For, with the exception of Spain, the motherland of the great explorers of, and adventurers in so much of the Western Hemisphere, there is no land in the world which is so glamouring as that vast region which witnessed the brilliant feats of arms and the marvelous achievements of a Cortes, a Quesada, a Pizarro, a Valdivia, an Alvar Nuñez Cabeza de Vaca. Nor is there another land which casts such a spell on the traveler who has read the life story of these marvelous men whose ardent vitality and generous enthusiasm impelled them to undertake and to achieve what less courageous natures would have deemed impossible.

They were indeed makers of history such as have been but few men in the annals of our race. For tear out from the chronicles of discovery the pages on which are recorded the epoch-making achievements of a Balboa, an Orellana, a Cabeza de Vaca and how much would you detract from Spanish fame and prestige? Blot out from history the names of the Conquistadores of Mexico, of New Granada, of Peru, of El Rio de la Plata, who have emblazoned with such brilliant colors the armorial bearings of Castile and Leon, and how much would be wanting to the completeness of the glory of the land of Isabella and Saint Teresa, of Calderon and Lope de Vega? How is not the spirit stirred within one who reads the exultant proclamation of the proud discoverer of the Pacific: "I, Vasco Nuñez de Balboa, for the royal crown of Castile do take possession of all these waters and shores, islands and firm land, and all therein, peoples and possessions, beasts, birds and fishes, gold and silver, pearls and precious stones, the

same forever to defend." The glory of acquisition, the pride of possession, the assurance of humanity's greatness, all are expressed in these thrilling words which enunciate not the vainglory of an individual but rather the power, the majesty, the supremacy of an empire on which the sun never sets.

It was Cicero who declared that "to be in ignorance of what occurred before one's birth, is to live ever in a state of childhood." These words have always seemed to me to apply also to the unread traveler who visits those noted cities and scenes of South America which have been the theaters of some of the most chivalrous deeds and inspiriting episodes in the annals of discovery and conquest. The view of the great Roman orator is particularly pertinent when there is question of such historic cities as Bogotá, Quito, Lima, Cuzco, Asuncion, and Santiago de Chile, or of such famous ruins as those of Pachacamac, Tiahuanaco and the Great Chimu. For the chief interest in these places centers not in their material evidences of wealth and power, but in the legends and traditions which have gathered about them and the atmosphere of romance and mystery in which they have been enveloped during so many centuries.

To many Spanish America has been little more than a land of revolutions, of self-seeking *caudillos,* of Quixotic adventurers, of soulless tyrants, of

> "Cloaked shapes, the twanging of guitars,
> A rush of feet, and rapiers clashing,"—

a land in which every man, as *Don Adriano de Arinado,* in "Love's Labor's Lost,"

> "Hath a mint of phrases in his brain,
> One whom the music of his own tongue
> Doth ravish like enchanting harmony."

There was a time, no doubt, when this view expressed a modicum of truth. But this was during the long period of disorder and anarchy which followed the separation of the colonies from the mother country; while their inhabitants were slowly learning the art of self-government; while they were gradually enlisting the interest and seeking the coöperation of foreign capitalists and foreign engineers for the development of the bound-

less natural resources of soil and mine. With the advent of capital, the establishment of great steamship lines and the building of a network of railroads over vast areas, conditions have so changed for the better, that in some of the southern republics war and revolution are almost as rare as in our own country.

One of the best guarantees of stable government in South America's Southland is the billions of dollars invested there by English, French and German capitalists. It is these billions that have contributed so materially not only towards the development of all kinds of industries but also towards the establishment of enduring peace.

Another factor making for general tranquillity is the millions of immigrants who have flocked into this part of South America during the last half century. Most of these were sturdy, honest, peace-loving people of the laboring classes who had left the congested regions of Europe in order to establish a home for themselves and children in the broad and fertile lands of Brazil, Uruguay, Chile and Argentina. Under the aegis of peace, they have prospered in a manner that would have been quite impossible in the land of their birth. Men who, but a few decades ago, landed in Buenos Aires with little more than the clothes they wore are now prominent in every department of trade and industry. Among them are not a few multi-millionaires—some of them of great business capacity and rare executive ability—just the kind of men needed for developing the great natural resources of the country of their adoption and for establishing its various industries on a basis of assured success—present and future.

But that which, more than anything else, impresses the traveler in South America—especially in the southern part of the continent—is the remarkable fusion of races which is everywhere observable. This, like foreign investments and heavy immigration from all parts of Europe, is likewise an agency making for peace and prosperity and is, probably, more potent and effective than any other force whatever. Here we find English, Germans, French, Italians, Russians, Poles, Swiss, Spaniards, Portuguese, Irish, Scandinavians, Turks, and representatives of divers other nationalities, all living and working together and all becoming loyal citizens in the country in which they have their house and hearth.

The experiment of the blending of the nations in South Amer-

ica's Southland has not been unlike that in our own land. The literature and the men of many nations, of England, of France, of Italy, of Germany—not to speak of those of other lands—have gradually, but inevitably led to a modification of the original Spanish and Portuguese stock and to the evolution of new peoples with new ideals and new aspirations. This is particularly observable in Argentina—the present great melting-pot of the European races in South America. Here, as in our own country, these many and diverse elements are fused into one people—a people which, despite present differences and antagonisms of some of its constituents, will in a few generations be as distinctive and as united in purpose as any nation under the sun.

And, as in the United States, the tongue of Milton and Shakespeare and Newman is the common language of the republic, so, in the lands of the Conquistadores, is the majestic speech of Cervantes, Juan Varela and Luis de Leon—a speech declared by Charles V to be *el idioma de los dioses*—the language of the gods—the prevailing tongue. And notwithstanding the great flood of immigrants that continue yearly to pour into the ports of Buenos Aires, Montevideo and Valparaiso, Spanish will continue to be in the future as in the past the language of what were once the great colonial possessions of the Spanish monarchs.

That the era of revolutions in the southern part of South America is practically past; that the despotism of self-appointed caudillos is no longer to be feared; that pronunciamientos of ambitious military chieftains are now rarely taken seriously is evinced not only by the rapid development of commerce and industry, but also—and especially—by the attention which is everywhere given to science and art and literature; by the magnificent institutions of learning, the well-equipped laboratories, the attractive art galleries which grace all the large cities; by the countless historical, literary and scientific societies whose publications are prized by scholars the world over; by the all-powerful press, as illustrated by the great dailies of Rio de Janeiro, Buenos Aires and Santiago de Chile. But the best assurance of stable government in South America's Southland is that the great majority of the people ardently desire peace and quickly resent actions and influences that tend to disturb the tranquillity of their homes or impede the growth of the country in which they have staked their all.

The character of the people in South America has, it is true, suffered an eclipse, but this is only temporary. Their dignity, their forcefulness, their independence, their desire to emulate the achievements of their forebears of the famed Iberian Peninsula, are beginning to assert themselves in a way that augurs well for the future and which promises great things for civilization and culture. The Latin peoples under the Southern Cross have never forgotten their noble lineage, or the achievements of their ancestors when Spain and Portugal were the great world-powers; when their argosies were seen on every sea; when Isabella ruled and Saint Teresa penned her wonderful books; when Camoens sang and Cervantes delighted king and peasant; when Murillo and Velasquez produced their matchless canvases; when Columbus and Vasco da Gama lifted the veils which had so long hung over the eastern and the western seas, and banished forever the terrors of the Sea of Darkness and the Cape of Storms; when the Conquistadores, by chivalric deeds and matchless achievements, showed themselves the worthy successors of Bernardo del Carpio and El Cid Campeador.

The spirit of Latin America may be likened to the waters of the Guadiana, which, after flowing for some distance underground, return again to the surface. Santa Teresa—that rarely gifted nun whose admirable works are among the classics of Spanish literature—tells of the vitality and potency of this spirit; of its ability to rise triumphant above all adversity and regain by noble achievements its once high estate, when in subtle verse she declares that

Tiene tan divinas mañas
Que en un tan acerbo trance
Sale triunfando del lance
Obrando grandes hazañas.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
I.	Origin and Organization of Our Expedition	1
II.	In the Cradle of the Deep	15
III.	Brazil's Oldest Capital	31
IV.	South America's City Beautiful	47
V.	Among the Progressive Paulistas	83
VI.	In Semi-tropical Brazil	103
VII.	Uruguay and the Uruguayans	125
VIII.	Santa Maria de Buenos Aires	146
IX.	The Argentine Pampa	173
X.	Along the Southern Frontier of the Old Inca Empire	200
XI.	The Learned City	224
XII.	Famous Scenes and Victories	245
XIII.	Santiago del Nuevo Extremo	275
XIV.	In Famed Araucania	305
XV.	Myths and Marvels of Mountain, Lake and Plain	331
XVI.	Motoring in Patagonia	365
XVII.	In Guaraniland	385
XVIII.	On the Storied Paraguay	414
XIX.	The Home of Birds and Palms	448
XX.	Journeying in the Jungle	472
Bibliography		503
Index		509

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

The Author and Colonel Roosevelt in the Brazilian Wilderness . . . . . *Frontispiece*

FACING PAGE

The route followed by the Author through South America's Southland 1

Bahia seen from the harbor 36

Largo Costa Alves. Bahia 36

Guanabara Palace 58

Avenida Beira Mar. Rio de Janeiro 58

View of Rio de Janeiro and Guanabara Bay from summit of Corcovado 74

Museum of Ypiranga. São Paulo 86

Ecclesiastical seminary. São Paulo 86

Drying maté and preparing it for shipment 118

Porto Alegre 118

Harbor of Montevideo with the Cerro in the distance . . 138

Cathedral of Montevideo 138

The Founding of Buenos Aires by Juan de Garay . . 142

Museum of La Plata 142

Cathedral. Buenos Aires 152

Tomb of San Martin in the Cathedral. Buenos Aires . . 152

Estancia Pereyra Iraola near Buenos Aires 186

Harvesting Wheat in the Pampa 186

Two rival payadores in a poetical tournament . . . 194

Gaucho homes 194

Case de Independencia. Tucumán 214

Native fruit market in western Argentina 214

Cathedral of Cordoba 236

Statue of Fray Fernando Trejo Sanabria in the court of the University, Cordoba 236

FACING PAGE

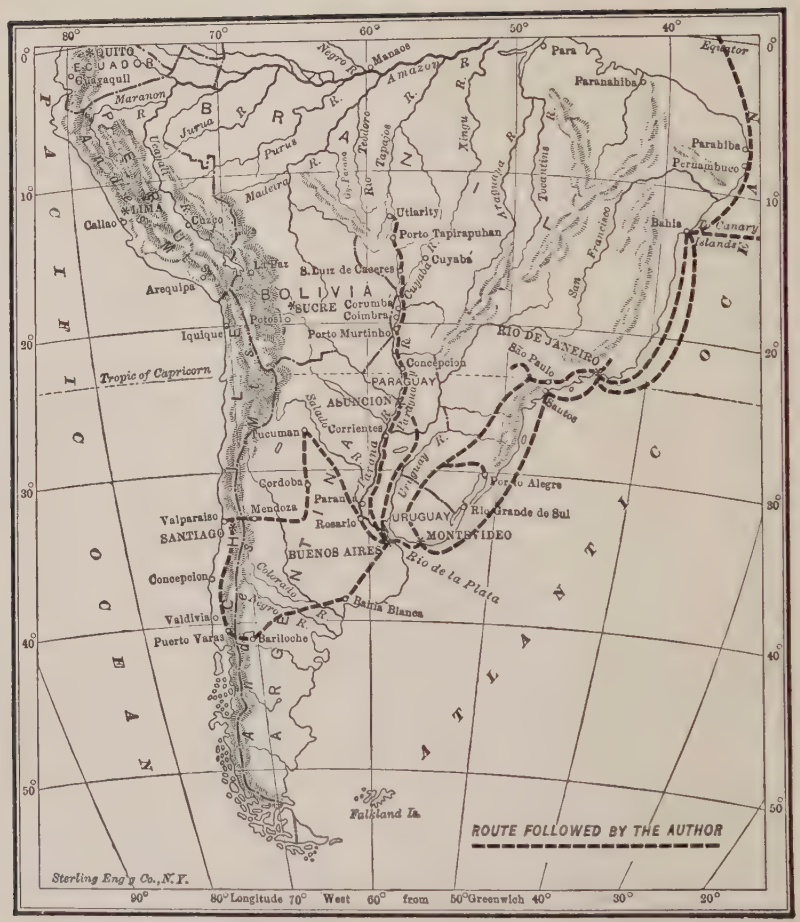
Statue of Dean Funes in Cordoba 236
Cristo Redentor 268
Vineyard near Mendoza 268
Santa Lucia 282
Art Gallery. Santiago 282
Araucanian village 326
Araucanian mother and child 326
Araucanian woman carrying child in papoose frame . . 326
Mount Osorno with Lake Llanquihue in the foreground . . 346
Lago Frio with Tronador in the distance 346
Bariloche and Lake Nahuelhuapi 368
Transporting merchandise in Patagonia 368
Ruins of churches of the reductions of Paraguay . . . 402
Church at Canjo. Paraguay 406
Falls of Iguazu 406
Paraguayan lace-maker 410
Country home in Paraguay 410
Our cruiser *Riquelme* on the way to Corumbá . . . 426
Toba family and rancho 426
River front. Corumbá 430
Sigg, at the right, and a Corumbá family 430
Sisters of Maria Ausiliatrice teaching Borórós children . . 434
Borórós Indians building a home for the Sisters of Maria Ausiliatrice 434
The *Nyoac* on the Upper Paraguay 452
Our naturalists at work on the *Nyoac* 452
Part of our camp at Porto do Campo 464
Communities of troopials 464
Parasite-laden trees 468
Palmares in inundated territory 468
Starting from Tapirapuhan 474
The author and Colonel Roosevelt at Utiarity . . . 474
Breaking camp 478

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

FACING PAGE

Five o'clock tea in the jungle 478
Interior of Parecis home 484
Returning from the mandioca field 484
Parecis musicians 496
A Parecis woman as burden-bearer 496
A game of headball 496
Utiarity Falls 500
The author and some of his little Parecis friends . . . 500

NOTE.—I am indebted to the courtesy of several of my associates in the expedition for the use of their photographs in making many of the illustrations in this volume.



ROUTE FOLLOWED BY THE AUTHOR THROUGH SOUTH AMERICA'S SOUTHLAND.

THROUGH SOUTH AMERICA'S SOUTHLAND

CHAPTER I

ORIGIN AND ORGANIZATION OF OUR EXPEDITION

No lover of wild nature can visit the equinoctial regions of South America without experiencing, sooner or later, an irresistible desire to return to these alluring lands of romance and enchantment. This is especially true, if one has come under the magic spell of the great forests of the interior of the continent and has had an opportunity of studying the wonderful fauna and flora which everywhere claim his attention. It matters not that one has to rough it and endure all manner of hardships. These drawbacks, far from deterring one from his undertaking, seem, on the contrary, to give it a peculiar zest which only those can appreciate who have been privileged to traverse the marvelous regions that lie under tropical and sub-tropical skies.

I can testify, as one having experience, to the enthralling character of this particular kind of *wanderlust*. For it was my good fortune, some years ago, to journey through all the northern part of South America, to cross the Andes in many places between the Caribbean and Lake Titicaca, and to familiarize myself with the most salient features of the great waterways of the Amazon, the Magdalena and the Orinoco. I had, at times, to endure many

privations, to live on short rations and in wretched *tambos*, but all these discomforts were forgotten in the contemplation of the exuberant life of the tropics and in the imposing views of the Cordilleras.

After a year of strenuous travel, mostly through the interior of the countries visited, I felt the need of rest and change of climate. But I had scarcely crossed the threshold of my home in the United States when I felt a longing to return to the land in which I had spent the most delightful period of my life. Even as I was sailing down the Amazon on my way homeward, I looked wistfully towards the south and resolved, if opportunity ever offered, to see as much of the great Paraguay as I had seen of its famous companions in the north, to compare the pampa of Argentina with the llanos of Colombia and Venezuela, and the giant peaks of Tupungato and Aconcagua with Cotopaxi and Chimborazo—those towering giants of the Ecuadorean Cordilleras.

And then, too, I wished to continue in the footsteps of the Conquistadores. I had followed them through the extensive region drained by the Meta and the Apure, through the broad selva of Brazil and along the lofty plateau of the Andean range, and now I would fain trace their course up the wondrous Rio de La Plata, through El Gran Chaco and the desert stretches of Chile. I desired, particularly, to visit the lands rendered historic by the wanderings and achievements of Cabeza de Vaca, the immortal explorer and Governor of Paraguay, and Pedro de Valdivia, the conqueror of Chile. I had long years before followed in the footsteps of the former in his memorable peregrinations from Florida to Mexico and now I was eager to visit the scenes of his activities in Brazil, La Plata and Paraguay. I had many times crossed Valdivia's path in Peru and Bolivia, and this but whetted my desire to behold the theater of his disastrous struggles with the indomitable Araucanian. Like the illustrious Gonsalo

Ximenes de Quesada, the conqueror of New Granada and founder of Bogotá, Cabeza de Vaca was, seemingly, a born wanderer, and one whose treatment by his sovereign was far from consonant with his deserts or with the brilliancy of his achievements. And like Francisco Pizarro, the conqueror of Peru, Valdivia was also a great military leader, but one who, after countless feats of heroism and deeds of glory, was fated, like his famous chief, to perish by the hands of his implacable enemies. And, like Quesada and Pizarro, Valdivia and Cabeza de Vaca are still waiting for the advent of a historian who will do full justice to their abilities as explorers and colonizers, as military leaders and statesmen.

Part of my admiration for the heroes of Paraguay and Chile was, doubtless, due to my having traversed much of the ground that had witnessed the toils and hardships of their earlier career. For the knowledge gained by my long wanderings had enabled me fully to realize the magnitude of the difficulties which often confronted them in the hostile countries in which they so nobly served king and country. But it was the recognition of the splendid service which they had rendered during their apprenticeship as Conquistadores that contributed, more than anything else, to intensify my desire to familiarize myself with the famed campaigning-grounds of their maturer years.

During my first visit to South America, I was, for the greater part of the time, virtually alone, having no companions but my escort, or such travelers as I happened to fall in with during the course of my journey. This was a great drawback, for it is impossible fully to enjoy the magnificent scenery of the tropics, or avail oneself of the rare opportunities for studying Nature in her most glorious manifestations, unless one has with him one or more congenial companions who have an intelligent interest in the fauna and flora, as well as in the people with whom one is brought into daily contact. I resolved, therefore, if I

should ever go to the interior of South America again, that I should not be without at least one companion who had not only an interest in the fascinating animal and plant life of the regions to be visited, but who had also made nature study a predominant part of his life-work.

But where was I to find the kind of a companion desired —one who was not only a lover of wild nature but one who was also prepared to endure all the privations and hardships incident to travel in the uninhabited jungle? I had not, however, pondered the matter long before I bethought me of a man who would be an ideal traveling companion, if he could find the necessary leisure, and could be induced to visit the southern continent. This man was Theodore Roosevelt, whose second term as President of the United States was just expiring.

I accordingly called on him at the White House, as Colonel Roosevelt himself tells his readers in his delightful book, "Through the Brazilian Wilderness," and proposed to him that, when free from presidential cares, he and I should go up the Paraguay into the interior of South America. During the course of my interview, as I have elsewhere written, I told the President of a journey I had just made into the wilds of our sister continent and of my delightful experiences among the Andes and in the valleys of the Orinoco and the Amazon.

He was deeply interested in my observations and impressions, and inquired particularly about the fauna and the flora of the tropics, as well as about the inhabitants in the interior of the great forest regions between the Atlantic and the Cordilleras and expressed the hope that he might eventually be able to undertake a journey that possessed for him so many and so varied attractions.

One reason why I was desirous of having Colonel Roosevelt visit the interior of South America was because I felt that he, more effectually than anybody else, could direct attention to this little known part of the world as a region

of paramount interest for explorers and men of science, especially American men of science. For, strange as it may seem, South America is still more of a *terra incognita* than darkest Africa, and many parts of it are today less known than they were three hundred years ago. Nowhere is there a richer field for the botanist, the zoölogist, the geologist, the ethnologist, than the great selva of Brazil and the extensive eastern versant of the Andes between the fertile plains of the Casanare and the forest-clad slopes of eastern Bolivia. Compared with the wonderful achievements of German explorers, our American men of science have accomplished but little in the interior of the equinoctial regions; and it seemed that if Mr. Roosevelt could be induced to penetrate the little known territory of Matto Grosso and Amazonas, he would supply the necessary incentive to his fellow countrymen for devoting more time than previously to the exploration of the vast and unknown tracts drained by the waters of the Amazon and the Orinoco.

But I had a stronger reason than the work that he might do as an explorer or a hunter-naturalist for wishing to see Colonel Roosevelt visit South America. I felt that he, with his boundless energy and prestige, could do a certain much-needed missionary work there, that he could do more than all the diplomats of a century to dissipate the prejudices our southern neighbors have so long entertained respecting the United States, and allay the unfounded fears which have caused them so long to regard our ends and aims in the southern hemisphere with unfriendliness and distrust.

During his seven years in the White House, Roosevelt had always shown himself the true friend of South America, and had won the admiration and confidence of the great majority of her people. I had, during my wanderings in the three northern republics of the continent, found evidence of this everywhere—even in the most unlikely places.

"Oh, if we could only have a man like your Roosevelt in our poor, distracted country," said a prominent merchant

to me in Caracas, "how soon Venezuela would be blessed with peace and prosperity. Castro is a plague, and we are everywhere struggling against poverty and graft, ground down by oppression and tyranny."

"The best thing that could happen Colombia," a well-known general confided to me in a little town near Bogotá, "would be to have Roosevelt as president. We need a man like him to put an end to the revolutions that are draining the life-blood of our country and to secure for us the place Nature designed for us among the nations of the world."

"But what?" I inquired, "do you think of his action in Panama?"

"What do I think of it? I think it is," he answered, "the best thing he could have done for Colombia. Ours is the only republic of the southern continent that faces on both the Atlantic and the Pacific, and we shall, if we are wise, derive more benefit from the canal than any country in South America. The canal is practically a free gift to us, and Roosevelt should be regarded by all patriotic Colombians as a public benefactor."

The opinion, so pithily expressed by this old soldier, was shared by many others of all classes with whom I discussed the Panama question in Colombia. Indeed, I do not recall a single instance, outside of a certain political entourage, in which Roosevelt was adversely criticised for this action in Panama.

During my first visit to South America, many of her people were seriously concerned about the number of Japanese that were then wandering about the country. They were supposed to be army and naval officers in disguise, and all kinds of alarming reports were circulated regarding their ultimate designs. One of these was that Japan was looking for a naval base on the west coast of the continent, or for the territory of some weak nation, which she might annex for the purpose of colonization. "We have no fear of having any of our country appropriated by the

Mikado," declared a Peruvian army officer at a banquet given in my honor in a town in eastern Peru, "for we know that Roosevelt," who was then president, "would never permit it. We know him to be a friend of Peru, and we know that he would uphold the Monroe Doctrine against any foreign power that would seek a foothold in South America."

For a long time there had been friction between Peru and Ecuador regarding the boundary between the two countries. The great difficulty was to find an arbitrator who would be acceptable to both nations. Finally, President Alfaro of Ecuador said to the representatives of Peru, "Get Roosevelt for arbitrator, and I will leave the boundary question between my country and Peru in his hands and abide by his decision."

I give these illustrations—they might be indefinitely multiplied—of Roosevelt's popularity and prestige in the various South American republics to show that I was not unwarranted in my belief that the ex-President was the one man above all others who was best qualified to establish more friendly relations than had previously existed between the two continents of the Western Hemisphere.

So much interested was President Roosevelt in my account of the South American wilderness and so strongly did my reasons for his undertaking the suggested journey appeal to him, "that had he not previously made all arrangements to go to the interior of Africa, he might have been prevailed on to visit South America in 1908, instead of six years later."[1]

Although it was not possible, for the reason named, for Colonel Roosevelt and myself to go to South America at the time indicated, the project was never abandoned. It was merely deferred. After the Colonel's return from Africa, the expedition was frequently discussed as some-

[1] Cf. "Roosevelt and South American Opinion," in the *American Review of Reviews* for July, 1914, pp. 81-86.

thing we should both like to undertake, but a combination of circumstances always made it impossible. Months and years passed by and our fond dream of a journey together through the tropical jungle seemed no nearer realization than when it was first conceived. Colonel Roosevelt's manifold engagements made it impossible for him to leave the country long enough to make the contemplated trip, and nothing seemed to foreshadow the time when he would have the leisure necessary for the execution of our oft-considered plans.

Finally, as the possibility of Colonel Roosevelt's going to South America appeared to become daily more and more remote, I resolved to delay no longer an undertaking on which my heart had so long been set. I accordingly began to cast about for someone—preferably a naturalist—to accompany me, for I had realized as never before during my previous wanderings through South America, how much a companion of this kind would contribute to the pleasure and profit of such a journey. It occurred to me that Mr. Frank Chapman, the distinguished bird-curator of the New York Museum of Natural History, would be able to recommend such a man as I was in quest of and I, accordingly, lost no time in calling on him. This was the latter part of June, 1913. I told Mr. Chapman that I was looking for a first-class field ornithologist, who could speak Spanish well and who was familiar with the birds of South America.

"I know just the man you are seeking," he replied, "and I shall be glad to put you in communication with him. He has been collecting birds in tropical America for nearly twenty years and has done much work for our Museum and for many others as well. He speaks Spanish like a native, is accustomed to roughing it, and is, besides, a capital traveling companion. His name is George K. Cherrie and his address is Newfane, Vermont. But I am not sure that he is free just now, or inclined to leave home, for he has

been so long away from his family, that he may not wish to return to South America at the present time. Still, we can soon find what his pleasure is in the matter."

Having thus found a prospective companion of the kind I had in mind, I told Mr. Chapman that I was going to call on Colonel Roosevelt at Oyster Bay, and inform him of the arrangements I was making for my long-contemplated trip to South America. I had no hope that the Colonel would finally be able to go to South America, but I knew he would be interested in hearing of my plans for the journey.

"You may save yourself the trip to Oyster Bay, if you have anything else to do," said Mr. Chapman, "for Colonel Roosevelt is going to take luncheon with me here tomorrow and I shall be glad to have you join us."

I accepted his kind invitation, and the following day, at the appointed hour, I was in the dining-room of the Museum of Natural History, where I found quite a number of men of science, most of whom were members of the Museum staff. Soon Colonel Roosevelt appeared, and, greeting me in the most cordial manner, he exclaimed, "By George! You here! You are the very man I wish to see. I was just about to write you to inform you that I think I shall, at last, be able to take that long-talked-of trip to South America. I have received, through the Argentine Minister in Washington, an invitation from the Museo Social in Buenos Aires to lecture before it on Progressive Democracy, and I am disposed to accept it. I shall let you know my decision in a few days."

This was certainly a most agreeable surprise. At the time it was, indeed, about the last thing I thought likely. It seemed almost too good to be true, and I eagerly awaited the Colonel's promised letter advising me what he purposed doing.

Two days later I had his answer and, to my great delight, it conveyed the gratifying news that he had accepted

the invitation to lecture in Argentina, and that he would probably also speak in Brazil, Chile and elsewhere. I felt now that the work which I had so longed to see the Colonel undertake was about to be realized and under auspices, moreover, which were far more favorable than I could have dared to hope for under ordinary conditions.

"Instead of taking a trip through the heart of the continent, as we had previously planned—devoting most of our time to a study of the geographic features of the various countries which we purposed visiting—the Colonel's sphere of action was, in a quite unexpected manner, immensely enlarged, and he was given an opportunity of meeting and becoming acquainted with the leading representatives of all the countries through which he passed, from Patagonia to the Equator." [1]

After the expedition was at last agreed on, there was no time to be lost. The Colonel's Brazilian lectures were to be delivered the latter part of October, and it was necessary for us to sail from New York on the steamer leaving the fourth of that month, at the latest. The matter of equipment required time, for we resolved to take with us everything we should need in the wilderness. This, I had learned from my previous travels in the interior, would be both cheaper and more satisfactory.

But one of the first things to make sure of was the services of Cherrie as our ornithologist. I had not had time to get into communication with him before I learned of Colonel Roosevelt's determination to go to South America. Mr. Chapman and I accordingly called on the Colonel in his *Outlook* office to discuss the matter, and he at once agreed that Cherrie should accompany us, if he were free to do so. Shortly afterwards we were both gratified to learn that he had accepted our invitation and was to be one of our party. The first time, however, that I had the pleasure of meeting him was on our steamer, just as she was

[1] *The American Review of Reviews*, ut. sup. p. 82.

slipping her moorings preparatory to taking her long voyage to Buenos Aires. He barely escaped being too late to board the vessel.

Our preliminary plans contemplated, as a part of our itinerary, the ascent of the Paraguay and the descent of the Tapajos, one of the great affluents of the Amazon. Instead of navigating the latter river in the ordinary dugout employed by the natives of Brazil, we decided to take with us a certain number of specially made, light-draft canoes, which would be ample for carrying not only the members of our party, but also our provisions and equipment. This would insure more comfort and greater safety and would, besides, obviate the interminable delays that are always incident to travel in the wilderness where food and the means of transportation are necessarily limited and difficult—at times impossible—to procure.

As Colonel Roosevelt had arranged to spend the months of July and August on a hunting expedition in the wilds of Arizona, the task of making all the necessary preparations for the long and arduous journey before us devolved on me. Fortunately, however, my responsibility in this matter did not last long. For I had no sooner begun to look after the equipment required for the expedition than I fell in with Mr. Anthony Fiala, the noted Arctic explorer. He was then in charge of the sporting goods department of the Rogers Peet Company, New York, and it was to him I went to secure a part of our equipage. Fiala at once became intensely interested in our undertaking, and, before our first interview was terminated, he declared, "I would give anything in the world to go with you." "Come along," I said, "I am sure Colonel Roosevelt will be glad to have you as a member of the expedition."

It was not long before it was arranged for the ex-Arctic explorer to accompany us. To no one was his accession to our party more gratifying than to myself, for it relieved me of most of the detail work of the commissariat.

For Fiala, in addition to his long experience in such work in the polar regions, had been, for some years, quartermaster-general in a New York regiment of volunteers. He was, therefore, promptly installed as the commissary of our expedition. A better man, as subsequent events proved, could hardly have been found for our purpose. Thenceforward I had little more to do with the outfitting of the expedition than to tell Fiala what my experience in the tropics had taught me was necessary for our undertaking, and everything was attended to with rare intelligence and dispatch.

Some weeks after Mr. Fiala had become one of our number, I received a letter from Mr. Chapman stating that he would like, if agreeable to Colonel Roosevelt and myself, to have Mr. Leo Miller join our party. Mr. Miller, like Mr. Cherrie, had done very successful work in South America for the Museum of Natural History, but, unlike Cherrie, his specialty was not ornithology but mammalogy. I replied at once that I should be delighted to have Mr. Miller go with us and felt sure that Colonel Roosevelt would also welcome him as a member of our band.

The expedition thus gradually began to assume proportions that no one dreamed of in the beginning and the amount of work which it seemed destined to accomplish loomed large as the day of our departure rapidly approached.

We had now three men among our number who were experts each in his special department, and who could, furthermore, if called upon, turn their hands to almost anything else from caulking a canoe to preparing an appetizing meal. All three were good photographers and we were thus sure of securing a valuable supply of photographs, as well as a large collection of specimens of natural history. Fiala, in addition to his duties as commissary, was made the official photographer of the expedition, and was provided not only with a number of excellent cameras

for ordinary photographs, but also with two instruments for taking moving pictures.

But it was soon realized that, if the best results were to be obtained, these three men should always be free to devote themselves entirely to their own particular line of work. Someone, therefore, had to be secured to look after our cuisine. This, as all travelers in the jungle are aware, is of the utmost importance, not only in the matter of saving time, but also in the comfort it guarantees to every member of the expedition.

Luckily, such a man as we needed was found at the eleventh hour. Mr. Jacob Sigg, a Swiss in the prime of life, hearing of our expedition, called upon me and asked me if we did not wish to have "a handy-man" among our number. After examining his credentials and asking him a few questions, I discovered he was just the man that we needed to complete our personnel. Colonel Roosevelt agreed with me in this, and "Sigg," as he was thenceforward known, became a member of the expedition only a few hours before we sailed for South America.

As a handy-man, Sigg was absolutely unique, and it would have been quite impossible to have found a man who would have better answered our purpose, or would have, as we found later, rendered us more intelligent and willing service.

He had had quite a checkered career and an experience such as befalls but few men of his years. He was a graduate army cook and nurse, in both of which capacities he was an expert. Before entering the army, he had served in Europe as a courier and interpreter for an Indian princess, had sailed before the mast in many parts of the world, had mined for gold on the eastern slopes of the Andes, and had had charge of a gang of men in the construction of a railroad in Bolivia. In his youth, he was for a while chief engineer in an electric power plant, and later on he was employed in operating steam engines in

Manitoba. He could drive an automobile and handle a motor boat as well as anybody, and was also skilled in the use of firearms, to which he had been trained from his earliest boyhood. He was, besides, an accomplished linguist and his knowledge of Spanish and Portuguese enabled him to render invaluable service to a part of the expedition, especially during its earlier stages. And with all these qualifications, he was brave and trustworthy, devoted and ready for any emergency, from extracting an ulcerated tooth and amputating a crushed finger to making an anchor for a disabled launch. He was, indeed, in the true sense of the word a handy-man, and withal a great favorite with everyone. If I were to go again to the jungle, the first man I should call for would be good, loyal, generous Jacob Sigg.

Besides the foregoing American members of our party, there was Mr. Frank Harper, Colonel Roosevelt's private secretary. At first, it was arranged for him to return to New York after his chief had finished his lectures in Argentina, Chile and elsewhere, but before we arrived at Rio he was enrolled among the expeditioners, and proved to be not only an active and interested associate but also a jolly good fellow as well.

At last everything was ready for our departure. Our provisions and equipment were aboard, although both Fiala and I had great difficulty in having some of the goods delivered in time. Indeed, it was only by the constant use of the telephone and telegraph that we finally succeeded in having, at the last moment, all our equipage safely deposited in the hold of our steamer. The time allowed our outfitters to get ready all we required had been very limited, and had they not shown the greatest goodwill, as well as a special interest in our expedition, we should have been obliged to depart minus many of the most important items of our equipment.

CHAPTER II

IN THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP

A HAPPY and a merry party it was that crowded the spacious decks of the good ship *Vandyke* on the bright and cheerful morning of October 4, 1913, as she was about to leave her berth in the East River for her long voyage beyond the Equator. A vast throng had assembled on the surrounding docks and streets to say farewell to the departing travelers. Conspicuous among these was a special delegation, with blaring band and flying banners, of the Progressive Party to bid Godspeed to their smiling chief who had, the previous night, been the recipient of a demonstration of confidence and affection such as few men had ever been honored with, and which revealed, more eloquently than words, the place he held in the hearts of his countrymen.

Among the passengers were representatives of many nationalities. Some were going to South America on business, some were on pleasure bent, while others were returning to their homes under the Southern Cross. All were in high spirits and were looking forward to a delightful month's voyage on the azure ocean wave, under a sky that is

"Blue, darkly, deeply, beautifully blue."

But I venture to say that the most happy and interested group aboard was that which, shortly before, at a meeting of some of our party at the Harvard Club, had been christened "The Roosevelt South American Scientific Expedition." All were dominated by the magic of a single

thought and were already looking forward, with fond expectancy, to unwonted achievements in equatorial jungles.

They had scarcely been located in their staterooms when they were to be seen engrossed with their books and scientific apparatus preparatory to the more active work they were to do on their arrival at the scene of their future labors. Each one had a small but select library. Most of the works were of a scientific character and dealt with the animals and savage tribes of the countries which we were to traverse. Among these were recent memoirs as well as the larger and older classical studies on South America. But literary and historical works were not wanting and nothing was more remarkable than the character and variety of the volumes which an examination of our book kits disclosed. There was something for every taste, from the latest Spanish or Portuguese novel to the "Chanson de Roland," and the "Nibelungenlied," from the "Divina Commedia," and the "Os Lusiadas" of Camoens to the "Autobiography of St. Teresa" and the "Soliloquia" of St. Augustine.

Although it was rare to find a member of our party without a book in his hand, "the Colonel," as we always called the leader of our expedition, was, by all odds, the one who read most. Except when dictating to his secretary, or taking an occasional stroll on deck and discussing with us our future work in the South American wilderness, he seemed to spend all his waking hours in reading. And his taste for literature was absolutely omnivorous. He would sometimes, while he was on the steamer and master of his time, devour two or three volumes a day, each on a different subject.

He did not merely glance at the pages, as one might suppose, but read them in such wise that he could give an accurate account of their contents. He seems to have the faculty possessed by few men—Gustave Doré and Robert Houdin were instances—of making a snapshot of a page

with his eye and of mastering its subject-matter with equal rapidity.

"Reading with me is a disease," Roosevelt often told me, when I expressed surprise, as I often did, at his reading so constantly and, often, under such unfavorable circumstances. If it be a disease, it is certainly one that does no harm to the patient, and one, I fancy, with which most sane people would like to be inoculated. It is regrettable, indeed, that it is neither contagious nor infectious, for I can conceive of few things that would be productive of more good, or conducive to more pleasure to the world at large, than the prevalence, among all classes, of the kind of reading disease of which Theodore Roosevelt has been the willing and happy victim.

Few people can engage in serious reading directly after meals, without experiencing evil effects. The subject of our sketch, however, can read immediately after a hearty dinner quite as well as before, and suffer no discomfort from so doing. His brain and stomach do not seem to be correlated, as in ordinary mortals. On the contrary, both organs appear to be adapted to work simultaneously at high pressure and with no appreciable injury to either the one or the other. Working brain and stomach together, as severely as Theodore Roosevelt does, would for most people, end in chronic dyspepsia, if not something worse.

Roosevelt's concentration of mind when reading is quite as remarkable as his ability to read, at any and all times, without inconvenience or discomfort. When really interested in a book, he seems to be absolutely dead, for the time being, to all the rest of the world. Noise does not affect him in the least. He can sit in the midst of a talking, shouting crowd and be totally oblivious of, and insensible to, everything but the contents of the volume in his hands.

The two of our party who devoted the least time to books were probably Harper and Fiala. The former had

become, just before leaving New York, the proud possessor of an extra fine kodak, and he lost no time in using it. He had never taken pictures before, but he entered at once into the fascinating pastime with all the ardor of a confirmed amateur. He found in our official photographer, Mr. Fiala, an able and willing teacher. When not handling the keys of the typewriter, he was usually seen with his camera on the lookout for views worth preserving. His progress in the art was so rapid that he was soon able to make as good pictures as many professionals, and not a few of the best photographs used for illustrating Colonel Roosevelt's magazine articles were due to the skill and artistic sense of Mr. Frank Harper.

As for Fiala, most of his time was spent on astronomical instruments. Since his last voyage to the arctic regions he had had no practice in the use of such apparatus, and he wished as he expressed it, "to recover the knack of using the sextant and theodolite without undue loss of time." Accordingly, he was found every day, with the officers of the ship, taking observations of the sun and stars, and determining by the nautical almanac and a delicate chronometer the latitude and longitude of our position on the ocean. For, besides being our chief commissary—Sigg was drafted as assistant—and official photographer, Fiala was delegated to make all the astronomical observations required during the course of our long wanderings through the wilderness.

Naturally, the chief subject of conversation, on our way from New York to Rio de Janeiro, was our expedition. It was upon the tapis every time we met at table and frequently during the day on the promenade deck and elsewhere. It was then that we were wont to give the conclusions we had drawn from our readings on South America, and make known ideas that had occurred to us which might contribute to the success of our enterprise. While one was reading about the birds of the Paraguayan basin,

another was devoting himself to the distribution of mammals in the La Plata region, while still another was absorbed in the histories of the countries which we intended traversing or exploring.

When we came to communicate the results of our reading, or to exchange views on any particular subject of general interest to the members of the expedition, Colonel Roosevelt always took a prominent part in the discussion that followed. It was then that we were often amazed by his broad and exact knowledge not only of the fauna of the countries we were about to visit, but also of the political and social histories of their peoples as well.

Five days after leaving New York, we were sailing along the leeward coast of the beautiful crescentiform group of the Caribees, so called because they were formerly inhabited by Carib Indians, who, Columbus thought, were cannibals. Usually the route of the company's steamers is farther east, but we were specially favored and by taking a more westerly course were able to get a good view of the most important islands of this remarkable cluster. The weather was ideal and we were able to coast so near the various islands that we could distinctly discern not only the towns and plantations that bedecked their shore, but also the tiny white cottages which dotted the hills and mountain flanks.

The higher mountains, many of them of volcanic origin and several thousand feet high, were very imposing and, looming up directly from the ocean bed, they seemed much higher than they were in reality. In many instances, they were covered from base to summit with the most luxuriant tropical vegetation and forest growth which were in marked contrast with the silver breakers and amber-fretted strands which marked the dividing line between sea and land.

Although I have sailed on the West Indian seas in every direction and in every season of the year, I have never encountered any of those terrific hurricanes which so fre-

quently sweep over these waters and carry death and devastation in their path. It was, on the contrary, always my good fortune to find fair weather and a tranquil sea, and to be able to enjoy all the beauties of land and water which here meet the eyes of the delighted voyager. But never before did I find wind and wave so propitious as during this trip, and never were the vistas of green-carpeted plantations and forest-clad mountains more radiant, or more entrancing. Nature everywhere seemed to be at her best and loveliest, and every prospect was a picture worthy of the graphic pen of a Byron or a Shelley, or of the magic brush of a Claude or a Turner. And of each picture Erin's bard, Thomas Moore, could well have written what he penned of "the scenery fair" that lay beneath his window in the Bermudas, where he abode for awhile in the beginning of the last century:

> You'd think that Nature lavished there
> Her purest wave, her softest skies,
> To make a heaven for love to sigh in,
> For bards to live and saints to die in.

While passing Martinique and St. Vincent, we caught a glimpse of the two most destructive volcanoes of the Western Hemisphere—Mont Pelée and the Soufrière. It was the terrific eruption of Mont Pelée on the fateful ninth of May, 1902, that wiped out of existence the flourishing city of Saint Pierre and exterminated thirty thousand people within the space of thirty seconds, and occasioned, at the same time, a property loss of a hundred million dollars.

No islands of the New World have been theaters of more stirring romances or more appalling tragedies than those of the Caribbean Sea, and none have witnessed greater reverses of fortune or more frequent changes of flags and rulers. For this reason no one interested in the story of American discovery can sail these waters and con-

template their emerald isles without harking back to earlier days and being thrilled by the deeds of valor which were here enacted.

First and foremost cruising these waters is the commanding figure of Columbus, the immortal "Admiral of the Ocean Sea," who hoped to reach the rich lands of India by sailing towards the setting sun, and who thought, till the day of his death, that he had actually discovered in this part of the world the dominions of the Great Kahn. The solution of the baffling "Mystery of the Strait," which engaged the last years of his eventful life, was not to be effected until more than four centuries after his demise, and then by means undreamed of by him and by a nation still unborn.

Quickly following in his wake were the Conquistadores, those extraordinary men of blood and iron who have left an indelible impress on the New World from Florida to Southern Chile. Among these, most noted for their achievements were Hernán Cortes, Gonsalo Ximenes de Quesada and Francisco Pizarro, the Conquerors of the Aztecs, the Muiscas, and the Incas—three men who, by sheer force of genius and daring, made their sovereign the ruler of the greatest empire under the sun.

And here, too, was the scene of operations of those famous buccaneers—"Brethren of the Coast"—who preyed on Spanish commerce, sacked Spanish towns and cities, and, under cover of secret havens, lay in wait for the richly laden galleons that were conveying the treasures of Mexico and Peru to San Lucar and Cadiz. But not only was this the favorite cruising ground for such freebooters as Drake and Mansvelt and Morgan, but here also were the favorite haunts of those dread successors of the buccaneers —the pirates and corsairs whose depredations respected no flag—who were treated as outlaws not only by Spain but also by all other nations as well. Here also were the battle grounds of the English, Dutch, French and Danes, who,

after they had long warred against Spain as against a common enemy, turned their arms against one another in their struggles for spoil and territory, and made the towering cliffs of these parts echo the roar of artillery for many long decades.

But the Caribbean Sea and islands recall more than the exploits of famous navigators, conquistadores and filibusters. This was particularly impressed on our minds as we passed the little islands of Nevis and St. Eustatius.

Looking at Nevis today, inhabited chiefly by indolent and ignorant Negroes, one would scarcely think of it as the birthplace of one of our most distinguished statesmen. And yet it was here that Alexander Hamilton was born. It was here that he spent the first eleven years of his life. It was here, too, that Horatio Nelson, the hero of the Nile and Trafalgar, found a wife in the person of a widow, Frances Herbert Nisbet.

More interesting still to Americans is the island of St. Eustatius, more commonly known as Statia. For it was here, according to tradition, that an American vessel, flying a distinctive flag, was first honored with a salute. The name of the vessel was the *Andrew Doria,* a privateer from Baltimore, which had called at the little Dutch island for supplies. The doughty old Governor, Johannes de Graaff, was the one who ordered the salute to be fired. This was in November, 1776. The flag is said to have had thirteen stripes of red, white and blue colors, but without the starry canton which distinguishes our present national emblem.

Shortly after leaving St. Eustatius, we found ourselves in the dark green waters that wash the leeward coast of Dominica. They had a special fascination for us, for they had witnessed, more than a century ago, the celebrated naval battle between Rodney and De Grasse—one of the greatest and most decisive sea fights in history. This spot has, indeed, well been called England's Salamis, for it was Rodney's remarkable victory here over the French fleet

that not only established English supremacy in the West Indies but also saved the British Empire.

Martinique, too, possessed a special attraction for us, for it was the early home of Josephine, the beautiful creole who became the consort of the first Napoleon. Fronting the entrance of the harbor of Fort de France is a superb white marble statue of the empress, which was presented to the city by her nephew, Napoleon III. The face of the empress is turned toward her birthplace—Trois Ilets—about five miles distant, where in an upper room of a sugar-mill she spent the first decade of her life. What a contrast between her retired life in this humble *sucrerie,* as the plain daughter of a sugar planter, and the high destiny to which she was subsequently called in the magnificent palaces of the Tuileries and the Luxembourg, where she was the idolized and the adulated consort of the most powerful monarch in Christendom!

Our first port of call on our southeastward course—for South America is east as well as south of the United States—was Bridgetown, Barbados. Dropping anchor in the roadstead of this interesting capital of "Little England," as the Barbadians love to call their diminutive coral island, we went ashore a few hours as the guest of the governor, whose hospitality was most cordial and gracious. After visiting some of the most interesting parts of the island, we were invited to luncheon in Government House where we met several of the most distinguished people of the colony.

To myself, personally, this brief stop in Barbados was particularly agreeable, as I had, several years before, spent several weeks here for much needed repose after a long and strenuous journey across South America from Lima to Pará. During the winter season, no more restful spot can be found. The temperature is then most equable and the weather always delightful. For this reason it has long been favorably known as a health resort. It is visited by large

numbers of people not only from England and the United States but also from the tropical regions of South America.

For Americans, Barbados possesses a peculiar interest, as it was the only foreign land which George Washington, then a major in the British Army, ever visited. When about twenty years of age, he accompanied to this place his brother, Major Lawrence Washington—then far gone in consumption—who had served as captain under Admiral Vernon in the famous expedition against Cartagena in 1740. It was in honor of this old admiral that Major Washington named his possessions on the Potomac, Mount Vernon—an estate which, before his death, he devised to his brother, George, and which in after years became the home of "the Father of his Country." While enjoying the courteous hospitality of the good people of Barbados, I recalled an entry made by Washington in a journal which he kept while in the island and which is as true today as when it was first penned: "Hospitality and genteel behavior is shown to every gentleman stranger by the inhabitants."

Another distinguished foreigner also came hither—almost the last man in the world one would expect to find so far from the land of his birth. This was no less a personage than Fernando Paleologus, a descendant of the Greek emperor and a scion of the great family of the Constantines. When the Crescent triumphed over the Cross in Constantinople, some of the Paleoligi sought refuge in England, and thus it happened that Fernando eventually found his way to Barbados, where, for nearly thirty years, he made his home. Here he died, and his last resting place is on a lofty cliff on the eastern shore of the island, where, with his face to the east, he awaits, to use his dying words, "the joyful resurrection of the just, to eternal life."

It was at Bridgetown that our Mr. Leo Miller, on instructions from New York, joined our party. He had been, as before stated, selected as our mammalogist, and, as his

work soon demonstrated, we could not have selected a better man. He had just come from British Guiana, where he had made an interesting collection of specimens for the New York Museum of Natural History. Before that he had done notable work for the same institution in Venezuela and Colombia, especially in the neighborhood of the Upper Orinoco and the Caqueta. An enthusiastic and tireless naturalist, he contributed fully his share to the success of the expedition.

After leaving Barbados, our course was still more eastward than it had previously been. We continued to have delightful weather and glided along merrily through the placid sea on an even keel. Many of the passengers dreaded the approach to the equator, because of their unwarranted apprehension of unbearable heat in this part of the world. Imagine their surprise on finding the temperature, as they crossed the equinoctial line, not higher but lower than it had been when they passed the tropic of Cancer. So cool, indeed, was it that some of the ladies were observed to call for light wraps on the evening of the day that we entered the southern hemisphere.

There is, however, a very marked difference between the temperatures at the equator on the eastern and western sides of the continent. On the west coast the thermometer falls far lower than it ever does on the east coast under the line, and, at times, one must wear heavy clothing in order to be comfortable. This is owing to the Humboldt Current, which flows from the antarctic regions and which very materially diminishes the temperature of the waters of that part of the Pacific which washes the coasts of Chile and Peru. Along the east coast, on the contrary, both sea and land are affected by the warm trade-winds that sweep across the Atlantic from the torrid zone of Africa, and, as a result, the degrees of temperature at corresponding latitudes, on opposite sides of the continent, are usually quite widely separated. But never, even when the mercury

mounts highest, is the heat at the equator anything like it was conceived to be by Aristotle and Pliny. For according to these writers and their followers for the succeeding two thousand years, the northern and southern hemispheres were forever separated from each other by an impassable burning zone which was absolutely devoid of every form of animal and vegetable life.

From time immemorial it has been the custom of seafaring men to put through a peculiar form of initiation those who cross the equator for the first time. The process is, usually, far from agreeable to the victims of the sport, but most of those who submit to it do so with good grace. On our ship special preparations were made for this interesting event, and all eagerly awaited its coming—not that anyone was particularly eager himself to be shaved and ducked by the sailors in charge of the ceremony, but because each and every one was glad to take part in something to break the routine of a voyage which, by reason of its length, was gradually becoming monotonous. Some, it is true, entered into the sport with more zest than others and yielded quite willingly to the pranks of the marine barbers who, after covering their victims with powder and paste, cast them into an adjoining tank of sea water. After this rather forcible immersion, which afforded great amusement to the spectators, the initiated were considered "Sons of Neptune." Even the fact of crossing the line makes one a son of the sea-god and entitles him to assist in the initiation of others, without ever being again subject to the process himself.

As for myself, the crossing of the line recalled many events of transcendent importance in early South American history. Standing on the starboard deck I gazed towards the setting sun, and far in the distant west I beheld in fancy the mighty Amazon coursing from the far-off Cordilleras and bringing its rich tribute of waters to the broad and deep Atlantic. It was down this greatest of the

world's waterways that the daring Orellana and his gallant companions guided a frail bark of their own construction, and by so doing startled the world by a discovery which the historian Oviedo characterized as, *una de las mayores cosas que han acontecido á los hombres*—one of the greatest things that have befallen mankind.[1] Only one who has followed in Orellana's wake, and who calls to mind the meagerness of his equipment, can fully appreciate the marvelous character of this long and eventful voyage down an unknown river, through a hostile country, deprived not only of chart and compass, but also of the most necessary means of subsistence. It is not without reason that in intrepidity of action, fertility of resource, and perseverance in the face of untold difficulties this enterprise has been ranked with the epoch-making achievement of Columbus.

Poetic justice seems to require that the majestic river which was first navigated by the dauntless Spanish explorer should still retain its early appellation—Rio Orellana—and not the triple and confusing name—Marañon-Solimões-Amazon—which it now bears. But it is probably expecting too much to see justice accorded to Orellana, when it has been denied to the illustrious discoverer of the New World which, instead of being called Columbia, as it should have been, has, by one of those curious freaks of fortune which pass all understanding, been named America.

And I recalled the happy days, in years gone by, that I had spent in navigating, almost from its fountain-head in the Peruvian Andes to the ocean, this stupendous watercourse, which had ever possessed for me, even from my boyhood, a fascination which I could never explain or describe. I recalled all the marvels of fauna and flora, all the beauties of flowers and winged creatures, all the gor-

[1] For a somewhat extended account of Orellana's wonderful exploit, the reader is referred to the author's "Along the Andes and Down the Amazon," in the chapter entitled "Romance of the Amazon," New York, 1911.

geousness of river and sky which had been my delight for months and which I would fain enjoy again. Only the beautiful German word *Sehnsucht*—intense longing, ardent craving—expressed the feelings that then dominated me, for I felt then, as never before, that only far up the great, the mysterious Amazon could I really find, as a traveler, the land of the heart's desire.

Shortly after entering the Southern Hemisphere a number of us, including a patriotic New York lady and a learned professor from a western university, were standing at the port gunwale watching the gambols of sportive dolphins and the flights of nimble flying-fishes, which were apparently striving to outstrip our steamer, when the lady suddenly inquired of the college don: "Why is it that we have met so few steamers since we left New York? And why is it that we see no vessels flying the American flag?"

"These, madam," replied the professor, "are questions which are asked by every American who visits this part of the world—questions that our countrymen have been asking of our legislators in Congress for years. Time was when the Stars and Stripes were to be seen everywhere along this route from Sandy Hook to Cape Horn and from Cape Horn to the Golden Gate. Now one may sail over this same course for a whole year without seeing his country's flag even once, except, mayhap, on a man of war.

"After we reach Bahia, we shall note a change. Then we shall see many vessels of all sizes, for there we shall cross the great ocean highway between South America and Europe. Then, too, we shall find splendid steamers flying the British, French, German, Dutch, Spanish and Italian flags—vessels rivaling in size, speed and equipment the fleet of leviathans that almost daily pass our great Statue of Liberty—but they all—with one or two exceptions—ply between South America and the ports of the Old World. And on this southern highway we shall meet merchant vessels almost as frequently as on the North Atlantic course,

but in every case, as in every South American port, the Stars and Stripes will be conspicuous by their absence.

"It is, indeed, time that Congress should do something to restore our American merchant marine to something of its former prestige. We have deliberately turned over the vast commerce of South America to our European competitors, and are annually forfeiting untold millions as a consequence. What may be the best way of retrieving our former maritime glory, whether it be by ship-subsidy or a change in our registry laws, let our legislators decide, but the adoption of either one, or both, of these expedients seems preferable to permitting our trade rivals to monopolize commerce which naturally belongs to the people of the United States, and which they should spare no effort to secure and control."

The professor, in the words quoted, but voiced the sentiments of all intelligent and patriotic Americans who visit South America, and who live in the hope that Congress will, at no distant day, enact laws which will enable our merchant marine to take its proper place not only in the ports of South America but in all other ports of the world as well.

Poets extol the delights of "a life on the ocean wave" and the joys of "a home on the rolling deep," but these delights and joys soon pall on one, even when one is provided with all the comforts and distractions of our modern palatial ocean-flyers. For frequently the only visible objects outside the ship, for a week or more, are the sea and sky, and then "old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste," in spite of the vaunted attractions of its surging billows, soon ceases to have the charms ascribed to it by those who know it only from hearsay or limited experience. This is evidenced by the fact that the least indication of life or suggestion of novelty on the sea's dreary expanse is sure to arrest the instant attention of passengers and crew alike. A sail, a streak of smoke in the distant horizon, a school of

porpoises, a spouting whale—anything that exhibits life and movement—will at once draw animated crowds to deck and porthole and hold them there until the objects in question are lost in the distance. No matter how much one loves the sea, one soon longs for the attractions of terra firma—fragrant gardens and singing birds, smiling meadows dotted with happy flocks and herds, hives of industry and homes of peace and culture, and all else that makes the land one loves a thing of beauty and a joy forever.

I must, however, refer to one feature of our voyage that always constituted a delightful break in the monotony of the ocean waste, and that was the really beautiful sunsets with which we were often favored, especially when we hove in sight of the Brazilian coast. So gorgeous indeed were the light and color displays of the sun when his course was nearly run, that many of us were wont to gather on the starboard quarter to witness his departing glories, shed on rock and hill and wave, when the vanishing orb of day was, of a truth,

> "Not, as in northern climes, obscurely bright,
> But one unclouded blaze of living light."

CHAPTER III

BRAZIL'S OLDEST CAPITAL

In a letter to his friend, Piero Goderini Gonfaloniere of Florence, the famous navigator, Amerigo Vespucci, tells us how, during his fourth voyage to the New World, he discovered a harbor which he called the Bahia de Todos los Santos. Like many other names of places in South America, the original appellation of the harbor—Bay of All Saints—has been abbreviated and, for a long time, has been known simply as Bahia, the Spanish and Portuguese word for bay. The town which was subsequently founded on this bay was at first called by the Portuguese São Salvador da Bahia de Todos Os Santos. But the town, like the harbor and the state in which it is situated, is now also known as Bahia. Considering the size and beauty of the harbor and the perfect shelter it affords to shipping, its name Bahia—as if it meant a bay *par excellence*—is not altogether unjustified. For, with the exception of the matchless harbor of Rio de Janeiro, it is probably the best and most attractive bay in the Southern Continent.

Our first view of this famous haven was on a beautiful morning in October, just a fortnight, almost to the hour, after we had left New York. Everyone was on deck as our steamer glided from the ocean into the bay, and few there were who could suppress exclamations of surprise and delight when the magnificent panorama composed of city and harbor burst on their enchanted vision. The bay is nearly thirty miles long and from ten to twenty in width. It is dotted with a number of charming islets and surrounded by a coastline clothed with tropical verdure. The city—the

third largest in Brazil—is divided into the "lower" and the "upper" town, and, as seen from the steamer, presents a picture of rarest beauty. The lower town consists of but a single narrow street along the water's edge and reminds one much of an old thoroughfare in Cadiz or Lisbon. It is the chief business street of the city and is connected with the upper town, which is about two hundred feet above sea level, by an inclined roadway and by large elevators.

The most conspicuous objects as one approaches Bahia from the ocean are its churches, convents and palm trees, These, silhouetted against a bright blue sky, are each a thing of beauty, and each a perfect picture worthy of careful study. All told, there is probably no city in South America, not even Montevideo, that greets the ocean wayfarer with such a splendid vista as does São Salvador da Bahia de Todos Os Santos.

We had scarcely come to anchor, when we were surrounded by a number of gayly decked craft of all kinds. Among them was a beautiful launch bearing a committee of government officials who had been delegated to welcome our party to Bahia. After cordial greetings had been exchanged, we boarded the launch, and were soon on shore, where we were at once surrounded by applauding thousands, who had assembled to bid us welcome to Brazil. Everywhere Brazilian and American flags were flying and bands were playing the national airs of the United States of the North. The swaying multitude was so eager to catch a glimpse of our ex-President and, if possible, to grasp his hand, that it was with difficulty that we were able to reach the carriages that were waiting to convey us to the palace of the Governor. During our long drive through the city—for the Governor's palace is quite a distance from the landing place—there were the same demonstrations of joy as at the quay. Houses were decorated with bunting, and the colors of Brazil and the United States were gracefully intertwined on public and private buildings

as well. Everybody seemed to be in the street, or at the windows of the houses lining the thoroughfares through which we passed, all waving flags and handkerchiefs and all greeting us with words of welcome. When it is remembered that the population of the city is not less than a quarter of a million people, one can have some idea of the magnitude of the demonstration in honor of the visitors from the North.

After paying our respects to the Governor, who gave us all a most cordial reception, we were taken in automobiles to the Municipal Palace, which, like the official home of the Governor, is a large and imposing structure. Here we met the members of the city council who impressed us as being a specially intelligent and earnest body of men. One of them made, in English, an address of welcome to Colonel Roosevelt to which an appropriate response was made by the Colonel in his most felicitous style.

When these formal visits were terminated, our hosts kindly escorted us through the city and gave us an opportunity of seeing the most attractive features of this ancient metropolis. For Bahia is not only the oldest city of Brazil —I exclude certain towns and villages which were of earlier date—but it was for more than two centuries the nation's capital. More than fifty years before Hendrik Hudson dropped anchor in the river which now bears his name, Thomé de Sousa, first governor-general of Brazil, laid the foundations of São Salvador on the heights above the Bay of All Saints. And more than a hundred years before the Pilgrim Fathers set foot on Plymouth Rock, a shipwrecked Portuguese by the name of Diogo Alvares had established himself here among the Indians, where he lived among them in patriarchal style, and where he became the father of a numerous progeny. Indeed there are not a few people still living in Bahia who are proud to claim this same Diogo Alvares as their ancestor. And why not? Diogo Alvares was the virtual founder of their city, for he was the first

Portuguese to make his home here, and the one who was chiefly instrumental in establishing friendly relations between the Indians, of whom he became the chief, and those of his countrymen who settled here at a later date. To be able to trace his lineage back to the original white inhabitant of São Salvador and to the one who contributed more than anyone else to the peaceful colonizing of the country round about is a matter of legitimate pride for a Bahian. Has he not, indeed, greater reason to be proud of this ancestor of his, who was not only a protector and benefactor of the Indians, but was also a loyal and energetic supporter of the Portuguese when his influence with the indigenes was all-powerful, than have many of the noble families of Europe whose forebears were either robber barons or sordid condottieri?

To one who visits South America for the first time, the oldest part of the city is the most interesting. Its one-story houses, with their flaring colors of red, green, blue, yellow, pink, and saffron, and the riot of tropical plants and flowers which are seen in every dooryard, and which, strange as it may appear, seem to harmonize with the garish colors of the buildings, are sure to arrest attention. Some of the more pretentious residences are faced with tiles of more subdued colors, and, seen in the midst of stately palms, umbrageous mango trees, and blooming shrubbery, are really attractive.

But, as in other cities of the Southern Continent, the most notable structures are the churches and convents. One of the prettiest churches is La Piedade, whose polished dome, modeled after that of the superb cathedral of Santa Maria dei Fiori, in Florence, is one of the first objects visible from the deck of the steamer as it enters the harbor. Among the oldest churches is that of Nossa Senhora da Victoria, which is said to date back to 1630 and to occupy the site of a chapel built by Diogo Alvares—called by the Indians Caramurii—in commemoration of a victory which

he had gained over his enemies. The church, however, which every visitor is invited to visit first is that of São Francisco. It is noted for its wonderful wood carvings—the work of native artisans—which adorn the sanctuary and the numerous side chapels, but still more for its exquisite tiling, which covers the lower part of the walls in the interior both of the church and the adjoining monastery. They were made in Holland and are enriched with splendidly executed scenes suggested by the Old and New Testaments. All the members of our party were delighted with this really unique decoration and were loath to tear themselves away from the contemplation of its manifold beauties.

There are said to be no fewer than a hundred churches in Bahia. Many of the largest and richest of them were built by the various religious orders which settled in the city shortly after its foundation. It was here that the first Episcopal see was established, and the primacy of honor among the bishoprics of Brazil is still held by this ancient see of São Salvador.

Until recent years Bahia has also held the primacy of education and culture. This is now divided between Rio Janeiro and São Paulo, although the schools of Bahia still enjoy an enviable reputation. The trade school under the direction of the Salesian Fathers and the Academy of Medicine, which is celebrated throughout Brazil, are both well worthy of a visit. Besides these, there are law and agricultural colleges, normal and polytechnic institutes, an academy of fine arts and a conservatory of music, all of which are fine specimens of architecture and well provided with libraries, museums and other necessary appurtenances of thoroughly up-to-date institutions of instruction. All the schools are attended by a large number of pupils. The Lyceum of Arts and Trades alone counts almost two thousand students. According to the latest official reports, the number of educational institutions of all kinds in the city

and state of Bahia totals something more than eleven hundred—a much larger number than is usually credited to this part of the world.

At the time of our visit to Bahia, the city was in the hands of a Brazilian Haussmann. Streets were being widened and improved; old, one-story buildings were giving place to large and lofty structures, and the venerable old capital was rapidly being embellished and assuming a modern aspect. And, although the day of our arrival was observed as a general *festa,* it was easy to see that Bahia is a stirring metropolis and an important center of industry and commerce. Its chief exports are sugar, coffee, cocoa and tobacco. I saw a German steamer plying between South America and Hamburg loaded with no less than twenty thousand bales of leaf tobacco. This cargo particularly interested me for two reasons; first, because its production was controlled by Germans, and secondly, because it was carried to European markets in German bottoms. This, however, is one of numberless instances that might be cited of the activity of the merchants and shipowners of the Fatherland in every center of trade and industry in South America from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the Caribbean to the Straits of Magellan. They are everywhere making inroads on the business of their competitors and breaking up monopolies that were long under the control of French and British syndicates. But they deserve their success, for no business men in South America are more industrious and enterprising than the Germans, and no steamship companies are more astute and accommodating than those whose headquarters are in Bremen and Hamburg.

One of Bahia's most interesting items of export—and one that is not usually associated with this port—is diamonds. Although Kimberley, for some years past, has eclipsed the diamond fields of Brazil, it is, nevertheless, a fact that some of the finest diamonds in existence are from

Bahia Seen from the Harbor.

Largo Costa Alves. Bahia.

this great republic. Among them are the famous gems, Star of the South, Star of Minas, and the Dresden diamond. These, however, were all from the state of Minas Geræs. But, notwithstanding this fact, Bahia has produced more diamonds than any of the several other diamond states of Brazil and has made fortunes for the lucky owners of its diamond fields. And it has also produced the largest of these precious stones. Indeed, the largest *Carbonado,* or black diamond, ever found, came from this state and weighed one hundred and twenty carats more than the celebrated Cullinan diamond from South Africa. Another diamond, weighing almost six hundred carats, was found in 1890 and netted the fortunate miner nearly $100,000. In the town of Lavras Diamantinas the sole occupation of its inhabitants is diamond hunting.

The first cargo of merchandise taken from what is now known as Brazil, to Portugal, went, if not from the Bay of All Saints, from a point not far south of it. It was carried in the vessels of Vespucci on his return to Lisbon after his fourth voyage.[1] This cargo, aside from a large number of parrots and monkeys, consisted exclusively of the dye-wood known as brazil. And, strange to relate, it was this particular species of the bean family—Pão Brasil [2]—which

[1] In his letter to Piero Soderini, giving an account of his fourth voyage to the New World, Vespucci writes: "In eo Portu bresilico puppes nostras onustas efficiendo quinque perstitimus menses."

[2] As a matter of fact, Vicente Yañez Pinzon, an old associate of Columbus, and the commander of the *Niña* in the great Admiral's first voyage in 1492, was the discoverer of the region now known as Brazil. For, two months before Cabral sighted Monte Pascoal, near Porto Seguro, the Spanish explorer had sailed along the coast of South America from Cape São Augustin to the island of Trinidad, facing the estuary of the Orinoco. It was during this voyage that he reconnoitered the mouth of the Amazon—which he imagined to be a large fresh-water sea—to which the Spanish monarch, in his capitulation with Pinzon, actually gave the name of Santa Maria de la Mar Dulce. By virtue, however, of the Convention of Tordesillas, the Land of the Holy Cross was awarded to Portugal. Pinzon's discovery was thus of little practical value to his country. Portuguese and Brazilian writers virtually ignore it by claiming Cabral as the discoverer of Brazil.

has given to the great Brazilian republic the name it now bears. The Portuguese navigator, Pedro Alvares Cabral, whom the people of Brazil honor as the discoverer of their country, gave it the name of Terra de Santa Cruz, and as such it was known during the sixteenth century in all the countries of Europe except France.[1] This was the name

[1] M. Paul Gaffarel adduces the name Brazil—always used by the French, in lieu of Terra de Santa Cruz, to designate the land discovered by Cabral—in support of his ingenious theory that his countrymen, and not the Portuguese, were the real discoverers of South America. For he will have it that the French navigators made many clandestine voyages to this part of the world for the famous dyewood which was then so important an article of commerce, not only during the first years of the sixteenth, but also, very probably, during the closing decade of the fifteenth century—Cf. his "Histoire du Brésil Francais au Seizième Siècle, Première Partie," Paris, 1878.

Brazil, as a dyewood, had been known for centuries before the discovery of America, and, by a curious chance, the name of the product was applied to the country producing it. But, as the location of this country, which was thought to be somewhere in the Atlantic, was not exactly known, the land of Brazil was supposed to float about in the ocean, changing its situation with the progress of discovery, as did the Isles of the Blest in ancient times, and the roving Island of St. Brendan at a later period. The memory of this wandering Island of Brazil was perpetuated, until a few decades ago, in certain English and German charts, by Brazil Rock, a mass of basalt, which was located a few degrees west of the western coast of Ireland.

By a curious coincidence, Chaucer, a hundred and twenty years before South America was sighted by Cabral and nearly two centuries before the name Brazil was generally accepted for the land he had discovered, associates the name Brazil with that of Portugal, as is seen in the couplet:

Him nedeth not his colour for to dien
With Brazil, ne with grain of Portugal.

Camoens somewhere sings of the land discovered by Cabral as:

Terra de Santa Cruz pouco sabida,

and readers of the "Lusiads" will recall the verses in the tenth canto of this immortal epic in which the poet refers to the appanage of the Portuguese Crown in the New World as follows:

But where the land is broadest ye shall claim
The part that for its red wood is renowned;
Of Santa Cruz ye shall bestow the name,
Ye, by whose fleet that region first was found.

And this great epic, be it remembered, in which Portugal's American possession was designated as the Land of the Holy Cross, was not published until 1572.

given it by King Manoel, the Great, when he formally notified the sovereigns of Spain of Cabral's discovery, and the name by which it was designated by the chief cartographers of the epoch. The eminent Portuguese historian, João de Barros, declared that the change of name from Terra de Santa Cruz to Brazil, "was inspired by the demon, for the vile wood which dyes cloth red is not worth the Blood shed for our redemption." [1]

Cabral found a haven of refuge in the land he had so unexpectedly discovered, at a point about two degrees to the south of Bahia, and to this he gave the name Porto Seguro, which it still retains. But all that remains of the noble name which he gave to the vast region that he took possession of in the name of his sovereign is a small river near Porto Seguro, and a small town near its mouth, both of which still bear the name of Santa Cruz.

One who visits Bahia for the first time is sure to be greatly impressed by the large proportion of the colored population which is everywhere visible. In some sections of the city, judging by the preponderating number of Negroes and mulattoes, one would almost fancy oneself in a town of Haiti or Santo Domingo. These are the descendants of the slaves who in colonial times were brought from Portuguese West Africa. No reliable statistics are available, but it is estimated that more than four-fifths of the inhabitants have Negro blood in their veins. This is true also of Pernambuco, the flourishing capital of the state adjoining on the north, and, in a great measure, of Ceará and Pará as well.

There are, indeed, very few of the older Portuguese families of Bahia who do not exhibit traces of Indian or Negro blood. The reason is simple. The first conquerors

[1] Como que importava mas o nome de hum pao que tinge pannos, que d'aquelle pao que deu tintura a todolos sacramentos per que somos salvos, por o sangue de Christo Ieso que nelle foi derramado. "Decada Primeira da Asia," Fol. 89, de João de Barros, Lisbon, 1628.

among the Portuguese, as among the Spaniards, were soldiers of fortune or adventurers who went to the New World without wives or families. Many, probably the majority of them, married Indian women and thus gave rise to that large percentage of inhabitants variously known in Brazil as mestizos, mamelucos and curibocos. Between these half-castes and the Negroes alliances were also formed, as alliances were formed between the Indian and the Negro, and the Negro and the white man. The result of all this miscegenation is a series of transitional types that can be expressed only by the rich terminology employed in Brazil. In English, we should not find enough difference between the issue of an Indian and a Negress, as compared with that of a Negro and an Indian woman, to justify two distinct denominations, but Brazilians are differently minded, and, accordingly, designate the first cross as a carbureto and the second as a cafuso. To such an extent has miscegenation prevailed in some of the seaboard cities between Bahia and Pará that full-blooded whites, Negroes or Indians are rather the exception than the rule.

The result, in most cases, has been essentially the same as in the alliance of the French Canadians with the Indians in the northwestern part of the United States—a lowering of the higher rather than an elevation of the lower elements. Among notable exceptions to this tendency to deterioration, as the result of race fusion, are the Paulistas of Southern Brazil and the inhabitants of Paraguay.

One of the consequences of this amalgamation of the three peoples, is that race and color do not signify so much in Brazil as with us in the United States. Whites, Indians and Negroes associate together in a way which would be quite impossible with us, and which an old Virginia planter would condemn as an abomination unutterable. Some of the highest government and municipal offices in Bahia, as in other parts of Brazil, are held by Negroes and half-castes, and they attend public functions on a footing of ab-

solute equality with the whites who have preserved their racial purity intact. One of the leading members on the reception committee, which came to greet our party before we landed, was a prominent government official who was a pure Negro. He took a conspicuous part in all the entertainments that were prepared for us during our visit and was always treated by his companions with the same respect and deference as if he had been a *Filho do Reino*—a native of Portugal—or a *Filho da Terra*—that is, one who is born in Brazil but of Portuguese descent—one, therefore, who is preëminently a Brazilian by birth, language and culture.

Truth to tell, there is not a little to say in favor of the fusion of the European and African races in Brazil. For some of the most distinguished men the country has produced have had a strain of Negro blood in their veins. This is evidenced by looking over the long list of literary men, artists, poets, historians, jurisconsults, men of science, novelists and politicians in which the amalgamation of the white and the black has been most pronounced, as, for instance, in Bahia, Pernambuco, Ceará and Maranhão. From the Negro the Portuguese receives, among other traits, a more lively imagination, and a more perfect adaptability to the climate of the tropics—traits that are sure to impress the traveler in all parts of Brazil, but more particularly in those regions in which there has been the most complete mixture of the whites and blacks. General Dumas, whom Napoleon called "the Horatius Cocles of the Tyrol," and the famous dramatic authors and novelists, Dumas Père and Dumas Fils, are not the only instances in which a remarkable flowering of the intellect has been exhibited by the offspring of black and white parents. Brazil can show countless instances of this kind in every department of intellectual activity. What will be the final outcome of this merging of the two races in Brazil is, of course, impossible to forecast, but from what has so far taken place the

result is not by any means so disastrous as we in the United States should be inclined to believe.

It is usually said that there is no "Negro Question" in Brazil. This assertion, however, requires qualification. There is not in Brazil, for the reasons already indicated, a Negro Question in the sense in which it exists in the United States and in the West Indies. But, notwithstanding the admixture of the white and the Negro in a large percentage of the Brazilian population, and notwithstanding the fact that the whites and blacks generally associate on a footing of equality, it is, nevertheless, certain that among the more exclusive families of European origin, there is the same antipathy—although not so intense—to the Negro as in our own country; and for them, as well as for our northern people, a solvent for race uncongeniality is yet to be found.

As an illustration of this antipathy, I may refer to an occurrence in Bahia, which, shortly after our visit there, set the whole city in an uproar. The director of a private school declined to receive a colored boy among his white pupils, and at once he was denounced as one violating the spirit of the law which recognizes no legal distinction between blacks and whites. Long editorials in the local papers protested against the director's discrimination as an intolerable outrage, and demanded that the offender should forthwith be punished in the most drastic manner.

Apropos of this antipathy, which manifests itself in spite of laws, customs, and long and intimate association of the two races in public and private life, a story is told of Dom Pedro II, whose memory is still held in benediction in all parts of the republic. In one of the last entertainments given by him in the imperial palace before his banishment from Brazil he observed a mulatto, who held a high official position, standing in the corner and not daring to take part in the function. The emperor, divining the cause of the official's backwardness, immediately presented him to

his daughter in order that he might have a partner for the dance. I do not vouch for the authenticity of the story, but it is told to illustrate the importance which even Dom Pedro attached to having his subjects meet one another on a footing of equality, regardless of race or color.

Still, in spite of the mutual tolerance which dates back to the early colonial period, in spite of long association together in schools, societies, and offices of public trust, in spite of laws and traditions that make for union and equality, there is yet, especially among the "four hundred" of the white population in the larger cities, a decided disinclination to meet Negroes socially on the same footing as Europeans, no matter what may be their attainments or how high their position in public life. To this extent there is a Negro Question, even in Brazil, although to the casual visitor it may not be apparent.

What shall be the character and destiny of the new division of mankind that shall eventually issue from the melting-pot of the three ethnical elements in Brazil—the white, the Negro and the Indian—it is impossible to forecast, but, none the less, all who are occupied with questions of sociology, ethnology and anthropology will watch the experiment with the deepest interest. The result may be of untold value in supplying a key towards the solution of many social and economic problems which have long confronted statesmen and philanthropists in every part of the Western Hemisphere.

When we left New York, among those who came to see us off and bid us Godspeed was His Excellency Don Domicio da Gama, the Brazilian Ambassador. I had conferred with him several times in Washington regarding our expedition and as soon as he learned that we had decided to undertake it he took a very active interest in it. He at once communicated our plans to his government, and assured me that we could count on it for the most cordial sympathy and coöperation. Knowing, as I did from past experience,

the generous and enterprising character of the Brazilian people, this did not surprise me. But there was a surprise in store for me, and for all the members of our party as well. The Ambassador gave me an intimation of this, in a somewhat veiled manner, as he bade good-bye to me, when he said: "I think you will get some idea of Brazilian hospitality on your arrival in Bahia."

His words, as subsequent events proved, implied far more than they seemed to indicate, for no one could have been received with more genuine and unfeigned hospitality, from the governor to the humblest day laborer, than were all the members of our party. But it was not until we met the élite of the city—men and women—at a public breakfast given us, that we realized the full significance of the ambassador's words. The repast was in every way a most sumptuous affair, but this was quite surpassed by the spirit of good-fellowship which was dominant, and the delicate attentions that were showered on the guests of the day. We were at once made to feel that we were among friends and among people who have a profound admiration for our country and its institutions, and who are eager to see their republic and our own united in the closest bonds of amity and comity.

The impression left on all of us by this historic and picturesque old city was one which will always endure. During our all too short visit, we had seen sufficient evidence of the business ability, the alertness and the enterprise of its citizens to justify us in predicting a continuance of the new era of progress and prosperity upon which it has recently entered, and in looking forward to its assuming, at no distant day, a far more important rôle than ever before in the activities of international commerce. This thought was brought home to me with special force as I contemplated, from an eminence, the magnificent bay of Todos Os Santos, and in fancy tried to picture its appearance when the projected railroad from Tangier to the great

modern port of the French on the coast of Senegal shall be completed and when Europe shall be brought six days nearer to Bahia than it is at present. It will then occupy a more commanding position than ever before on the great trade route between Europe and South America, and then the deep-laden argosies of the world will meet in its land-locked harbor and give to the ancient capital an importance and a prestige among the great marts of commerce in the Southern Continent that it has never known during the entire course of its long and eventful history.

I shall never forget the confession made to me, shortly before we returned to our steamer, by a high German official at Bahia, after he had requested me to present him to Colonel Roosevelt. "I am pleased to make the acquaintance of Mr. Roosevelt, but I am sorry he has come to South America."

"Why?" I inquired in surprise.

"Because he is going to take away South American trade from Germany."

I subsequently heard expression given to the same fear by Germans in other parts of South America. They evidently had made up their minds that Roosevelt was going to imperil the valuable commercial relations between the Vaterland and the various South American republics, and that something must be done to neutralize this effect of his visit.

They had not long to wait. The Kaiser and his advisers had evidently taken the same view of the situation. For scarcely had the Roosevelt expedition entered the Brazilian jungle when the hearts of German merchants and shippers were rejoiced by the cheering announcement that the emperor had decided to counteract Roosevelt's influence in the commercial world by sending his brother, Prince Henry, in the magnificent new steamer *Trafalgar,* to make a friendly visit to all the republics in which the illustrious North American was supposed to have spread the most ef-

fective trade propaganda. To judge from the editorials in the German press anent the result of Prince Henry's visit, our German friends feel that they can still continue to pursue their usual vocations without any fear of financial loss through the advent of undesired competitors.

Our party received here a valuable and unexpected accession in the person of Kermit Roosevelt, who, for nearly two years, had been making his home in Southern Brazil and who had come to Bahia to meet his parents, whom he had not seen since his departure from his native country. We were all, of course, delighted to have such an important addition to our ranks, for it would have been impossible to have found one who so well rounded out our personnel as Kermit—as he was always known among us—or who was better qualified by previous experience to promote the best interests of our expedition. Besides being a capital hunter and one who enjoyed life in the wild as well as any of us, he was ever a charming companion and one who could always be counted on to do his full share of work whatever might be its character. Of unfailing bonhomie, under all circumstances, and of abounding resource in the most trying situations, Kermit contributed greatly to the success which the expedition had the good fortune to achieve.

CHAPTER IV

SOUTH AMERICA'S CITY BEAUTIFUL

Florence! beneath the sun,
Of cities fairest one.

It is thus that the poet Shelley, in his beautiful "Ode to Naples," apostrophizes the city of Dante, Giotto and Michael Angelo. As I caught the first glimpse, from its incomparable harbor, of the city of Rio de Janeiro, I recalled the words of the gifted singer, and thought that the epithet of fairest city beneath the sun could now most appropriately be applied to the beauteous capital of Brazil.

Although no one told us that we were entering the gateway of Guanabara Bay, on which the great metropolis is situated, there could be no doubt about it. For, looming up before us on our port quarter, was the imposing Pão d'Assucar—Sugar Loaf Mountain[1]—with which everyone who has read anything about South America is familiar. This towering mass of granite, which rises sheer out of the water, was, it is related by a patriotic Brazilian, placed here by the Creator, after he had fashioned the Bay of Guanabara—as the harbor of Rio de Janeiro is known—as an exclamation point to direct special attention to His masterpiece of terrestrial beauty and majesty. And today, when it heaves in sight, the voyager knows that Rio de Janeiro is near and that he will soon be enjoying the hospitality of the second largest city in South America.

[1] When first discovered the Portuguese called this lofty rock *Cara de Cão*—Dog's Face—while the early French navigators named it *Pot de Beurre*—Butter Pot.

Scarcely less striking than Pão d'Assucar are two other mountain peaks—likewise on our port side—called from their peculiar shapes, Gavea—Round-top—and Corcovado —Hunchback. They are both much larger and higher than the Sugar Loaf, and stand a short distance from the shore. They seem like two colossal guardians of the fair city that lies at their feet. With the exception of their lofty summits, they are not so bare of vegetation as the Pão d'Assucar, and, for this reason they have, even at a distance, an element of beauty that is almost entirely absent from the bald and rocky Sugar Loaf.

But more impressive far than the view of either of these granite masses taken separately is the weird figure formed by the three of them when observed from the proper angle. They then give us what is locally known as *O Gigante que dorme*—The Sleeping Giant. Gavea forms the head, Corcovado the trunk and legs, and Pão d'Assucar the feet of a Brobdingnagian monster who lies supine with his head on the flank of the mountain range at the rear of the city and his feet at the very edge of the azure waters of the ocean. The likeness of the recumbent figure to the human form is really extraordinary, and it is in many respects more remarkable than any similar formation in any other part of the world. "The Woman in White," on the summit of Ixtaccihuatl, as seen across the valley of Anahuac from the eminence above Toluca, is wonderfully lifelike in her winding-sheet of eternal snow. La Amortahada—The Enshrouded Woman—on the island of Santa Clara, off the southern coast of Ecuador, as viewed under the rays of the setting sun is also a marvel, and once seen can never be forgotten.[1] So also is the fancied figure of The Dead Inca on a lofty peak adjoining Mount Misti, in Peru. But strange and fantastic as are these three wonderful similitudes of the "human form divine," they must all yield

[1] See "Along the Andes and Down the Amazon," p. 44 et seq., by H. J. Mozans, New York, 1911.

in interest and in significance to The Sleeping Giant of Rio de Janeiro. I say significance, for I could not help regarding this titanic form as symbolic of the great republic of Brazil which is just beginning to awaken to what seems a great and glorious future. For Brazil with all her countless potentialities has hitherto, like the giant, been in a dormant state and it is only now that she is preparing to rise from that lethargy which has incapacitated her from taking her proper place among the great nations of the world.

It is only after we have passed through the granite gateway to the bay of Rio de Janeiro—a gateway that is flanked on both sides by strong fortifications bristling with large and modern guns—that one begins to have some faint conception of the vastness and the magnificence of this ocean inlet. The Tamoyo Indians called it Nichteroy—Hidden Water [1]—and the name is so appropriate that it is a pity that it has not been retained. It is also called, even today, the bay or sea of Guanabara, an Indian name of disputed meaning, but one which far more accurately describes this extensive body of water than does the usual appellation of Rio de Janeiro, which literally means River of January. This name was given it by the Portuguese navigator, Gonçalo Coelho, because he discovered it on the first of January, 1502, and because, from superficial observations, he imagined it to be the estuary of a river, which it is not. It is a miniature sea eighteen miles long from north to south, and twelve miles in width from east to west at its widest part. Or rather, it is an archipelago, for its placid waters are dotted with no less than a hundred isles and islets. Some of these, like Paqueta and Gobernador, are inhabited, while others are little more than masses of rock bearing in their seamed surfaces flecks of verdure, or an occasional palm or mango tree with dark-green branches

[1] It is also said to mean "cold water," because of the cold ocean currents which, during certain months of the year, enter the bay.

made vocal by twittering birds of sweetest notes and richest plumage.

It was early dawn when we sighted The Sleeping Giant, and by the hour of sunrise we were well within the glorious bay of Guanabara. Thanks to the courtesy of our genial captain, Colonel Roosevelt and I were given a good position on the bridge whence to survey the scenic marvels which greeted us from every point of the compass.

We were in the midst of a vast amphitheater formed by mountain ranges and lofty peaks that pierced the clouds. Directly ahead of us, lapped by the myriad tongues of the bay, was the fair city of São Sebastião de Rio de Janeiro.[1] Behind it rose in serene majesty the forest-clad mountain of Tijuca, and still farther toward the west was the celebrated range of the Serra dos Orgãos. It is so called from its fancied resemblance to the pipes of an immense organ. In places it is more than six thousand feet high. The sharpest and most striking pinnacle of the Organ Mountains is called Dedo de Deus—Finger of God.

The mountains surrounding the city were enveloped in clouds when we first entered the bay, but the rising sun soon cleared up the atmosphere, and then every detail of mountain, bay and city came out in glorious relief. Then, in the dreamlike radiance of the morning, the panorama before us revealed itself as one unbroken line of perfectly modulated landscape. In every direction were the most charming vistas of green and gold. The bases and flanks of Tijuca and the towering summits of the Serra dos

[1] The original name given to the city of Rio de Janeiro by its founder, Mem de Sa, was São Sebastião. It was so named in honor of the then reigning king of Portugal, and also in honor of Saint Sebastian, whose feast is celebrated on the twentieth of January—the day on which Mem de Sa and his nephew, Estacio de Sa, won a decisive victory over the French and their Indian allies. The present abbreviated name Rio—river—so called from a river that does not exist—is the strangest kind of a misnomer and is about as appropriate for so beautiful a city as is the epithet Bahia—bay—to the capital of the state of that name. For many reasons it seems a pity that the original appellations were not retained.

FOR WOMEN

Orgãos were bathed in the luminous rays of the tropical sun which suffused everything with wonder and beauty and transmuted them into visions of ineffable splendor. The waters of Guanabara seemed to have all the reputed tints of the dying dolphin, for their colors changed with every movement of the clouds—with every reflection of the sun's rays from the rapidly disappearing vapors which had surcharged the soft, warm atmosphere of the morning. Everywhere they quivered with romance and with the golden charm of fairyland.

The color notes of mountain, and bay, and island struck a pleasant harmony with the exquisitely tinted lines of the city beautiful cradled between the evergreen foothills of Tijuca and the resplendent waters of Guanabara. Even at a distance, Rio de Janeiro seems a city of gardens. The prevailing tone of its embowered villas and sun-stained palaces and churches is a pearly white, passing, by delicate gradations, into light orange and primrose. The city, indeed, is as unique as its setting. The first view of it fully justifies all that can be said in its praise.

The harbor of Rio de Janeiro has frequently been compared with those of other world-famed cities. But it is so far beyond all others in scenic beauty, in the gorgeous pageant of mountains and hills with their delicately drawn outlines, in its lovely bays and its century of islands tinted with the most exquisite aërial hues, that comparison is quite out of place. Not Naples so famed in song and story, not Vigo with its garland of islands and mountain peaks; not Palermo with its Conca d'Oro surmounted by Mount Pellegrino; not Sydney with its island-studded bay; not Constantinople with its Golden Horn crowned by mosques and minarets, can offer anything that so rejoices the eye and so satisfies our ideal of supreme beauty in nature as does the peerless bay of Guanabara.

"*O que linda situacão para se fundar huma villa!*"—Oh, what a beautiful situation for founding a town!—said

Duarte Coelho Pereira when he first laid eyes on the site of the present city of Pernambuco. With how much more truth could not these words be applied to the location of the city of Saint Sebastian?

Writing to Lorenzo de'Medici about the marvels of the Land of the Holy Cross, Amerigo Vespucci declares of it: "If there is a terrestrial paradise in the world, it cannot be far from this region." Had he gazed on the wonders of Nichteroy? He does not inform us, but one loves to think that he did, and that the beauties of Eden were suggested by what here met his enchanted vision.[1]

It is related that, some decades ago, when yellow fever was still very prevalent in Rio de Janeiro, an English nobleman was wont every year, during three days of springtide, to cruise among the islands of Guanabara bay without ever once leaving his yacht. He kept always aboard, for he knew that to land might mean death from the plague. Some regarded his annual visit to these waters as an eccentricity. They did not realize how great for him was the lure of this matchless harbor, and how completely its countless marvels had enthralled his beauty-loving soul. There are, I fancy, few lovers of Nature, with means and leisure, who, after being once under the magic spell of this enchanting bay, would not be disposed to follow the Englishman's example.

So deeply, at first, was I fascinated by the contemplation of the beauties and wonders of land and sea that the creations of man almost passed unobserved. But I soon had ocular evidence that I was in one of the world's great centers of commerce. For on all sides were steamers and sailing craft of all kinds and sizes, and from all parts of the earth. Some were quietly riding at anchor, while others were preparing to discharge their cargoes at the magnificent new docks recently completed, and still others were

[1] According to the Brazilian historian, Dom Candido Mendes, Amerigo Vespucci visited the bay of Guanabara with Dom Nuno Manoel in 1502.

under way to distant ports beyond the ocean. And here, too, were those terrible engines of war—the latest and largest types of dreadnoughts. It seemed almost like a desecration to have these terrific instrumentalities of death in this placid bay which Nature had so manifestly intended as a haven of peace and happiness.

Presently, our attention was attracted by the sound of distant music and by the appearance of a small fleet of gayly decked craft flying the Brazilian flag and the Stars and Stripes. They were filled with officials of the government and private citizens who were coming to bid us welcome to Brazil and to offer us the freedom of its capital city. There were the same demonstrations of pleasure and delight as we had witnessed in Bahia, but on a far grander scale. The multitude at the landing-stage was legion; those who crowded the adjacent streets numbered myriads. Bands played, drums thumped, regalia flashed, crowds acclaimed, banners waved in all the wild enthusiasm of a national holiday.

From the Praça 15 Novembre, where we landed, we were escorted to the superb palace of Guanabara. This was formerly the home of Princess Isabel, the distinguished daughter of the Emperor Dom Pedro II. She it was who, while regent during her father's absence abroad, set free all of the slaves of Brazil by a single stroke of her pen, and that, too, without causing war or bloodshed. The palace is now the official residence of the President of the Brazilian republic and is one of the noblest and most imposing structures in the Southern Continent. Here we were installed as the guests of the nation, and were made to feel, in the kindliest and most courteous manner, that while within its hospitable walls we were really at home and among friends.

The sun was still young when, the day after our arrival, we started out to take our first survey of Brazil's capital. The serene purity of the sky was almost dazzling in its

luster. The vast amphitheater which incloses the city in its delicate embrace was a maze of shadows diapered with green and gold. The rocks in the foreground were seamed with countless shades of color, while the feathery, tufted foliage of the palm-trees swayed in the wind to the sweet-toned symphonies of the joyous birds that caroled their lays of love.

Our intention was to get a general impression of the metropolis before examining it in detail. Under the guidance of a young native of Rio—who proved to be not only an intelligent cicerone, but also a most charming companion—and in a sumptuous automobile which had been put at our disposition during our sojourn in the city, we visited the principal points of interest in the business part of the city. Chief among these was the Avenida Central—now called Avenida Rio Branco—and the famous old Rua do Ouvidor.

Avenida Rio Branco, named in memory of the late minister of foreign affairs, who enjoyed an international reputation as a statesman, is a splendid thoroughfare that came into existence twenty years ago through the same methods which Baron Haussmann so successfully employed in beautifying Paris. Following the example of the French government in the construction of the splendid Avenue de l'Opéra, the government of Brazil exercised its right of eminent domain and appropriated sufficient property to secure the building lots on each side of the new highway. An immense passageway, six hundred and fifty feet wide and a mile and a quarter long, was cut directly through the business heart of the city. Not a single building in this vast area was left standing. And when the work of reconstruction was begun, all plans for new buildings had to be submitted to a special commission which insisted on a certain harmony of design in all the structures erected. In this way were secured the best architectural and perspective effects. In less than two years the street, with

all its palatial structures, public and private, was completed, and the people of Rio de Janeiro could point to an avenue that ranks with the most beautiful in the world.

It is along this avenue that one will find the largest and most imposing structures of modern Rio. Conspicuous among them are the National Library, the Academy of Fine Arts, the Monroe Palace, and the Municipal Theater. The last-named building, modeled after the opera-house of Paris, cost no less than ten million dollars. It is probably the most elaborate theater in the Western Hemisphere, and has been, since its erection, a Mecca for the greatest operatic stars of Europe.

Rua do Ouvidor—Auditor Street—so named because the royal Portuguese auditor—Dr. Francisco Berquó de Silveira—had his official residence here, is quite unlike Avenida Rio Branco, except that both of them are centers of activity and fashion. It is short and narrow—so narrow indeed that vehicle traffic in it is forbidden. The middle of the street, as well as the sidewalks, is always thronged, especially during the latter part of the afternoon. For it has been from time immemorial the favorite rendezvous of business men and politicians who foregather here in the cafés and restaurants and bookstores to discuss the news of the day and get a copy of the latest French novel. All educated Brazilians speak French and make such demand for the lighter kinds of French literature that whole editions of certain favorite authors are sent to Rio as soon as they come from the Paris press.

But Rua do Ouvidor is more interesting as headquarters for the finest jewelry and for the latest creations of Parisian modistes. In the shop windows, on each side of the street, one will see gorgeous displays of Brazil diamonds and tourmalines, Brussels and Venetian laces, and the richest silk and satin fabrics from French and Italian looms. Here dames of rank and fashion most do congregate, and the richly gowned women exhibit all the delicacy of taste

shown by their sisters of Fifth Avenue, or the Rue de la Paix.

It was, however, the romance of Rua do Ouvidor that particularly appealed to me. If this street had a voice it could tell more of the history of the city since its foundation in 1567 by Mem de Sa on Monte São Januario—now Monte do Castello—than could any other thoroughfare in the capital. It could tell strange stories of love and crime, of war and intrigue, and of its gradual evolution from a few wattled huts among the Tamoyo Indians to one of the world's great centers of trade and culture.

The city fathers of Rio, like municipal officials in other Latin-American cities, devote their leisure time to changing the names of streets to the great annoyance of historians, and often, also, to the disgust of its citizens. To show that they are not idle, they have recently given the name of an obscure colonel—Moreira Cesar—to the venerable Rua do Ouvidor. But the people of Rio have ignored the change of name, and, although the official designation is given in large letters on the street corners, every true Carioca[1] still calls the cherished old landmark, so rich in historical associations, and so redolent of romance, by the name he has called it since infancy—Rua do Ouvidor.[2]

Another thoroughfare that particularly interested me was the Mangue Canal—used for draining the lowlands of the city. It is flanked on each side by a street and a double row of stately palms which make it one of the most attractive features of the capital. The section of the city

[1] The name given the people of Rio de Janeiro, from the fountain of Carioca, in the center of the city, whose waters were originally supplied by the Carioca aqueduct, from the Carioca river whose source is in the heights of Tijuca.

Another name used by the Brazilians to designate the denizens of Rio de Janeiro is *Fluminenses*—river-folk. To the foreigner it seems absurd for people to persist in being named after a river—*flumen*—which has no existence.

[2] The reader who is interested in the early history of Rio de Janeiro and in the romantic past of Rua do Ouvidor, will find the story delightfully told in Joaquin Manoel de Macedo's charming "Memorias da Rua do Ouvidor."

drained by this canal is tenanted chiefly by the poorer classes, or by people of moderate means. But even among the poorest of the poor I observed no evidence of the squalor and suffering found in so many of the large cities of the United States and Europe. There are no slums in Rio and there is, consequently, a marked absence of those low, debauched criminal classes that thrive in such quarters. Here the houses are small—usually of one story. Many of them are painted in the most garish colors. The dominating shades are blue and dark red. Frequently one will see the façade painted a bright blue, while the windows and shutters are green, and the sides of the house are a pronounced yellow or brown. But when all these things are seen in their peculiar setting of brick-red earth, an inflamed sky, and a luxuriant tropical flora, their apparently violent tonality disappears and the result is a sumptuous harmony which produces on the eye the same effect that certain phrases of a Wagnerian symphony produce on the ear.

The façades of some of the buildings, even of the humbler classes, are frescoed, and often reproduce local views, particularly views of the bay. In this respect they are not unlike certain houses in Italy which are adorned with paintings representing choice bits of scenery around the bay of Naples, or along the picturesque flanks of the Alps or Apennines. The greater number of them are occupied by Negroes or half-breeds, but every house has its door-yard and, not infrequently, a garden in the rear. For this reason the density of Rio's population, even in its most congested sections, is far less than that of the large and crowded cities of Europe and even of the United States. Taken as a whole, it has been estimated that the density of population in Rio is six times less than that of New York, twenty times less than that of London, and fifty times less than that of Paris. There is everywhere an abundance of light and air, and all, even the poorest, seem to be cheerful

and contented. Everywhere the yards and streets were filled with coveys of large-eyed, laughing pickaninnies who were making merry in the flood of tropical sunshine. Their multi-colored garments were short and scant—usually a simple slip of the cheapest fabric. The expense of clothing them was nominal, as was also the cost of fuel—items which in our northern zones are, for the poor, a matter of serious import. And where bananas, maize, and mandioca are so abundant, as in Brazil, there is no reason why colored children of every shade should not, like their parents before them, wax strong and grow fat.

When I saw the teeming crowds of colored children that were everywhere romping and laughing, I recalled the saying of the old Aristotelian school which declares *Homo generat hominem et sol.* This statement which attributes the generation of man to the joint action of man and the sun, seemed to find justification here, if in any part of the world. Here, indeed, where the earth is ever bathed in sunshine, the little Negroes and half-breeds were so numerous that one could almost fancy them springing up like the Athenians, or originating, according to the legend of Deucalion, from the stones of the earth.

But the great attraction of Rio de Janeiro, particularly for one who visits it for the first time, is the superb, the unique Avenida Beira Mar. Beginning at the southern end of the Avenida Rio Branco, it skirts along the beautiful bay of Guanabara for nearly four miles. On the side facing the bay is a massive sea wall with a graceful parapet, erected at the cost of millions of dollars, while on the opposite side are magnificent gardens, drives, promenades and villas. Besides a tramway, this broad avenue has two well-kept asphalt drives for carriages and automobiles, and, in a city where there are so many high-classed vehicles as in Rio de Janeiro, one can be sure that the Avenida Beira Mar is always a popular speedway.

I have said that this bayside drive is unique. But it

Guanabara Palace. Our Home While in Rio de Janeiro.

Avenida Beira Mar. Rio de Janeiro.

is more than that. It is, without doubt, the most beautiful thoroughfare in the world. We have nothing in the United States that can at all approach it. Even the most celebrated avenues and boulevards of the great European capitals are completely eclipsed by it. The Champs Élysées, the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, the Ringstrasse and Unter den Linden, all have their attractions and deserve all the praise enthusiastic travelers have bestowed upon them, but they must, one and all, yield the palm to this wonderful creation of Rio de Janeiro. The famous drive from Sorrento to Amalfi is justly celebrated for its gorgeous views of mountain and sea. But even this falls below the magnificent panoramas that are spread out on both sides of Beira Mar. For this wondrous avenue not only delights the eye of the beholder with the beautiful gardens and luxurious homes that are such distinguishing features of the favorite drives of Paris, Vienna and Berlin, not only does it exhibit the gorgeous marine views of Italy's roadway, but it exhibits, in all its glory, what Europe has not, cannot have. It displays, on every side, an exuberance of tropical vegetation that cannot be surpassed in any part of the globe. Every house is surrounded by plants and trees of exquisite form and delicate foliage and by flowers of every hue and fragrance. Every nook and corner is rich in blooms both wild and domestic. And everywhere there is a veritable riot of dahlias, jasmines, begonias, pinks, azaleas, gloxinias, of camelias of every tint and form, and of chrysanthemums that would excite the jealousy even of Japan. The flaming hibiscus, the resplendent Bougainvillea, the beautiful oytis trees, the royal oreodoxa here alternate with cataracts of roses that everywhere fall from walls and trellises; with vines and creepers of rarest luxuriance covering house and tree; with delicate velvety orchids which our northern belles would prize more than gold or jewels.

But more beautiful still are the bevies of human flowers

at the windows of the charming villas along this marvelous drive. Everywhere in Latin-American cities it is the custom of gayly dressed girls and young ladies to spend several hours of the day gazing from windows and balconies on the outside world, but in no part of South or Central America do they so beautifully fill out the kaleidoscopic pictures formed by garden, villa, and palacete as they do in Rio de Janeiro.

Here the great sea wall is washed by foam-flecked breakers and the long waves of Guanabara's bay quiver in the untempered sunshine. There, in a sheltered inlet, the unruffled waters are shot with all the myriad colors of the rainbow—pale and delicate greens, and pinks and mother-of-pearl. These, combined with the opaline transparencies of air and water, the emerald mountains that encircle the bay and the distant sky lines tinged with blue and amethyst, evoke an oriental vision, and make every villa along Beira Mar like an enchanted palace.

The Avenida Beira Mar, the Mangue Canal and the Avenida Rio Branco—all of which have contributed so much to the embellishment of the city—are quite recent improvements. They were begun only a decade ago and were completed in a few years. It is doubtful whether an undertaking of similar magnitude and importance has ever, in any other part of the world, been carried on with greater energy and intelligence and rushed to completion in a shorter period of time.

One of the most notable of Rio de Janeiro's recent achievements was the construction of the docks which permit vessels of the greatest draft to deliver their cargoes directly into the immense warehouses that are built along the wharves. These, like the celebrated docks of Santos, are works in which all Brazilians take great pride. Modeled after the great docks of Antwerp, they embody the latest ideas of engineering science and are not surpassed by similar works either in the New or in the Old World. And the

giant enterprise was so planned that the prospective value of the land reclaimed from the bay was more than sufficient to cover all the expenses incident to the construction of these extensive docks and warehouses.

But the avenues and docks just referred to embrace only a part of the improvements, undertaken or contemplated, for the embellishment of the city and for providing it with all the essentials of a great center of commerce and industry.

For, more important far than the embellishment of Rio de Janeiro, more important than magnificent buildings, public and private, more important than matchless parks and avenues, more important than the vast extent and perfect equipment of dockage, was the huge undertaking which had for its object the sanitation of the nation's capital.

Since its foundation the city of St. Sebastian had been a hot-bed of epidemic and endemic diseases of all kinds. Its dark, narrow, tortuous, noisome streets, the accumulated filth of generations in the bay and in the adjacent lowlands, the lack of the most necessary sanitary appliances and the complete ignoring of the fundamental principles of hygiene had bred smallpox, typhus and typhoid fevers, and numerous tropical diseases no less deadly. For nearly three centuries the hygienic condition of the city was little better than that of certain cities of India and China which have been plague centers from time immemorial.

But it was especially in 1849 that Rio de Janeiro became a recognized pesthole—a great charnel house for foreigners and natives as well. During this year yellow fever—said to have been introduced from Central America—made its dread appearance. From that time, it was continuously endemic for more than fifty years. Its ravages were appalling; the total number of its victims in Rio alone aggregated not less than sixty thousand. The population of the city was decimated at times; the dread destroyer carried away thousands in a few months. Like Santos, Rio became

known abroad as "the cemetery of the foreigner." During the sixties there were periods when there were hundreds of ships of all nations in the harbor with no one to look after them but a few panic-stricken watchmen. Officers and men had been mowed down by the death-dealing destroyer. And so frequently were the cables required to transmit sinister messages regarding the disastrous results occasioned by yellow fever that the telegraphic code contained no less than three pages of formulæ relating to the pernicious endemic. "Crew decimated by fever," "Freight rates augmented by fever," "Captain died of fever"—such were the messages constantly flashed from Rio and other Brazilian ports to shippers and shipmasters of Europe and the United States.

Commerce was paralyzed, business was almost at a standstill. Rio, like Havana, Panama and Guayaquil, became a synonym for pestilence and death. Travelers avoided it, and seafaring men knew they were taking their lives in their hands when they entered the portals of the disease-infected metropolis. So great was the consternation of the people, so impossible was it to control the frightful mortality of the city, so hopeless was the outlook for the future, that the government, as late as 1889, seriously contemplated the transfer of the capital to some elevated point in the interior of the country where the climate was more salubrious and where the plague might not find a foothold.

It was not until 1906 that the government actually undertook the colossal task of the city's sanitation. It was confided to Dr. Lauro Müller who was then minister of public works, the noted engineer Paulo Frontin, Dr. Pareira Passos, prefect of Rio, who has been surnamed the Brazilian Haussmann, and Dr. Oswaldo Cruz, a former pupil of Pasteur. No four better men could have been chosen for the stupendous work. They were all men of tireless energy and, in their several departments, repre-

sented the best talent of the nation. They realized that the fate of the capital was in their hands, and they were determined that its future should be as glorious as its past had been disastrous. Those who were familiar with the difficulties which confronted these men felt that they were about to essay the impossible, but this only proved that they did not know the character and competence of those who had the work in charge.

The problems that confronted the engineers and men of science in Rio de Janeiro were identical with those which had been so successfully solved by Colonel Gorgas and his gallant co-workers in Havana and Panama. Their solution depended almost wholly on the extermination of the *Anopheles* and the *Stegomyia* mosquitoes that are the prime cause of malarial and yellow fevers. This meant the destruction of the breeding-places of these pestiferous insects. It meant the widening of many dark and malodorous streets, and the complete elimination of scores of others. It meant the demolition of more than two thousand buildings, and the renewal of entire sections of the city. It meant the removal of thousands of tons of garbage that had been scattered along the shore of the bay, and the disinfection and dumping into the depths of the Atlantic of tens of thousands of tons of filth that had for generations been accumulating in the shallow waters of the harbor. It meant the filling up of marshes and swamps, and exposed cloacæ, and the constructing of up-to-date drains and sewers and aqueducts. It meant the enforcement of hygienic rules in every house and garden and the establishment of a trained corps of experts to wage incessant war on the disease-propagating mosquitoes in all parts of the city and in every building, whether public or private. So assiduous was Dr. Cruz in his campaign against the *Anopheles* and *Stegomyia* that he earned the sobriquet of *nata-mosquitos* —mosquito-killer.

When the work of beautifying and sanitating Rio de

Janeiro was begun, the old colonial quarter of the city was described as "a rare specimen of ugliness set by the hand of man in the midst of the most beautiful panorama of the world." This, together with what has been stated in the preceding paragraph, gives one some idea of the Herculean work which was involved in making Rio worthy of its noble setting. But, nothing daunted, the men charged with the renovation of the city entered upon their task with a determination that augured success, and, in spite of criticisms and predictions of failure, were soon able to justify the confidence that had been reposed in them.

But a few years sufficed to show how intelligently their efforts had been directed. What, in spite of its magnificent surroundings, had long been one of the most unsightly of capitals, was suddenly transformed into one of the most beautiful—everywhere adorned with noble buildings, matchless avenues, superb parks, squares and gardens. Where pestilence had long stalked unopposed through the city and where its "doomed inhabitants fell like grass before the scythe," there now was found health and immunity from the plague which had reigned so ruthlessly for more than half a century. And from being one of the most unhealthful spots in the world it has been converted into one of the most salubrious. For the death-rate of Rio, like that of Panama, has been so reduced that it is below that of many large cities in the United States and in Europe. Yellow fever has been effectually banished from what was one of its great strongholds and it is now no more of a menace in Rio than it is in Galveston or New Orleans. It has also been banished from the other great ports of Brazil from Santos to Manaos, and the precautions against a fresh outbreak of the disease are now so complete that there is no longer any reason to apprehend its recurrence. Anyone who has visited the splendid Instituto Oswaldo Cruz, near Rio de Janeiro, with its perfectly equipped laboratories and its enthusiastic staff of investigators, will realize how de-

termined is the Brazilian government to guarantee its people not only from the ravages but even from the menace of the plague.

Loans aggregating $60,000,000 were floated by the government for financing the various improvements just described. But this sum, large as it is, represents only a part of the money actually expended for the city's betterment, for private companies and individuals likewise contributed immense sums towards the marvelous transformation which so distinguishes the new Rio from the old. But it was money well spent, for the results achieved by its judicious expenditure gave a new impetus to Brazilian commerce and put Brazil herself in a position to work out her manifest destiny as one of the great nations of the world.

Among the men whose foresight and enterprise have contributed most to this marvelous transformation of Rio de Janeiro is Dr. Lauro Müller, whose recent visit to our country did so much to cement the previously existing friendship between Brazil and the United States of the North. As Minister of Public Works, he was for years the guiding spirit of all the great improvements made not only in Rio but also in Santos, Pará and other parts of the republic. His grandfather was a German immigrant and he certainly transmitted to the present minister of foreign affairs all the energy and strength of character that distinguishes the best type of Teuton—qualities that have won for him not only the love and confidence of his countrymen but also the respect and admiration of foreigners as well.

It is beside my purpose to speak of the commercial and industrial development of Rio de Janeiro, but reference must be made to two foreign companies which occupy a prominent position in the business world. One is locally known as *A Luz*—Light. This is the name given to the great syndicate which owns and controls the light, power, tramway and telephone systems of the city. Sir William Mackenzie, of Toronto, Canada, is chairman of the com-

pany, while the distinguished engineer, Mr. F. S. Pearson of New York, is its president. Suffice it to say that the capital of the company aggregates nearly $100,000,000, that it counts nearly ten thousand employees, and that its gross annual revenue totals more than $15,000,000.

A still larger company is that known as the Brazil Railway Company. It is incorporated under the laws of the State of Maine and has a capital of $250,000,000. It not only owns and operates thousands of miles of railroads in Brazil, but it also owns and controls hundreds of thousands of head of cattle, millions of acres of grazing and timber lands, besides a dominant interest in other vast enterprises in all parts of the republic. The president of the company is Mr. Percival Farquhar of New York. I frequently heard him referred to by his admirers as "the man who owns everything in Brazil worth having." In Brazil the immense company, with all of its divers ramifications, of which he is the chief representative, is known simply as "Farquhar." So colossal and far-reaching, indeed, is the Farquhar syndicate that, only a short time before our arrival, a kind of a campaign was actually launched by certain members of the Brazilian Congress and by a part of the press of Rio de Janeiro against what was characterized as "the Farquharizing of Brazil." Editors and legislators, who had so long been straining every nerve to induce foreigners to invest in Brazil, professed now to fear that the influx of foreign capital was on the point of threatening the independent sovereignty of their country. When one considers the vast extent of Brazil and its boundless resources, one cannot but smile that anyone should have serious ground for apprehension regarding the sovereignty of the nation, because of the enterprise and activities of any one company, however rich or powerful.

The churches in Rio de Janeiro are more than fifty in number and, as in all Latin-American cities, are conspicuous features, and are always sure to arrest the visitor's

attention. Among the largest and most attractive of them are the cathedral and the Igreja de Nossa Senhora de Candelaria. But in beauty of design and in majesty of conception none of these can compare with such noble and imposing structures as the cathedrals of Lima or Mexico, or even with the wonderful, but little known, cathedral of Cuzco.

The picturesque little chapel of Nossa Senhora da Boa Viagem on an islet in Guanabara Bay is regarded as the special shrine of the Brazilian sailors. To seafaring men of Brazil, it is held in the same veneration as the beautiful church of Notre Dame de la Garde in Marseilles. But to the student of Brazilian history, a more interesting edifice is the Igreja de São Sebastião, on the Morro do Castello. For it is not only the oldest church in the city—dating back to 1567—but it is also the last resting place of Estacio de Sa, who, aided by his uncle, Mem de Sa, governor-general of Brazil, was the founder of the city.

Rio de Janeiro is fairly well provided with primary and secondary schools, and with professional and technical institutions of various kinds. But, what is most astonishing for a city as large and as wealthy as the capital of Brazil, is that it has no university. And more astonishing still is the fact that there is not, and never has been, a single university in the vast republic. In this respect, Brazil is far behind the other nations of Latin America, for, with one or two exceptions, they can all point to their university, and some of them to several institutions of this character. One needs instance only such homes of learning as the University of Cordoba, in Argentina, the Universities of Santiago, Quito, Bogotá, and the venerable and far-famed University of San Marcos in Lima.

The Brazilians, however, realize their backwardness in this respect, and this itself is a good augury for the future. For years past many of the more intelligent and enterprising representatives of the country have been agitating for

the establishment of a first-class university, but so far they have been nothing more than voices in the wilderness. All they have accomplished, if anything, is to bring home to their countrymen the absolute necessity of having an institution for university instruction, if they are to occupy their proper place among civilized nations.

But, notwithstanding the lack of universities in Brazil, there is no lack of those having the title of doctor. They are even more numerous than in Bogotá, where every college professor, every newspaper editor, and every politician, if he has any standing with his party, is dubbed "doctor." In Rio de Janeiro, and elsewhere in the republic, even such professional men as civil engineers have this degree, and always proudly prefix it before their name. It is needless to say that the obtaining of such degree does not entail the long and serious course of study which a German student must make before his *alma mater* is willing to confer on him the coveted title of *Philosophiæ Doctor*.[1]

There are many Brazilians, as there are many from other parts of South America, who have made their studies in the universities of Europe and the United States. And among these there is a goodly number who have carried away the highest honors of their class. That the number of Brazilian students in our institutions of learning is gradually increasing is a hopeful sign and presages well, not only for the continued development of friendly relations between the two greatest republics of the Western Hemisphere, but also for the establishment, in the not distant future, of universities similar to our own, not only in Rio de Janeiro but also in other important centers of the republic. For, judging from the Brazilians whom it was my pleasure to meet, who were graduates from foreign institutions of learning, the Brazilian student of today worthily

[1] A few years ago Brazil abolished all academic titles as being undemocratic. Certificates are now given instead of degrees.

upholds the best traditions of his forefathers in the famed university of Coimbra.

For an evidence of their scholarship and intellectual capacity it is not necessary to inquire about their past achievements in literature and science. It suffices to glance through the pages of some of their leading magazines, several of which are beautifully illustrated, or to read the masterly articles in some of the daily papers of Rio de Janeiro. I need instance only such dailies as *Jornal do Commercio, O Paiz,* and *Jornal do Brazil.* The first-named journal was founded in 1827, and is by far the best and most important news organ in Brazil. Not only that, but there are few newspapers in the United States or Europe which are better edited, or more dignified, or which make a greater and a more successful effort to supply their readers with the news of the world. In it appear articles from the pens of the greatest literary lights of Brazil—articles which are frequently exquisite specimens of Portuguese literature and conclusive proofs of the capabilities of expression of the noble language of Camoens and Nogueira Ramos.

I have referred, in passing, to the rare beauty of Guanabara Bay as seen from the deck of a steamer, and have briefly noted some of the more attractive features of the city, as observed while driving through its picturesque streets and palm-lined avenues. I would fain dwell on the floral splendor of its parks, its flower-decked squares and, above all, the Edenic homes which it was my privilege to visit. Among such homes was one near the Beira Mar Drive, while another was on the heights of Santa Thereza —the home of my good and faithful guide and companion whose unfailing kindness to me during my sojourn in the city beautiful shall always be among the most cherished recollections of my journeys in many lands. I should love to tell of the marvels of the famous Botanic Garden, with its countless species of plants and trees, with its superb

colonnade of *Oreodoxa oleracea* palms; its archways of delicate bamboo; its displays of Victoria regia; its groves of clove and cinnamon and nutmeg and other exotic trees, which waft their rich perfumes through the air; its tangles of rose bushes; its graceful fern trees; its crimson poinsettia; its glimpses of virgin forest with garlands of vines and festoons of flower-and-foliage-laden lianas which, like gay draperies, hang from the outstretched branches of the rubber tree or the giant pirijão. With the exception of the botanical garden of Pará there is probably no spot in the world which offers a more gorgeous display of Flora's wonders or exhibits them in greater exuberance and perfection.

All these things are beautiful, it is true, and the visitor to Rio will wish to linger long in silent contemplation of such marvels of plant and tree, foliage and bloom. But there are other and greater attractions—attractions which give Rio de Janeiro a distinctive *cachet* and render it absolutely unique among the world's great capitals. I refer to the truly magnificent views which are obtainable from the summits of the Pão d'Assucar and Corcovado.

The summit of Sugar Loaf is now easily reached by means of an aërial cable-car which was put in operation in 1912. Before this time the ascent of this gaunt old sentinel of Guanabara Bay was considered so difficult that no one thought of climbing to its dizzy heights. The story, however, is told that, previous to the construction of the aërial cable-way, two persons actually did succeed in scaling Pão d'Assucar. One was an English midshipman, who hoisted the Union Jack, and the other was a patriotic Chicago girl, who planted the Stars and Stripes in its place.

There is a well-kept buffet on the top of the peak and my *fidus Achates,* who seemed to have no thought but my pleasure and comfort, had planned for me a most agreeable surprise. It was a luncheon there with some young friends of his whom I had met on our arrival in Rio, and whom I

had learned to admire and esteem. I knew nothing about my friend's plans until we stepped out of the car. Then I was suddenly greeted by a vivacious young carioca who exclaimed: "There is nothing here for you. We have eaten everything." She had scarcely uttered these words, however, when she and her merry companions gathered around us and escorted us to a table at which we had a most delightful repast *al fresco,* with the most charming of hosts and hostesses.

Luncheon over, we were prepared for the enjoyment of more gorgeous panoramas than any we had previously gazed on, even in this city of magnificent vistas. The point where we stood commanded views of every part of the city and bay, of the surrounding mountains, and of the broad expanse of the azure Atlantic. But what, at the moment, impressed me more even than the matchless views which broke on our vision at every side was the thought that we were standing on a pinnacle which had witnessed so many stirring events in the history of Brazil and had arrested the attention of many men whose names are most conspicuous in the annals of South American exploration and conquest.

It was at the foot of this giant monolith, nearly fourteen hundred feet high, that Estacio de Sa landed when he laid the foundations of what was destined to become the capital of one of the world's greatest republics. It was on Governor's Island, in the northern part of the bay, where his life was cut short by an Indian's arrow. Magellan, during his epoch-making circumnavigation of the globe, four centuries ago, anchored his fleet here for a fortnight. He then proceeded to solve "The Mystery of the Strait," which had so eluded the efforts of Columbus, by discovering the passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific that has since borne his name.

In the southern part of the bay is a low, fortified island which is named after the French Vice-Admiral, Chevalier

de Villegaignon, who built a fort here which was to be the beginning of a large Huguenot colony that was to be established on the mainland. Already the French fancied themselves in possession of the entire continent to which they gave the name *France Antarctique.* And had Estacio de Sa and his allies shown less activity and resolution "this country which now contains the capital of Brazil . . . would have been at this day French."[1] But, as in *Nouvelle France* in the north, their dominion over the territory claimed by them was of short duration.

In 1808 the royal family of Portugal—driven out of the land of their birth by Napoleon—entered the Bay of Guanabara, and for thirteen years made Rio de Janeiro the seat of the Portuguese Court. During the following sixty-seven years Brazil was an independent empire, and then, in 1889, Dom Pedro II—a savant and ruler who commanded the admiration of the world—was notified that he and the imperial family must leave Brazil within twenty-four hours. And at two o'clock in the morning they embarked on a Brazilian warship from which they were transferred to a steamer that conveyed them to Lisbon. With a total absence of demonstration, either friendly or hostile, they passed out of the Bay of Guanabara in which, eighty years before, the emperor's grandfather, Dom João VI, had been received with such manifestations of joy and delight. Without war or bloodshed, the last vestiges of monarchy had disappeared from the Western Hemisphere and Brazil had become one of the great sisterhood of American republics.

Never in the world's history had so stupendous a change been effected so quickly and so peacefully. There was no struggle, no fratricidal strife. But this was thanks to the

[1] Southy, "History of Brazil," Vol. I, p. 314, London, 1823. Gaffarel in his "Histoire du Brésil Français au Seizième Siècle," referring to Rio de Janeiro observes sadly: "Elle aurait pu être française; grace à nos fautes elle devint portugaise. Ce n'était pas la première et ce ne sera sans doute la dernière fois que nous avons semé et que d'autres plus adroits et plus patients ont récolté. P. 350, Paris, 1878.

venerable emperor, Dom Pedro, who for nearly half a century had guided the destinies of the empire to which he was ever bound by the strongest ties of love and devotion. Averse, by temperament and education, to all useless violence, he resigned himself to the inevitable. Majestically and without a word of bitterness, he quietly chose the road to exile, in which he died two years later.[1] His last words, addressed in his farewell manifesto to the people of Brazil before leaving its shores forever, were words of benediction and a prayer for the welfare and prosperity of the land which had always been the chief object of his thoughts and affections.

As an evidence of how fondly he is still remembered, it suffices to state that for some time past a movement has been on foot to have his remains brought back to his natal land and given a worthy resting-place in the capital which he loved so much.

While immersed in reverie, recalling the notable events of which Pão d'Assucar had been for centuries the mute witness, and enraptured by the magic of the Bay of Guanabara, whose enchanted islands seemed like gigantic galleys setting sail for fairyland, I was suddenly awakened by the gentle voice of one beside me who said: "You think this beautiful; but wait until you ascend Corcovado; wait until you visit Tijuca. Then you will be even more pleased than you are here."

It did not seem possible that any point could offer more entrancing pictures than the lofty pinnacle on which we were then standing. But a few days later I had an opportunity of realizing the truth of my friend's prediction. We visited both Corcovado and Tijuca and the hours spent in the contemplation of the wonders seen from their wooded heights were hours of uninterrupted rapture.

Corcovado is nearly a thousand feet higher than Pão

[1] Prince Louis d'Orléans—Bragance, in "Sous La Croix du Sud," p. 19, Paris, 1912.

d'Assucar, while the peak of Tijuca rises more than a thousand feet above the summit of Corcovado. This increase in elevation gives a corresponding increase in the range of vision and in the marvels of aërial perspective. But, besides this, we have in the two highest peaks a wealth of vegetation that is entirely absent from the almost barren rock of Pão d'Assucar. And we have, too, facilities for studying at our leisure the wonders of forest growth which clothes the flanks of both Corcovado and Tijuca from base to summit.

The ascent of Corcovado is effected by a carefully constructed rack and pinion railway, while the glories of Tijuca may easily be reached by carriage or automobile.

With a wisdom that cannot be too highly commended, the government has forbidden the cutting down of trees on the mountains surrounding Rio de Janeiro. For this reason, one may find the virgin forest in all its wealth of tree and vine and shrub within a few minutes' drive from the heart of the city. And to preserve in its entirety the aspect of this forest primeval, the law for the protection of game and all harmless wild animals is as strictly enforced as it is in our Yellowstone Park. Nowhere are the happy results of such legislation more clearly manifested than along the roads and pathways of Tijuca and Corcovado. Being unmolested, the denizens of the forest become accustomed to the presence of man and many species of them are frequently seen during the course of a single hour —species, too, that in our northern lands are never seen outside a menagerie.

As we were looking out of the car on our way to the summit of Corcovado, my companion called my attention to a tree that was completely stripped of its leaves. "That," he said, "is the work of the sloth. It is very fond of the leaves of this species of tree and it makes the tree its home until it has devoured its foliage, when it goes to another and treats it in the same manner."

View of Rio de Janeiro and Guanabara Bay from Summit of Corcovado.

But what particularly arrested my attention was the immense number of butterflies of every size and hue. They seemed to be fully as numerous as in certain parts of the Amazon valley, which, since the time of Bates, has been the favorite hunting-grounds for these beautiful insects by entomologists from all parts of the world. In the immediate vicinity of Rio de Janeiro, there are no fewer than eight hundred species of butterflies. Among these are many representatives of the wonderful celestial blue Morpho, some of which have an expanse of wing of no less than seven inches. As seen floating through the perfumed air of the dim solitudes of the tropical forest, I could well fancy them as the sylphs of the morning basking in the sunshine, or as the elves of eve seeking their home in the moonbeams. The poetess, Jane Catulle Mendez, brings them before us in all their beauty when she depicts them with *"Couleur de tous les cieux et de toute la mer"*—color of all the skies and of all the sea.

The summit of Corcovado is provided with a graceful open pavilion—Chapeo do Sol—and a stone balcony, where one finds a prospect that at once enthralls attention and excites emotion, even in the breast of the most blasé world-roamer. Far beneath us is the radiant city of Rio de Janeiro, held in the heart of the woods. The homes of its people glow with gold melting into the green of the gardens and parks. The Bay of Guanabara glimmers with silver, while its palm-covered inlets along the shore are liquid mazes of turquoise and aquamarine. The islands that sleep in its tranquil bosom seem veiled in a flickering haze tinged with green and gold. Ships of all sizes are seen creeping into the harbor from the broad Atlantic and saluting other craft that are slowly gliding out into the ocean's immense expanse. Tijuca and the Serra dos Orgãos are still draped in the delicate white mist of the morning, but, under the magical action of the sun, it is soon dispersed into a sparkle of opal and topaz. Through the climbing valleys that are

seen on every side there are marvelous harmonies of color —of emerald and sapphire, of amber and amethyst. Light and shadow play almost mystically over the landscape. A delicate, drowsy languor seems to hang upon the city— the home of happy shadows and dancing sunbeams. It is like one of the glorious dreams of Titian, one of the superb visions of Turner.

It is related that Mohammed, while yet a camel-driver, looked upon Damascus from a neighboring mountain, but refused to enter it, lest he should there be tempted to forego the glories of Paradise. Would he have been proof against temptation could he have caught a glimpse of Brazil's city beautiful from the summit of Corcovado?

On our way down from Corcovado's summit we stopped at Paneiras, where there is a small and well-patronized hotel. I found here a young couple from New York, who were spending a part of their honeymoon in this entrancing spot. They could not have selected a quieter, or a more lovely place. There is a beautiful promenade along the Carioca aqueduct which dates from colonial times and which, until recently, supplied the city with delicious water. The aqueduct is built after the style of the old Roman conduits and will bear comparison with the most noted structures of this kind in the Campagna. Its starting-point is several miles above Paneiras in the depth of the dark, tangled forest which envelops the mountain. The path parallels the aqueduct for many miles and is the most charming promenade imaginable.

"When I wish to get away from the noise of the city and the stress and strain of business," said my companion, "I come here for a few days and then I return to work thoroughly refreshed." I fear I envied him this silent retreat, where he could enjoy, at one and the same time, all the beauties of wild nature and all the delights of refreshing solitude.

What interested me almost as much as the transcend-

ent loveliness of this place was an Indian tradition about the virtues of the water of Carioca. Like that of the Castalian spring on Mt. Parnassus, it is said to give inspiration to those who drink it. Is that the reason why poesy and eloquence are so common among the people of Rio de Janeiro? If not, it is, at all events, true that Tijuca's crystal stream, canopied with tropic bush and tree, is incomparably more beautiful and picturesque than the unadorned rivulet that courses from the Fountain of the Muses down the treeless slope of Parnassus.

No one who has made the ascent of Pão d'Assucar or Corcovado can ever forget his thrills of rapture as he contemplated the wonders of city, bay, mountain and ocean, as viewed from these giddy heights. But there are views equally superb to be had from many lookouts on the heights of Tijuca. In addition to these, there has been constructed through the forest-clad slopes of this lofty mountain one of the most picturesque and fascinating drives that can be imagined. For twelve miles, or more, there is a continual succession of pictures such as one can find only in the tropics and in the most favored spots of the cloud-cleaving Cordilleras.

Day or night, there is nothing more restful and stimulating than the Tijuca drive. To the wearied senses and to the jaded mind it is a tonic whose action is immediate. For, whether one surveys the wonders of nature at and around the Alto da Boa Vista, or from the Emperor's Table, or from the Vista Chineza, or from Bom Retiro, or from Excelsior, one is sure to experience everywhere a new thrill of delight. All the emotions are stirred and the intellect is wakened to unwonted activity. Even the most phlegmatic temperament is whipped to instant alertness.

Colonel Roosevelt and I met at the Emperor's Table, and both of us stood for some time in silent ecstasy at the marvelous panorama spread out before and beneath us. Never before or since have I seen the Colonel so completely

under the subtle spell of Nature's witchery. After gazing silently for some time, he turned towards me and exclaimed with unsuppressed emotion, "Wonderful! wonderful! I have never seen anything more surpassingly beautiful."

Everywhere, on both sides of the road, we have the wild, unkempt luxuriance of the tropical forest. There are the secular giants of the woodlands, with tall, massive trunks and noble crowns of green and silver. There are vast stretches of cedar and jacarandá, of paroba and samambaia, of palm and aroeira and tree-fern, of cinnamon, jequitiba, and candelabra, casting masses of shade and lifting their gently waving boughs towards the dazzling, life-giving sun. The clear mountain air is vibrant with the whirr of myriads of insects, and rings with the voices of countless birds in the shadows of the trees. The vagrant movements of thousands of butterflies of the most brilliant hues enliven the scene, while the silvery voices of streams by the wayside make perpetual melody. The whole mountain, with its wild turmoil of rocks and ravines, seems to be quivering with golden light and with delicate, ethereal harmonies. The wildness of nature and the bosky twilight are full of romance, while the warm and caressing atmosphere, the scents of hidden flowers, and the charm of remoteness and tranquillity make one fancy one is in a land of dreams, or in a region of enchantment.

I could then understand, better than ever before, the frame of mind of Homer's lotus-eaters, and felt that it would be no renunciation to spend the rest of one's days in a land where Nature, in all her manifestations, is so supremely, so ravishingly beautiful.

I was never able to decide, while in Rio de Janeiro, at what hour of the day the city and its matchless surroundings are seen at the best—whether in the early morning, when white, fleecy mists hang over Tijuca and the Serra dos Orgãos; or at noontide, when the houses along Beira

Mar gleam in the golden sunshine and the stately palm trees toss their noble crowns towards the bright, blue sky; or at sunset when mountain peak and terrace are suffused with rose and violet and all seems translucent with a magic glow; or in the soft, pearly moonlight, when calm and peace hover over the landscape and make it in very truth *A Cidade de Sonho*—the home of dreams.

The last afternoon I spent in the city beautiful, I said to a friend, "Let us take a drive along the bay and the ocean; I wish to get a last view of the city, as the sun sinks behind the mountains." It was an hour or two before sunset. The air was balmy and laden with the fragrance of flowers and spices. From the sea came a cool and gentle breeze which had a savory freshness that is peculiar to the ocean. On one side of us was the enchanting Bay of Guanabara whose

> "—Islands empurpled bright,
> Floated amid the livelier light,"

and on the other were

> "—Mountains that like giants stand,
> To sentinel enchanted land."

As the afternoon wanes and the evening comes on apace, the fascination of our environment increases, and God is felt in nature with an intensity that is startling.

Presently one notes changing wonders of light over mountains and sea. The bay gleams with gold, the city is touched with a soft, roseate flush, while Gavea, Corcovado and the Serra dos Orgãos are covered with a delicate veil of purple and violet.

"Ἰοστέφανος!—the city of the violet crown!" I exclaimed. For Rio de Janeiro then appeared to me, as did Athens to Aristophanes, when he applied to it the graphic epi-

thet by which it has ever since been known. And as Athens is garlanded by the air-empurpled heights of Hymettus, Pentelicus and Lycabettus, so also is Brazil's capital crowned with a canopy of violet and purple which rests on its magic circle of serra and morro.

"What," I asked my companion, "what marvelous creations would not the old Greeks, with their highly developed mythopœic faculty, have given us if they had had such unequaled material to work on as we here behold? With surroundings far less grandiose and inspiring, they were able to personify the powers of earth, air and water, of streams, forests and mountains, in a manner that has never been approached by the people of any other nation. But with an island-studded bay like Guanabara, and crystalline streams like Carioca, and lovely cascades like Itamar; with caverns and grottoes like those named after Agassiz and Paul and Virginia, with forest-clad mountains like Tijuca, Corcovado and the Serra dos Orgãos which are incomparably more beautiful than Helicon or Parnassus or Olympus, to stimulate their genius, they would have peopled all these places with gods and goddesses, with nymphs and centaurs in a way that would have far surpassed even their best efforts in the favored land of Hellas."

All this, I know, reads like a rhapsody, but it is difficult not to be rhapsodical when one is standing in the presence of what is so marvelously, so ineffably beauteous. It has been my privilege to visit most of the world's great cities and to contemplate many of the most enchanting panoramas of five continents, but there are few—very few—of all these places which have fully met my anticipations; which, like Rio de Janeiro and its surroundings, have given me that rarest of sensations, perfect satisfaction.

More than this, I felt then, and I feel now, that if I had to spend all the rest of my days in any one city, I should prefer to spend them in Rio de Janeiro. And I should make my choice without the slightest hesitation. Its delightful

and equable climate,[1] its salubrious atmosphere, its gorgeous landscapes, all contribute to make it unique among cities and as near an approach to a terrestrial paradise as the world can offer.

One of the most trying experiences incident to traveling in foreign lands, as every traveler knows, is the tearing oneself away from generous hosts and newly made friends, from places in which one would willingly, if time or duty permitted, tarry for months and years. I have often experienced the pain of parting in many parts of the world, but never so much as when leaving the *Ville Merveilleuse* of Brazil. Only one word in any language I know fully expressed my feelings as I clasped the hands of the many good friends who had come to the station to bid us farewell and wish us Godspeed on our long and strenuous journey.[2] That is the eloquent Portuguese word *saudade*—a word which signifies regret at leaving and an intense desire to see again persons and things we have learned to love—that longing for the past which, in the words of Camoens, is pure, bitter-sweet torment—*Tormento puro, doce e magoado.*

I then recalled the words of the Portuguese novelist, Eça Queiroz, about the people of Brazil, who declares *"Os homens tem intelligencia; as mulheres tem belleza; ambos a mais bella, a melhor das qualidades—a bondade."*[3] It

[1] The mean temperature of Rio de Janeiro, based on observations extending over a period of forty years, is 70° F. Its lowest temperature is 41° F., while the thermometer never reaches the heights frequently attained in Washington, Chicago and New York. During the extreme heats of summer the people of Rio de Janeiro have always an agreeable refuge in Petropolis and other near mountain towns where the climate is delightful.

[2] Dr. Lauro Müller, the minister of foreign affairs, who took a very special interest in our expedition, was also among those who came to the station to speed the parting guests. As he bade me a cordial good-bye, he said in the kindliest manner: "You men from the United States of the North are going to make known to us Brazilians a part of our country of which we are still ignorant."

[3] The men have intelligence; the women beauty; both, the most beautiful and the best of qualities—goodness.

was the goodness of the people of the world's City Beautiful that most strongly appealed to me, and, when bidding them adieu, I felt that I was leaving with them a part of my heart—a feeling which a French writer has so well expressed when he says: "*Partir . . . c'est mourir un peu.*"

CHAPTER V

AMONG THE PROGRESSIVE PAULISTAS

A LITTLE more than three and a half centuries ago, thirteen Jesuit missionaries went from São Vincente, near the present city of Santos, to the plains of Piritininga to establish a colony among the Indians, whom they wished to evangelize and civilize. They celebrated mass there for the first time on the feast of the conversion of St. Paul, and for this reason they named their new home São Paulo. They then proceeded immediately to erect a college, which was likewise called São Paulo. It was at first a very modest structure, for its walls were of wattle-work, its roof of straw, and its dimensions were only ten by fourteen paces. But small as it was, it had to serve for school, dormitory, kitchen, refectory, storeroom, and infirmary. All the inmates slept in hammocks. And, as the building was not provided with a chimney, it was so often filled with smoke that teachers and pupils found it, even during the cold of winter, more endurable to have classes in the open air. A young aspirant to the priesthood, whose father was a Spaniard and whose mother was a native of the Canary Islands, was in charge of the school. His name was José de Anchieta—a name that was destined to reflect glory not only on the religious society of which he was a member but also on the land of his adoption. For, while the young Jesuit was teaching the Indians and Mamelucos [1] Latin,

[1] The name—in English, Mamelukes—given in Brazil to the offspring of a Negro and an Indian. It is also employed to designate the slave-dealers—mostly of Portuguese and Indian blood—who created such havoc in the Reductions of Paraguay and who extended their raids through Matto Grosso as far

he was learning from them their own language—the Tupi. And it was in this primitive structure that he began his famous grammar and dictionary of the *lingua geral* which are still the best in existence. It was here, too, that he wrote hymns in Latin, Spanish, Tupi and Portuguese for his pupils and entered upon that career of literary activity which has caused him to be regarded as the father of Brazilian literature.[1]

No better place could have been selected for a town. Located in a temperate region and on a plateau twenty-four hundred feet above sea-level, it was an admirable site for a great city. The soil of the surrounding country was fertile and well watered by numerous streams and rivers. It produced fruits of the temperate as well as of the tropical zone and its climate was delightful.

And no better man than Anchieta could have been selected to civilize and Christianize the Indians. He loved them more than home or country, and devoted himself unremittingly, during a long and busy life, to their temporal and spiritual welfare. Not since the days of Las Casas had the aborigines had an abler defender or a more zealous protector.

A town founded in such a favorable place was bound to grow and prosper. And the influence of such a man as Anchieta, on both the Indians and the Portuguese, was sure to be felt not only during his lifetime but for generations afterwards. All his efforts were directed towards

as the Amazon. This "perverse generation," as Charlevoix calls them, "carried their disorders of every kind to such an excess, that, in process of time, they came to be called *Mamelus*, on account of their great resemblance to those slaves of the ancient sultans of Egypt." "The History of Paraguay," Vol. I, p. 212, London, 1769.

[1] "O Padre Anchieta não foi so o mais antigue vulto da litteratura brazileira, porem o seu inicial factor." Mello Moraes Filho, in "Parnaso Brazileiro," Vol. I, p. 4, in the appendix. Rio de Janeiro, 1885.

His poem of more than five thousand verses on the Blessed Virgin was written while he was a hostage of the Tamoyo Indians. Not having pen, ink or paper, he wrote it in the sand and then committed it to memory.

having the two races live in peace and harmony. And being of a peculiarly sympathetic nature, he was able to get nearer the hearts of the Mamelucos than could most Europeans whose pride of birth made them hold aloof from half-breeds, as well as from Indians, as beings of a lower caste.

The foregoing were some of the reflections suggested by my first view of São Paulo—in population the second city in Brazil, in energy and enterprise the first. The mustard seed that had been planted by Anchieta and his confrères had become the greatest among herbs.[1]

São Paulo is often called the Chicago, and the Paulistas the Yankees of Brazil. Both epithets are well merited, for in no other part of the republic will one find greater business activity, keener or more successful representatives of commerce and industry than here in the city and state of São Paulo.

Like Rio de Janeiro, São Paulo shows a colonial city within a modern one—a city of narrow tortuous streets within an encircling metropolis of broad and attractive avenues. The Rua do Ouvidor of São Paulo is the street called the Fifteenth of November, which is always a center of animation and commercial activity. In the older part of the city, as well as in the more modern, one will find large and imposing stores and office buildings, many of which are beautiful specimens of architecture. All of them are veritable beehives of business enterprise, and remind one of the feverish movement which characterizes the mercantile centers of New York and Chicago. The state and municipal buildings are quite worthy of the great and rich commonwealth of São Paulo and are among the most notable structures of the kind in the republic. Among these is the Municipal Theater, which, like that of the

[1] For interesting accounts of the beginnings of São Paulo and the labors of Padre Anchieta, see "Chronica da Companhia de Jesu do Estado do Brazil," Vol. II, pp. 58, 59, by Simão de Vasconcellos, Lisbon, 1865, and "Vie du Vénérable Joseph Anchieta," Chap. IV, by Charles Sainte-Foy, Paris, 1858.

federal capital, is modeled after *L'Opéra* of Paris. It is, however, larger than that of Rio de Janeiro and, being located in an open space, produces a much better effect than the one in the restricted quarter of the national capital. There is no theater in the United States that at all approaches it architecturally and its noble façade, adorned with thirty-two rose-granite columns—all monoliths—makes it one of the most imposing edifices of the kind in the world. It, like many other of the city's attractive buildings, is the work of a São Paulo architect, Dr. Ramos de Azevedo.

But probably the noblest specimen of architecture in São Paulo, if not in Brazil, is the work of the Italian architect, Bezzi, who has designed a series of palaces of marked originality and beauty. This is the splendid monument of Ipiranga, erected on an eminence near the city, where Dom Pedro I, on September 8, 1822, proclaimed the independence of Brazil from Portugal. It is now used as a zoölogical and ethnographical museum, and is, with the famous Museo Goeldi of Pará, the best in Brazil. Colonel Roosevelt and I spent several delightful and instructive hours within its walls, and thanks to the courtesy of its eminent curator, Dr. von Ihering, a German naturalist of international fame, we were able to examine its many rare treasures under the most favorable auspices. Like the Museum of Pará, it is particularly rich in specimens illustrating the fauna and the peculiar ethnographic features of Brazil and is one of the institutions that no visitor to São Paulo should fail to visit.

Another institution that Colonel Roosevelt and I found intensely interesting was the Instituto Serumthérapico of Butantan, in the suburbs of the city. From an architectural standpoint it does not at all compare with the grandiose museum of Ipiranga, although it is a large and attractive edifice and well adapted for the purpose for which it is used. In many ways the work of the institute is quite

Museum of Ypiranga. São Paulo.

Ecclesiastical Seminary. São Paulo.

unique. For, in addition to scientific research, it prepares various serums and vaccines for diphtheria, smallpox and other infectious diseases. But its principal and most remarkable products are serums which have been discovered by the eminent director of the institute, Dr. Vidal Brazil. These serums are used for treating snake-bites and are of three different kinds. One is an antidote for the poison of the rattlesnake. Another is used to counteract the deadly venom of the jararáca, the urutu and various species of the much dreaded lachesis. The third is employed as a prophylactic against the poison of any serpent whatever, and is of special value when it is not known by what species of reptile one has been bitten.

The work of the Instituto Serumthérapico is carried on in essentially the same manner as that of the celebrated Institut Pasteur in Paris. And the method of preparing the antiophidic serums is based on the same principles. In Brazil, where there are so many venomous serpents and where the poorer classes, in consequence of going barefooted, are frequently bitten by them, the serums of Dr. Brazil have been instrumental in saving countless lives. In a single year, it is estimated, the number of persons bitten by noxious serpents in Brazil totals nearly twenty thousand. Of these about one-fourth die from the wounds inflicted. In cases, however, in which the antitoxin is administered in time there are practically no deaths. The serum is quite as efficacious as the antitoxin for rabies, and the percentage of lives saved by the timely use of one antidote is about the same as that of the other. Indeed, it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that in the tropics, where venomous reptiles are so numerous and virulent, Dr. Brazil's treatment for snake-bites is as important and as beneficent as is that of the great Pasteur for hydrophobia.

But Dr. Brazil has achieved far more than discovering an antitoxin for the venom of reptiles. He has, by a fortunate accident, found a non-venomous snake that not only

kills the venomous species but also devours them. This is the mussurama, a superb species of ophidian, which is as courageous in the presence of the lachesis and crotalus as it is inoffensive to man. Like the mongoose of India, the mussurama seems to be endowed with a mortal hatred of venomous reptiles of all kinds, and it seeks for them with the same pertinacity that a good Scotch terrier pursues a rat.

After Dr. Brazil had taken us through his laboratory and had shown us his ophidiarium which contains, for experimental purposes, hundreds of noxious reptiles from all parts of Brazil, he placed on the table a splendid specimen of the mussurama, between three and four feet long. It seemed almost torpid and quite indifferent to the attention it was receiving. After the Doctor had caressed it, to show how harmless it was, he put it again on the table and placed near it a jararáca almost as large as itself. Immediately the mussurama shook off its torpidity and, like a flash, made a dart for the head of the jararáca. The struggle was fierce but short-lived. For the mussurama soon had its enemy's head in its mouth and then proceeded to swallow it bodily. In a few minutes the deadly jararáca was inside of the mussurama, and there was on the table only one snake—but almost twice the size it was a few moments before—instead of two.

I never saw Colonel Roosevelt more interested in anything than in this extraordinary contest between these two reptiles. He took the mussurama up in his hands and after examining it attentively, he exclaimed with enthusiasm: "It is marvelous—marvelous! I never saw anything like it in my life. I would not have missed seeing this for anything." The victor was then restored to his cage, where he was permitted to digest his gruesome meal without further molestation.

It is the purpose of the government of São Paulo to encourage the propagation of the mussurama as an aid in

the extermination of the venomous serpents that are found in such numbers in so many parts of the country. If the experiment shall prove as successful as anticipated, the same method for the destruction of noxious reptiles will doubtless be introduced in other parts of the republic, as well as in the West Indian Islands, where the terrible fer-de-lance claims annually so many victims.

The streets and parks and homes of São Paulo were for me an uninterrupted source of delight and admiration. Everywhere—along the broad avenues, around the beautiful villas and princely palacetes, in the numerous breathing spots found in all parts of the city—there is an astonishing profusion of plants and trees of both the tropical and the temperate zones. So great is the variety of trees bordering streets and avenues that no two thoroughfares seem to exhibit the same species. In their beauty and luxuriance, they remind one of the wonderful arboreal displays of Pará and Rio de Janeiro. None of our cities in the United States, except possibly Washington, can offer anything to compare with the magnificent exhibition of tree and flower which so charm the visitor at every turn.

Many of the residences in the aristocratic quarters of the city interested me immensely. The styles of architecture seemed to be as numerous as the houses themselves. Here was a Swiss châlet, there the home of a millionaire in French Renaissance. Nearby was a Moorish palace; across the street was a building that seemed to have been copied from one in Florence or Venice, while in the next block was a structure that might have been transported bodily from the heart of Ispahan. And all of them were surrounded by spacious yards filled with flowers of every hue and adorned by trees of the most delightful aspect.

But here, as in Rio de Janeiro, the most beautiful flowers were stationed at the front windows—or seated in the balconies overlooking the street—lovely, prattling children, and charming, well-gowned young women—who spend sev-

eral hours each day enjoying the fresh air of the morning or evening hour, and watching the stream of humanity which defiles before them—some afoot and some in conveyances of every description. Chirping, twittering, smiling, laughing, gesticulating, these animated, exquisite, happy flowers seem to experience, to the full, the joy of living. Among them are all types of delicacy and loveliness. For São Paulo is a very cosmopolitan city and people from all parts of the world have made their homes here. And the passer-by, in addition to the native Portuguese, will hear the musical tongues of the French, Spaniard, and Italian, as well as the less mellifluous voices of the German and the English. The faces of the Italian and Spanish children are especially beautiful and carry one back, in fancy, to the sun-lit towns of Calabria or the vine-clad hills of Andalusia. As in Spain and Portugal, woman in São Paulo, and in many parts of Brazil, is not yet a plant for the open air. She is rather a flower of the conservatory whose delicate bloom is best preserved within the sacred precincts of the domestic hearth.

When I expressed a desire to see some of the educational and charitable institutions of São Paulo, my escort—a prominent literary man—immediately suggested that we should visit São Bento—the abbey and college of the Benedictines. "São Bento," said my companion, "is our best college and will, we hope, soon become a university. It occupies a position of historic interest, for it was originally the site of the residence of Tebyreça, the old Indian chief who was a great friend of Padre Anchieta and did so much to maintain friendly relations between his own people and the Portuguese."

We were in the reception room of São Bento only a few moments when the abbot appeared and greeted us in the most cordial manner and in perfect English. He was a jolly, good-natured monk, learned and pious like all the sons of St. Benedict. He was of German extraction, and, to

my surprise, I learned he had come from Pennsylvania. When he introduced the members of his faculty, I was delighted to find that one of them was a young Irish-American priest from Jersey City. All were intensely interested in their work and were following the best traditions of their venerable predecessors at Monte Cassino. Like their brethren in Europe, who had passed on the torch of learning from century to century and were everywhere known as the "learned Benedictines," so also here in São Paulo these learned religious enjoy a well-deserved reputation as scholars and successful teachers. The church and monastery of São Bento will well repay a visit and one rejoices to learn that both are so near to the hearts of all true Paulistas. It stands almost on the site of the mud-covered wattle college of Padre Anchieta and shows, better than anything else, the marvelous advancement made by the city since the days of its first educator.

Among other institutions of learning in São Paulo that are sure to interest the visitor, are the diocesan seminary, the normal school, the college of law, the school of the Dames de Sion, the kindergarten and the polytechnic school. These are all model structures of their kind, well equipped and filled with bright, ambitious students. Besides these really excellent homes of learning, there are many other school buildings, both public and private, which would be an ornament to any city and in which the standard of instruction is very high.

More surprising to most foreigners, because but little known outside of Brazil, are the thoroughly up-to-date and ably conducted schools of agriculture and zoötechny. It is usually imagined, by most people, that the Brazilians are still wedded to the old colonial system of farming and breeding of domestic animals, but this is an error—especially in so far as it refers to the state of São Paulo. Here the people are fully alive to the benefits accruing from scientific agriculture and stock raising, and they spare no

expense to secure the best results. When necessary, they call in distinguished experts from foreign countries as professors and directors of certain branches and departments. Thus, in the state institutions of São Paulo one will find professors not only from France and Belgium but also from the United States.

Among the charitable institutions of São Paulo, the largest and best equipped is Santa Casa da Misericordia. It is both the oldest and the most celebrated hospital of São Paulo and contains no fewer than twelve hundred beds which are always filled with patients of all classes and from all parts. The medical staff of the institution is composed of the most noted physicians and surgeons of the city, some of whom have achieved an international reputation. The Santa Casa da Misericordia is under the direction of the Sisters of St. Joseph of Chambéry, France. As an asylum for the sick and unfortunate, it is not surpassed in the excellence and completeness of its appointments, or in its architectural beauty, by any similar institution in America or Europe.

I have said that São Paulo is a cosmopolitan city. In this respect it is not unlike New York or Chicago. For here we find immigrants from Spain, Portugal, France, Germany, Italy, England, Austria and other nations. The state of São Paulo counts about three million inhabitants, of whom nearly one-half are foreigners who have arrived in the country during the past twenty years. In 1891, nearly three hundred thousand immigrants entered Brazil—more than a third of whom were Italians. A large proportion of these settled in various parts of the State of São Paulo, while very many of them made their homes in the state's capital. Everywhere in the city one meets Italians, most of whom are day laborers. There are, however, many who are engaged in business and in the different professions. Among them are many who were so poor, when they left their own country, that they were unable to pay their

passage across the ocean. But now they own comfortable homes, while not a few have amassed considerable fortunes, and would be recognized in their mother country as worthy descendants of the merchant princes of Genoa and Venice. Here, as in our own country, they are an industrious, thrifty race, and have contributed greatly to the development of the boundless resources of the country of their adoption. They make not only good citizens, but also loyal Brazilians.

Some sections of the city of São Paulo are occupied almost exclusively by Italians. Here, as well as in New York City, there is a "Little Italy," where one may at all hours of the day, and most of the night, hear the sweet tongue of Tasso and Ariosto. And here, as in Naples and Palermo, one always finds the streets full of healthy, playful, happy children whose melodious voices and peals of laughter reveal, as nothing else could, the innate lightheartedness of these sunny natures in the sun.

As I saw the countless thousands of Italians in São Paulo, I could not but recall the time, in the early history of the Portuguese colonies in South America, when it was absolutely forbidden for an Italian to enter Brazil. Now —striking irony of fate!—in many of the towns of the interior of the state, the majority of the inhabitants are Italian immigrants, or people of Italian parentage. And, if the tide of Italian immigration continues a few years longer to flow into the city of São Paulo at the same rate as during the last few decades, the day is not far distant when sunny Italy will have a larger representation in this rapidly growing metropolis than Brazil herself. The climate here closely resembles that of the Italian peninsula, while economic conditions, for most of the immigrants, are far better than those of their motherland.

One cannot fail to be impressed by the large families one meets in the city of São Paulo. It is no uncommon thing to find them comprising ten or twelve, or even more, children. The birth rate is nearly thirty-six per thousand.

This is almost twice as great as that of London, and shows that race-suicide is not making the terrible ravage here that it does in many of the great cities of Europe and the United States. More impressive still is the fact that the birth rate is more than double the death rate—something which can be said of few cities of this size. The mortality of the city varies between seventeen and twenty per thousand. This is lower than that of many European capitals and less than half of that of Mexico and Bombay. One could not wish for better evidence of the climate's salubrity or of the sanitary condition of the city. Nowhere are there more competent health officials than here and nowhere are all necessary hygienic measures more rigidly enforced.

Nothing is more remarkable than the city's extraordinary increase in population during the last three decades. In 1890 it counted barely fifty thousand inhabitants. Now it claims nearly half a million. And everything indicates that this increase will continue. It is the metropolis of the richest and most enterprising state in the republic and the great natural resources of the surrounding country are sure to guarantee its always being one of the greatest and most active business centers of South America. Even now, it is surpassed in population only by Rio de Janeiro and Buenos Aires.

As a gauge of the marvelous growth and prosperity of the city and of the abiding confidence which the leading Paulistas have in its continued development, it suffices to state that the value of real estate in and around São Paulo has increased tenfold within the last few years. It is doubtful whether any of our large cities in the United States have witnessed a more extraordinary appreciation of land values in the same period of time. This is partly explained by the fact that São Paulo is the home not only of its prosperous bankers and merchants but also of many of the business men of Santos and of the wealthy *fazendeiros* of

the interior of the state, who love to spend, with their families, a good part of the year in their bright and cheerful capital. Both in the city proper and in its charming suburbs these *fazendeiros* have large and sumptuous villas and palacetes which would vie with the noblest structures seen along "Millionaires' Row" in New York City.

It is sometimes asserted that the marvelous prosperity of the state of São Paulo is due primarily to its salubrious climate and to its fertile soil. But this is a mistake. There are other states which are equally blessed in these two important respects. It is to be attributed, rather, to the peculiar character of its people whose boundless energy, wonderful initiative and enterprise and passionate love of liberty have, from the earliest colonial times, so distinguished them, as a class apart, among the other inhabitants of Brazil. The history of this vast commonwealth is full of their deeds of valor, of their daring adventures, of their achievements as explorers and as *Conquistadores da Terra.*

On the Paulistas seemed to fall the mantles of the great Spanish discoverers and conquistadores whose prodigious activity and enterprise had almost expired in the wonderful performances of Irala, Ayolas and Nuflo de Chaves. Like those of many of the Spaniards, the activities of the early Paulistas or Mamelucos, as they were called, were stimulated by the lust of gold. And to secure this precious metal, they stopped before no difficulty, quailed before no danger, however great. Equipped with their trusty sword and musket and with a sack of *farinha de guerra*—extracted from mandioca or a certain species of palm—they were ready to start on a journey of a month's or a year's duration. If their war meal gave out, they, like Cabeza de Vaca before them, subsisted on pine nuts and the fruits of the country they traversed. If these failed them, they relied for sustenance on fish and game.

In quest of gold, they traversed the vast territory now comprised within the states of Goyaz, Minas Geraes,

Piauhi, and far-off Matto Grosso. They explored the Tocantins, the Xingu, the Guaporé, the Mamoré, and the Madeira. And yet more. Under the leadership of the intrepid Antonio Raposo, a large party of these gold-seekers, incredible as it may seem, made their way as far as the province of Quito, and, after a series of actions with the Spaniards, returned to Curupá, near the mouth of the Amazon, only a few years after Texeira's epoch-making voyage that has been so graphically described by Padre de Acuña. Only those who have traveled in the wilds of South America and know how great are the difficulties attending transport and subsistence in a country inhabited by hostile savages can form an adequate conception of the wonderful feat accomplished by Raposo and his dauntless companions. Their expedition, which took them twice across a trackless continent, during which they had to face countless dangers and privations, was incomparably more difficult and venturesome than that of Lewis and Clark from St. Louis to the mouth of the Columbia. Indeed, there is nothing in the history of South American exploration to surpass it except such daring adventures as those of Gonsalo Ximenes de Quesada or Philip von Hutten, in the quest of El Dorado.[1] Had there only been among these intrepid explorers men to record their adventures, as there were among the Spanish Conquistadores, as there were among those who went in quest of El Dorado, as there were even among the Buccaneers of the Spanish Main, we should now have accounts of achievements that would match those of Padre Carbajal, the historian of Orellana's discovery of the Amazon, or of Padre Medrano, the recorder of the wonderful expedition of Gonsalo Ximenes de Quesada in

[1] For a graphic account of these famous expeditions, the reader is referred to the "Historia del Nuevo Reino de Granada," by the poet priest, Juan de Castellanos, Madrid, 1886, and to the "Noticias Historiales de las Conquistas de Tierra Firme en las Indias Occidentales," by the old Franciscan chronicler, Fray Pedro Simon, Bogotá, 1882. Their pages have all the fascination of a romance.

search of the ever fleeting Dorado. We should have ample accounts of regions in the great selva of Brazil that are still *terra incognita*. We should be informed about regions and Indian tribes that were almost unknown until recently visited by daring explorers from Germany. And —who knows?—there might have been a graphic description of a voyage down what is now known as the Rio Teodoro, written three centuries before the Roosevelt Expedition put it on the map.

But the Mamelucos were not only gold-seekers and explorers. They were, also, sad to relate, slave dealers. With them gold hunting and slave hunting went hand in hand. For this reason the Mameluco *bandeirantes* would naturally not desire to have such historiographers with them as were the Dominican Carbajal, the Franciscan Medrano, or the Jesuit Acuña, because the members of these religious orders were the protectors of the Indians, and their stanch defenders against their Mameluke captors and oppressors. They would not care even to have one of their own number chronicle their atrocious acts of inhumanity, as Exquemeling had done for the Buccaneers.

For ourselves it is probably as well that we are spared a recital of the horrors that attended these ruthless slave-hunting expeditions. We know too much about them, as it is. We know that they were signalized by greater acts of cruelty and barbarity towards the helpless Indians than any recorded in the annals of Portuguese colonization and conquest. There are many dark pages in the history of South America, but the darkest of them are those that deal with the marauding Mamelukes and their attacks on the hapless Indians of the sertão, and tell of their fiendish raids on the happy, confiding Indians of the missions and reductions. We are grateful that we have not these unwritten chapters of horrors and that the native traditions of those days of crime and carnage are gradually passing into oblivion.

The fact that the Paulistas were a mestizo race explains their love of adventure, as it, likewise, explains their fierceness and cruelty during the period to which I now refer. It was the call of the blood. The Indian in them impelled them to roam over plain and through forest and across lofty mountain ranges, to attack and enslave inoffensive tribes as their savage ancestors had done from time immemorial. The Portuguese part of their nature was dominated by the greed of gold. Love of adventure and love of gold combined with the strong, daring character of the Indian and the keen, alert character of the Portuguese produced what we know as the Paulistas in history—a strenuous, energetic, fearless, progressive race—a race which combines all the physical prepotency of the Indian, developed through long years of struggle with neighboring tribes, and all the mental prepotency of the Portuguese who had given to the world a Camoens, a Vasco da Gama, a Magellan, a Henry the Navigator. In their case, as in the case of the commingling of the blood of the Spaniard with the Aztec, or the Quichua, or the Araucanian, the union of the Indian and the European produced a type of men who were capable of achieving great things and of being leaders among their fellows in every sphere of human activity.

This same fact—the union of two strong and energetic races—explains their preëminence in commerce, industry, statecraft. As conditions changed and the country became more thickly populated, the energy that had been previously expended in gold-hunting and slave-hunting was directed into other channels, and they soon became as conspicuous in the arts of civilized life as they had formerly been as ruthless marauders and dare-devil adventurers.

Far from desiring to conceal his Indian strain, the Paulista is proud of it—as proud as the Virginian who can claim relationship with Pocahontas, or as the Peruvian

who can point to an ancestor who belonged to the royal family of the Incas.

Everywhere in São Paulo—in the interior of the state as well as in the capital—one finds indisputable evidence of the energy, the enterprise, the clearness of vision of the Paulistas. But probably these characteristics are in nothing more strikingly evinced than in the manner in which they have made themselves the great coffee producers of the world. The celebrated *terra roxa*—red earth —in which the coffee tree grows so luxuriantly, is found in many other parts of Brazil from Ceará to Matto Grosso, but the Paulistas were the first to demonstrate its wonderful adaptability for coffee-culture and to make coffee plantations their most important asset.

The history of what Linnæus named *Coffea Arabica,* in its long migrations from the wild forests of Abyssinia and Mozambique to the carefully cultivated fazendas of São Paulo, is a most interesting one and reads more like fiction than sober history. It is a far cry from its first restricted use as a drug in the East to its present status as one of the world's most popular beverages; from the time when its production in the West was prohibited, and gave rise to as absurd conflicts as attended the introduction of tobacco into Europe, to the day when its culture constitutes the chief industry and the greatest source of revenue of a great nation.

It is scarcely eighty years since the production of coffee in the state of São Paulo received its first impetus. Before that time it was rarely found outside of a drug store. But after that, the development of the industry was so rapid and so extraordinary in its proportions that it stands forth as one of the marvels of economic history. In 1851, the amount of coffee exported from São Paulo was something more than a hundred thousand sacks of one hundred and thirty-two pounds each. Thenceforth, the export of this staple increased with amazing rapidity until, in 1896-97, the

amount produced reached the stupendous figure of more than fifteen million sacks. This, with what was collected in other parts of the republic, gave Brazil eighty-five per cent of the world's total production of this valuable commodity. That year the state of São Paulo produced fully three times as much coffee as all the other states of Brazil combined.

But this enormous crop was more than the market could bear. The supply had gone beyond the demand. The price of coffee fell until it threatened coffee-growers and the state itself with financial disaster. But the shrewd Paulistas were equal to the emergency. For it was then, in order to support the market and to protect the coffee industry, in which countless millions were invested, that they had recourse to that much criticised measure known as coffee valorization. The operation seemed like a gambler's risk, but there was so much at stake, and this seemed the only method of securing relief, that the government of São Paulo did not hesitate to act. This measure, which achieved the end in view, was only another illustration of that quick initiative and sturdiness of character which has always so distinguished the Paulistas from the rest of their countrymen and which has tided them over difficulties which would have overwhelmed men of less determination and self-confidence.[1]

[1] The reader will be interested to learn that the Coffee King of Brazil is a German immigrant, named Francisco Schmidt. The annual coffee crop raised on his extensive fazendas is from two hundred to two hundred and fifty thousand sacks. He reminds one, in many ways, of his distinguished compatriot, the late Claus Spreckels, who was known as the Sugar King of the Hawaiian Islands. Like Mr. Spreckels, Mr. Schmidt is a self-made man, and like him he is the possessor of exceptional business acumen and initiative.

Claus Spreckels, I may here be permitted to add, once told me in Honolulu, that on his arrival in San Francisco he had but sixty-nine cents in his pocket—all that he possessed. At the time of his death, he ranked among the most prominent multi-millionaires of the United States. He told me, also, how Bismarck had urged him to use his great influence to have the Hawaiian Islands become a German possession. "But I said, No!" the sturdy Sugar King declared in his characteristic manner. "I love the Fatherland, but my first duty

FLORIDA STATE COLLEGE FOR WOMEN
TALLAHASSEE, FLA.

The Paulistas exhibited, as we have seen, exceptional business acumen in their marvelous development of the coffee culture, but, when they had discovered that the supply of coffee was exceeding the demand, they showed the same quick decision, the same practical sense, by directing their surplus energy into other business channels. They began to cultivate rice, cotton, tobacco, and plant such rubber-producing trees as manicoba and mangabeira. They established new industries and devoted more attention to manufacture. They opened up new centers of colonization in every part of the state and connected them by railroads with the great markets of the republic.

But probably in nothing have their capacity and resourcefulness been more clearly demonstrated than in their wonderful transformation of Santos, the famous port of São Paulo. For more than a half-century, it was the most dreaded pesthole in South America, if not in the world. Yellow fever and other tropical diseases were endemic, and its annual death toll was frightful. It seemed impossible to do anything that would stem the awful ravages of the plague. But the Paulistas succeeded here as their compatriots succeeded in Rio de Janeiro. Yellow fever in Santos is something of the past and the best indication of the city's progress and of the salubrity of its climate, is its wonderful docks, rivaling those of Rio de Janeiro, and the fact that the Ritz-Carlton people have established here, as in São Paulo, one of their world-famous hotels.

Like most of their countrymen, the Paulistas are more or less chauvinists, but they do not permit their patriotic ardor to blind them to the merits of people of other nationalities. This is evinced by their placing foreign specialists at the head of their scientific and technical insti-

is to the country of my adoption. If Hawaii ever loses its independence, it must belong to the United States.'' A few years subsequent his prediction was verified.

tutions, and by employing foreign professors for their higher institutions of learning. This policy is quite different from that of Rio de Janeiro, where politics and public opinion and a little vanity, too, are quite averse to the appointment of foreigners to positions of trust and emolument, save in very exceptional cases. But it is just this ability and willingness to suppress all feelings of self-love, when the general good requires it, that is another indication of the strong character and hard common sense of the Paulistas in public, as well as in private life. And it is this accepted policy of securing the coöperation of experts, irrespective of nationality, that has contributed so materially to the development of agriculture and industry in São Paulo, that explains its wonderful progress and prosperity and that has, in no small measure, given to the whole of Brazil the prestige and the prominence she now enjoys in the great family of civilized nations.

CHAPTER VI

IN SEMI-TROPICAL BRAZIL

When Colonel Roosevelt and I decided to go together to South America we agreed that we should, as far as possible, shun the beaten track usually followed by tourists and commercial travelers. We were both familiar with the large cities of the Old and the New World, and did not, therefore, desire to spend much time in the capitals and mercantile centers of the Southern Continent where social and business conditions are essentially the same as they are in Europe and in the United States. We wished to see something new—something we could not see in our own land. We wished, specially, to visit sections of the country which were just being opened to settlement and which were, for the first time, being connected by rail with the great marts of commerce. We wished, in a word, to study, as far as might be, the pioneer life of the various countries which we contemplated traversing.

We had already decided on our route through the interior of the continent, after we should once have reached the Upper Paraguay. But an almost equally important matter was to decide what should be our line of travel before definitely entering the great wilderness of Brazil.

I suggested making out an itinerary before leaving New York. "Bully," said Colonel Roosevelt. "You make out an itinerary and we shall afterward look it over together."

I accordingly made out a plan of a tour which I conceived would meet the ends we both had in view. Colonel Roosevelt was delighted with it. "This is admirable!" he

exclaimed. "I do not think we can improve on it. Unless something unforeseen occurs, we shall follow this itinerary to the letter."

And we did follow it to the letter, with one slight exception—an exception we were obliged to make through lack of time. And so satisfactory was it, in every way, to both of us that neither of us at any time would have wished it to have been different. It enabled us to secure precisely the information we were in quest of and, at the same time, it afforded us an opportunity of seeing some of the most magnificent exhibitions of scenic beauty and grandeur to be found in South America.

The usual route from Rio de Janeiro to Montevideo is by sea. We elected to go overland by rail, as we were eager to get a view of the splendid grazing and agricultural lands between São Paulo and Uruguay. For years before our visit, certain sections of the railroad between these two points had been in operation, but the line as a whole—now known as the Brazil Railroad—was not opened for traffic until the latter part of 1910. Even then it was far from complete, for trains were running over temporary bridges and roadbeds that were far from safe. Regular through passenger traffic was not seriously inaugurated until a few months before our arrival in Brazil. Indeed, so recent had been the formal opening of the line, and so little was known about it, that when I told certain Brazilian officials and business men in New York of our intention of going from Rio de Janeiro to Montevideo by rail, they told me at once it could not be done. "The road is not yet open," they said, "and we have no idea when it will be." Truth to tell, only two special trains had passed over this long stretch of road before we started on our long journey from the capital of Brazil to the capital of Uruguay.

Even in Rio de Janeiro so little was known about the condition of the road, or of the country it traverses, that

we were strongly urged by our friends against making the journey by rail, because of the dust and intense heat which, they said, we were sure to encounter. Naturally, not having traveled over the road, they could not be expected to know much about it. And, then, when one bears in mind that the distance by rail from Rio de Janeiro to Montevideo is as far as it is from Portland, Maine, to San Antonio, Texas, we can readily understand why but very few people should have had accurate information regarding the country through which the road passes. As a matter of fact, the great mass of the people of Rio de Janeiro knew little more about the country and climate of Southern Brazil at the time of our visit than they then knew of the now famous River of Doubt. But this was not necessarily an evidence of the ignorance of the Fluminenses respecting their country, but rather an indication of the immense extent of territory comprised within the borders of Brazil.

Thanks to the courtesy of Mr. Farquhar, President of the Brazil Railway, a special train was placed at our disposal, and we were able to make the long journey to Montevideo with every convenience and comfort. It enabled us to stop wherever we wished and as long as we wished. Besides this we were accompanied by Mr. Hugh Taylor, the general manager of the road, and a number of other prominent officials who left nothing undone to make the journey as pleasant and profitable for us as possible.

The main line of the Brazilian Railway running south of São Paulo passes over the elevated plateau which is bounded by a mountain range on the east and by the great waterways of the Paraná and the Uruguay on the west. The altitude of this extensive table-land is from six hundred to four thousand feet above sea level. Owing to its elevation and to its being south of the tropic of Capricorn, this part of Brazil—consisting of the states of Paraná, Santa Catharina and Rio Grande do Sul—has the most delightful climate in the entire republic. It is well watered

by numerous rivers and streams, and the soil is well adapted to both grazing and agriculture. The road alternately passes through prairie lands,—*campos*—on which there are large flocks and herds—and extensive forests which are destined, in supplying the world with timber, to replace, in a measure, the rapidly disappearing woodlands of Europe and North America. Already there are many large sawmills along the railroad, and the amount of building material shipped from them is daily increasing. Cedar, pine and various hard woods abound, but the tree that is most conspicuous, and always attracts the special attention of the tourist, is a species of pine called by botanists *Araucaria Brasiliensis*. Its trunk is from seventy-five to one hundred feet high and is surmounted by branches at right angles to it. Seen from a distance, it resembles an open Chinese umbrella, and gives to the landscape a *cachet* that is as original as it is distinctive. I never saw one of these peculiar representatives of the subtropical forest without recalling Hugh Miller's eloquent periods regarding their superb congeners of the paleontologic past.

The climate of the plateau in Paraná, Santa Catharina and Rio Grande do Sul is, for the most part, subtropical. As in the tropics, the foliage of the trees is always green, and fruits and flowers abound throughout the year. It produces all the cereals and fruits of temperate zones and many of those of the tropics as well. Here one will find maize, wheat, rye, potatoes, and nearly all the vegetables grown in our own northern gardens. In the lowlands along the coast, rice, coffee, bananas, oranges, pineapples and similar products specially thrive. Grapes are cultivated in many places and a good quality of native wine is being gradually introduced, especially by the German and Italian colonists. In the plateau the climate is not unlike that of our cotton states, but the average annual temperature is higher. During the winter months, the thermometer often falls below freezing-point at night, but, during the daytime,

the climate is unusually mild and pleasant. A striking proof of the uniform mildness of the climate is the prevalence, throughout the plateau, of beautiful tree-ferns from ten to fifteen feet high. Their exquisite frondage was always a source of delight to all of us, and, along the rivers near which the train passed, they exhibited the most wonderful delicacy and luxuriance. I shall never forget the many charming pictures that we saw of lovely little waterfalls surrounded by a group of the most perfectly formed tree-ferns, large and small. The picture of the musical, multi-colored cascade was of itself a thing of beauty, but, when seen with its marvelous setting of rich, lace-like fronds, it was something unique and beauteous beyond compare—just such a retreat as an old Greek would have selected for Diana and her nymphs after the labors of the chase.

We were all much interested in the new colonies which were springing up everywhere along the line. Before the advent of the railroad, the number of inhabitants was very small and very scattered. They raised barely enough for their own use, for, owing to the lack of communications, it was almost impossible to get their produce to the markets. Even if they were able to do so, the expense attending it was so great that they had nothing in the end to show for their time and labor. Now, however, conditions have entirely changed. For, thanks to the encouragement given to colonists by the railway company, as well as by the government, in securing homesteads, the population has greatly increased within the last few years.

Most of the immigrants are from Germany, Italy, Poland, Russia, Spain and Portugal. There are also representatives from France, Switzerland and Asia Minor. During a period of seven years, the number of immigrants, from these countries, who sought homes in the state of Paraná was no less than fifty-one thousand, most of whom were Poles. In the state of Santa Catharina, European immigrants and their descendants constitute more than a

third of the entire population. African half-breeds are in a very small minority, amounting to not more than ten per cent. at most.

In Curityba, the capital of Paraná, the greater number of the business houses belongs to Germans, or to their descendants. The flourishing city of Blumenau, in Santa Catharina, was founded by a German, Dr. Hermann Blumenau, and the great majority of its population is German born, or of German descent. The aspect of the city is German and the municipality has, since its foundation, been dominated by Germans. In many parts of the three states of which I am now speaking, the language of the schools is German, and, in some instances, Brazilian employees in German houses must learn German in order to retain their position.

This cosmopolitan character of the inhabitants of Paraná, Santa Catharina and Rio Grande do Sul indicates most clearly what is to be the ethnic character of the Brazilian of the future in the southern part of the republic. He will belong wholly to the Caucasian race, will have regular features, a white complexion, light rather than dark hair, and will exhibit a composite German and Polish, rather than a Latin type.

Slavery never was so developed here as in the northern part of Brazil, and hence the little Negro blood that at one time flowed through the veins of some of the inhabitants may now be regarded as quite a negligible quantity. The same may be said of the Indian strain that once existed in some of the European population of this part of the republic. It has all but disappeared. Southern Brazil, then, unlike much of the northern section, where the blacks are so numerous, is a white man's country—as much so as any part of Europe or the United States—and is likely to remain so indefinitely.

In marked contrast with the State of São Paulo, with its aristocratic fazendeiros whose large estates insure them

princely revenues, Paraná, Santa Catharina and Rio Grande do Sul constitute a commonwealth of small landed proprietors. Here, where manufacturers are still in an inchoate condition, most of the available capital is in the soil itself, and this is the possession of those whose labor makes it productive.

We visited the homes of many of the immigrants—Germans, Poles, Italians and others—in the various colonies at which we stopped and found them to be, as a rule, quite as comfortable and commodious as were the homes of our western pioneers a few generations ago. What particularly impressed us was the air of cleanliness in and about the homes of the Germans and Poles. Kitchens, bedrooms, living-rooms, all evidenced the scrupulous care of the German *hausfrau*. And the children were as well looked after as the house. They were well clad, healthy, and seemed as happy as the day was long. It was always a genuine pleasure to watch the little, fair-haired Poles, the bright, dark-eyed Italians, and the chubby rosy-cheeked Germans playing about the house and assisting their parents in such work as their tiny hands were able to do. They all had in them the making of good citizens, such as their fathers are today, and will, no doubt, when grown up, do their full share towards developing the wonderful resources of this favored part of Brazil.

The railway officials who accompanied us told us that the immigrants, with very few exceptions, were doing well and were quite contented in the country of their adoption. As in the case of all pioneers, their labor is severe in the beginning, and their hardships are trying and frequent. But they are prepared for this and meet them with a courage and a determination that know not failure. All told, their lot is, in most instances, much happier than it was in the overpopulated lands which they left in Europe, and their prospects are much brighter. The houses and fields of the latest arrivals reminded me very much of those I

saw in Ohio and Indiana half a century ago, while the homes of those who have had time to show the results of their labor and thriftiness recall the neat and snug cottages of the Black Forest or Upper Franconia.

All of our party was greatly interested in the immense ranch of the Brazil Land, Cattle and Packing Company at Morungava. It is under the management of Mr. Murdo Mackenzie, a well-known cattle man from the United States, who is ably assisted in this work by a large staff of experienced ranchmen from Texas and Colorado. Although this enterprise is still in its infancy, it is already beginning to show splendid results. Everything is conducted on scientific principles, and our best western methods of grazing and breeding are put in practice.

One of the first moves of the company was to import from the United States nine hundred head of Hereford and Shorthorn cattle. These are crossed with the native stock and already the herds are showing a marked improvement in character. In a few years, it is confidently hoped, the cattle of this ranch will be of as fine a quality as the best of those in Texas and Montana.

Horses, mules, sheep, goats and hogs thrive equally well here. And crossing the best imported varieties with native stock has already led to a remarkable development in the breed of these various animals. It not only has greatly increased their market value, but also has contributed materially to popularize scientific stock-raising among the natives. For, where the cattle growers, as in Rio Grande do Sul, for instance, were formerly quite satisfied with the unimproved and half-wild stock that roamed the plains, they have now learned the advantage of breeding upward, as is being so successfully done in the ranch at Morungava. Their ambition to become the possessors of blooded stock has also been stimulated in a way that did not seem possible a few years ago. Then the cattlemen of Rio Grande do Sul were contented to follow in the

footsteps of their fathers, and were satisfied if they could gain a passable livelihood. "Why," they were wont to say, "should we bother with blooded stock, which would necessitate extra care and labor, when we can obtain all the money we need with the kind of animals we now have?"

Fortunately for the country, these ignorant and routine herdsmen of the old school are rapidly disappearing before younger and more progressive stock-breeders who are everywhere striving to benefit by the teachings of American and Argentine cattlemen and to emulate their example. They have learned that an animal of improved breed weighs twice as much as one of the old degenerate type, and that there is a greater demand for it in both the local and foreign markets. For this reason one now sees, on many of the ranches in Southern Brazil, splendid specimens of Durhams, Herefords, and other similar prized breeds; and, judging from present indications, the day is not far distant when the cattle of Rio Grande do Sul will become as important a commodity as those of Argentina and Uruguay.

One of the most valuable products of Paraná, Santa Catharina and Rio Grande do Sul, and, at the same time, one of their most precious items of export, is something which has, until very recently, been practically unknown outside of South America. This is maté or Paraguayan tea. The word maté signifies not only the beverage itself, but, strangely enough, it also designates the leaves from which it is prepared, the tree from which they are taken and the gourd or calabash in which the infusion is prepared.

The maté tree is a species of holly, and is known among botanists as *Ilex Paraguayensis*. The tree is ordinarily from fifteen to thirty feet high and has glossy, green leaves like those of the orange. Its habitat embraces the states of Paraná, Santa Catharina, Rio Grande do Sul, and parts of Argentina and Paraguay. As a source of revenue it is

for Paraná what coffee is to São Paulo, and what rubber is to Pará and Amazonas. But, although it is the favorite beverage of fifteen million people in South America, it was, until a few years ago, rarely seen in Europe and the United States, outside of an occasional pharmacy.

Like the coca among the Bolivians and Peruvians, maté was among the Guarani Indians the plant *par excellence.* Their name for it was *cau*—plant—the plant that was unique among all other plants. The Spanish and Portuguese, even to this day, show the value they have long attached to it by their name for it. It is simply *yerba* or *herva*—the herb. When these words are used in Spanish or Portuguese, everyone knows what herb—we should say tree—is meant. For them there is only one *yerba*—the one that produces what they regard as the most delicious of beverages.[1]

And, as in the case of coca, it was the Indians who made known the valuable properties of maté to the Spaniards. The fact that the indigenous tribes should have discovered the methods of preparing and preserving such important products as coca, maté and manioc—which have been for them, for uncounted ages, the staff of life—is proof positive that they possessed a higher degree of intelligence than has usually been attributed to them.

But the time arrived, alas! when maté became for the poor natives an occasion of untold suffering. As the Spaniards and Portuguese came to know the virtues of the plant, the demand for maté became so great, especially in Paraguay, that thousands of *encomienda* Indians were pressed into service to collect and prepare an adequate supply. And, while the actual labor incident to the collection of the precious commodity was not so severe, the conditions under which they had to work were at times almost

[1] It is also called by the Portuguese *herva maté* and by the Spaniards *yerba maté.*

as fatal as were those connected with the mines and pearl-fisheries in other parts of the continent.

Maté is said to have been introduced into London nearly two hundred years ago, where it at once became so popular that the tea merchants, fearing injury to their trade, resolved to have its sale discontinued. They, accordingly, hired a physician to declare it to be injurious to health and physical beauty.[1] They then saw to it that this report received all the publicity possible, and the result was that maté was thenceforth tabooed throughout England.[2]

The maté tree is usually associated with the Araucarian pine. Hence it is that the largest *hervæs*—groups of maté trees—are found in the extensive forests of the *Araucaria Brasiliensis*. It is in these forests, then, that the maté of commerce is collected and, to a great extent, prepared for the market.

The collection of maté is in the hands of men who are known in Brazil as *hervateiros,* who make a specialty of

[1] The historian Dobrizhoffer, referring to this matter, has a sly fling at the solicitude of the English for health and beauty in the following words: Historiisne an fabulis adnumerandum id omne sit, ignoro. Illud certum, ab Hispannis me id accepisse, mihique verisimillimum videri, perpensa Anglorum, quam de forma fertilitateque suarum habent, religiosa solicitudine. "Historia de Abiponibus," Tom. I, p. 121, Vienna, 1784.

[2] "'Many things,'' wrote Padre Nicholas Techo about this time, "are reported concerning the virtue of this powder or herb; for, they say, if you cannot sleep, it will compose you to it; if you are lethargic, it drives away sleep; if you are hungry, it satisfies; if your meat does not digest, it causes an appetite; it refreshes after weariness, and drives away melancholy, and several diseases. Those who once use themselves to it, cannot easily leave it, for they affirm their strength fails 'em when they want it, and can't live long; and so great slaves are they to this slender diet, that they'll almost sell themselves rather than want wherewithal to purchase it. The wiser sort, tho' moderately used it strengthens and brings other advantages, will hardly ever make use of it; and if immoderately used, it causes drunkenness, and breeds distempers, as too much wine does; yet this vice has not only overrun Paraguay, but Tucuman, Chile and Peru, and is near coming over to Europe, this herb of Paraguay being valued among the precious commodities of America." "Churchill's Collection of Voyages and Travels," Vol. IV, p. 648, London, 1732.

this business. The work is simple enough, but it often entails great exposure in the forests and, not infrequently, great hardships.

About the beginning of May the *hervateiros* start for the *hervæs*. It is then that the maté leaves mature and possess, in the highest degree, those qualities which render them so valuable. Provided with a supply of rice, salt, black beans and dried beef, they bury themselves in the forests—which are often a long distance from their homes—for months at a time. Fish and game will, occasionally, give some variety to their food supply. Their usual shelter is a simple piece of canvas thrown over the branch of a tree. Against the terrific plague of insects which infest most of the forests they have no protection whatever. It is these pests which are the cause of untold suffering day and night. No European could be induced, at any price, to encounter the hardships that the native *hervateiros* face so willingly. For they will cut their way through almost impenetrable jungles in a tropical downpour and through clouds of noxious insects of all kinds without a murmur. Indeed, the work of collecting maté has a certain fascination for them, in spite of their meager fare and the poor wages which they receive.

Arrived at the *hervæs* the *hervateiros* climb up the maté trees, and, with their machetes, cut off all the small branches, leaving standing only the bare trunks and a few large, leafless limbs. These remain untouched for three years, when they are again dense with foliage and ready for another pruning. The leaves of the lopped-off branches are next carefully dried over a fire, when they are pulverized in a kind of mortar. The powdered maté is then packed in leather sacks, and sent, on the backs of mules or otherwise, to the market, which is generally many leagues distant. Frequently, however, the leaves are sent to special maté mills—*engenhos*—where they are pulverized and prepared for shipment by being packed in barrels

or boxes. There are no less than thirty maté mills in Paraná, and fully one-half of them are in the capital, Curityba. And not only is the greatest amount of the prepared product shipped from this point, but also the best quality.

Until recently all the maté of commerce was composed of the pulverized leaf. Now, however, the extract is obtainable mixed with sugar. Thus prepared, it is ready for use at a moment's notice. It dissolves easily and a teaspoonful of it in either hot or cold water gives instantly an ideal beverage. This was the kind we carried with us into the Brazilian jungle. Personally, I always drank it in preference to tea or coffee, and found it both more refreshing and stimulating. But I could never prevail on Colonel Roosevelt to use it. "I shall never take it," he declared, "so long as I can get tea or coffee or water."

This kind of maté is put up in small tin cans, and I am greatly surprised that it has not yet been introduced into the United States. I am convinced it would, as soon as known, become immensely popular. It is always ready for use and easily served. Besides this it has all the virtues of tea and coffee and none of their deleterious qualities. For persons of weak and delicate constitutions it is the most invigorating beverage imaginable and leaves no disagreeable after-effects. For use in hospitals it is invaluable. As a temperance drink it is nonpareil. It has preserved a large part of South America from the debasing evils of alcoholism, and I can conceive of no more powerful aid to the cause of temperance in our country than the popularizing of a beverage that has proved so efficacious among millions of people in our sister continent.

Chemists and physicians who have made a special study of the effects of maté on the human system are all loud in its praise. They recommend it both as a tonic and as a stimulant, and declare that it is destined to become a favorite prescription in hospitals for the sick and the con-

valescent. It is less of an excitant than tea or coffee. Unlike these two beverages, it does not cause insomnia, neither does it, like coffee, induce perturbations of the heart. It is the best substitute known for alcoholic drinks of all kinds and is particularly recommended to those suffering from debility or neurasthenia.

But more conclusive as to its virtues than the experiments of physicians and chemists are the results that have attended its use for more than three centuries in South America. Where maté is used drunkenness is practically unknown. Among people like the Gauchos of Brazil and the Rio de la Plata region, where beef is the chief article of food, maté takes, to a great extent, the place of bread and vegetables. Give an Indian or a *caboclo*—the native Brazilian squatter—a handful of maté and he will row or work all day without food. It seems to dispel hunger and invigorate the body as effectually as coca. The best evidence of its value as a tonic and as a substitute for solid food was furnished during the terrible war between Brazil and Paraguay nearly half a century ago. Then, writes the Brazilian general, Francisco da Rocha Callado, "I was witness during a period of twenty-two days, to the fact that our army was almost exclusively nourished"—*presqu' exclusivement alimenté*—"by the maté which we collected in the *hervæs*, the lack of provisions on that occasion not permitting long halts."[1]

Although Brazilian maté is used from Patagonia to Venezuela, the greater part of the product is exported to Uruguay and Argentina. To these two republics thousands of tons are shipped every year. Until very recently the amount imported by the United States was only nominal. In the year 1906 it aggregated only three hundred and thirty pounds. During this same year Uruguay, but little larger than the state of Missouri, consumed twenty-eight million pounds, while Argentina called for nearly a hundred mil-

[1] "Etude sur le Maté," p. 25 by Maurice Francfort, Curityba, 1908.

lion.[1] This enormous consumption of maté in the last two countries named shows what an important economic factor this commodity is, and is, at the same time, the best possible indication of its popularity as a beverage.

Although the demand for maté, especially in South America, is constantly increasing, so extensive are the *hervæs* in the great forests of Southern Brazil—especially Paraná, which now supplies four-fifths of this valuable product—that the supply is practically inexhaustible. When its virtues as a tonic and a stimulant shall become better known in our own country, there can be no doubt that it will become as popular among our people as it is in the southern continent. And being much less expensive than tea or coffee, it should eventually become the favorite beverage of the poor in the United States, as it always has been in the republics south of the equator.

The southernmost state of Brazil is Rio Grande do Sul. It disputes with Minas Geræs the second place, after São Paulo, as the most prosperous and progressive state of the republic. Its inhabitants call their state *terra gaucha*—the land of the Gauchos. The name is appropriate, for the manners, customs and character of its people are identical with those of the celebrated Gauchos of Uruguay and Argentina. Like the Gauchos, they live in the saddle, and are never so happy as when, with the lasso or bola in hand, they course the broad *campanhas* of Rio Grande do Sul in pursuit of a wild steer or a savage bull. Decked out with broad-brimmed sombreros, leather chaparejos, huge rowel spurs, ponchos of many colors, machetes at their sides and revolvers in their holsters, they are, when mounted on their fiery, well-trained steeds, most picturesque objects, and

[1] "Der Matte oder Paraná-Tee, Seine Gewinnung und Verwertung, sein gegenwärtiger und Künftiger Verbrauch," p. 54, by Eduard Heinze, Berlin, 1910. See also "En Argentine de Buenos-Aires au Gran Chaco," p. 404, by Jules Huret, Paris, 1912.

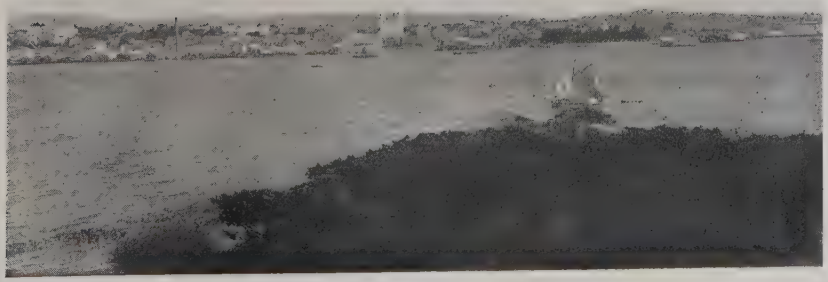
seem, when flying over the undulating plains of their native land, like lineal descendants of the centaurs of ancient Thessaly.

The campos of Rio Grande do Sul comprise about two-thirds of the area of the state, and it is this part that supplies the chief article of export of the country—a commodity that is as peculiar and as unique in its way as is the maté of Paraná.

This article of commerce is *xarque*—dried beef—which is prepared in immense quantities in the numerous *saladeiros* or meat-curing factories, where the beef is salted, dried and prepared for shipment. The xarque usually appears in large slices, often more than three feet in length. The annual output of this dried beef is about two hundred million pounds. Its market, however, is confined chiefly to the torrid states of the northern part of the republic, where it is impossible to obtain, or to preserve fresh beef. When first prepared, it is an agreeable article of diet, but, as it gets old, it becomes very dry, tough and rank. Yet, notwithstanding all these drawbacks, I should prefer it, in the tropics, to our ordinary canned beef, which is so frequently a cause of ptomaine poisoning. Xarque, boiled with black beans, constitutes what the natives call a *feijoada,* and is a favorite dish with the laboring classes. As long as he can have his feijoada and mandioca, with the various tropical fruits which are always to be had in abundance, the *caboclo* thinks he is living well and is ready for the severest labor in field or forest.

Everything in *terra gaucha* interested me—its splendid grazing lands, which are much like the rolling prairies of Texas or Montana, as well as its dashing and romantic *vaqueros* who, from the earliest colonial times, have been renowned for their deeds of prowess, in peace as well as in war. But I was, in some respects, more interested in its attractive and progressive capital—Porto Alegre. This important entrepôt counts more than a hundred thousand

Drying Maté and Preparing it for Shipment.



Porto Alegre.

inhabitants, and is, after São Paulo, the most populous city in southern Brazil.

I was eager to visit it because it has been, for three quarters of a century, the chief commercial center of the numerous German colonies that owed their existence to the energy and enterprise of Dom Pedro I. The first immigrants established themselves in the immediate vicinity of Porto Alegre, but, from the capital as a center, they gradually spread themselves over a great part of the state. Like their compatriots in the United States of the North, they courageously pushed into the depths of the virgin forest and the native Brazilians soon became aware of the existence of long chains of settlements and villages and towns where not only the manners and customs of the people were German but also the language as well. German was the language taught in the schools as well as that spoken in the homes and places of business of these sturdy arrivals from the Fatherland.

So true is this that one may travel from São Leopoldo, near Porto Alegre, for almost one hundred and fifty miles towards the west and rarely hear any language but German. The greetings of the peasants on the highway are a cordial *guten Tag* or *guten Abend,* and their accent is as marked as that of a newcomer from Thuringia or the Rhineland. They are kind and hospitable, and, in this respect, remind one of the Pennsylvania Dutch of a generation ago. They have everywhere their *Vereine*—social and athletic clubs—where the customs of their fathers are as rigidly preserved as in any part of Germany. In the larger towns, beer is the favorite beverage of the club members, but in the interior, far from the railroad, maté takes its place. Everywhere one finds large families of light-haired, ruddy-faced children, and to listen to their animated prattling in German one could readily fancy oneself in a country home in Bavaria, or in a village in Hanover.

As an indication of the almost miraculous manner in

which the Germans have multiplied in Rio Grande do Sul, it suffices to state that the number of German immigrants in the state in 1859, was not more than twenty thousand. Now, after only two generations, their descendants number two hundred thousand.[1] If this same rate of increase should continue for a few more generations—and there is no apparent reason why it should not—one can readily see what will eventually be its effect on the social and economic, if not the political, status of this part of Brazil. In the adjoining state of Santa Catharina, the Germans already constitute twenty per cent. of the population and the rate of increase there is apparently as great as it is in Rio Grande do Sul.

Is it any wonder, then, that there should have been in Brazil, for years past, an agitation against what the Brazilians were pleased to call "The German Peril"—that certain journalists and statesmen descried in the southern part of the republic the menace of an independent nation like that of the Boers, or the making of a people who would eventually apply to the Fatherland for recognition as a colony of the German Empire? And is it surprising that certain ardent Pan-Germanists should have confidently looked forward to the day when they should see the German eagle floating over the fertile lands of Rio Grande do Sul, Santa Catharina and Paraná, and that they should, at last, realize their long-cherished ambition of securing a permanent foothold in the Western Hemisphere?

Even in our own country, *Deutschtum* in South America became a subject of perennial interest and paramount importance, and our government, ever on guard against any violation of the Monroe Doctrine, kept a watchful eye on the progress of events in the broad stretch of territory drained by the Yguassu and the Uruguay.

Was there any reason for the apprehension of the Brazilians, or any solid ground for the hopes and ambitions of

[1] "Brazil," p. 297, by Pierre Denis, London, 1911.

the Pan-Germanists? My own conclusion, as the result of rather careful inquiries in various parts of Brazil, is that there was not. The fact that the Germans of Southern Brazil have, for two generations, been so attached to their language, and to the manners and customs of their forefathers is explained by their total isolation from the other inhabitants of the country. For, until recently, there were no railroads connecting the colonies of the interior with one another or with the cities and towns of other parts of Brazil. Outside of Porto Alegre and certain towns near the littoral, there was practically no communication between Germans and natives. There was, then, no reason why the colonists should learn Portuguese, or why they should abandon the habits of life of their ancestors. Under such conditions, anything like national assimilation or absorption by people with whom they never came in contact was out of the question. To all appearances, the colonists remained as German at heart and as loyal to their original nationality as if they were still citizens of the Fatherland.

But, notwithstanding these appearances, the great majority of the Germans in Rio Grande do Sul, as well as in Paraná and Santa Catharina, are loyal Brazilian citizens—as loyal as Dr. Müller, Brazil's eminent minister of foreign affairs, whose grandfather was a German immigrant and whose mother was German born—and they will tell you so unhesitatingly. In the isolated country districts, the Germans of the second and third generation know little about Germany, except by tradition, and have no more attachment to it—probably not so much—than have the people of German descent in the United States.

And why should they have? Their lot in the great majority of cases is happier in Brazil than was that of their fathers in Germany. For here there is no suffering from the constantly increasing subdivision of the soil, as in Europe. On the contrary, there is a surplus of land for all. And if markets are not always as accessible as might

be desired, there is for everyone an unfailing supply of fresh and wholesome food. So true is this that one might say of the German pioneers in the forest primeval of Brazil what Longfellow in "Evangeline" sang of the inhabitants of Acadie:

> "There the richest was poor, and the poorest lived in abundance."

This may be said of many even today, but there are also many others who are rapidly accumulating wealth, and who, in the smaller towns, as well as in cities like Blumenau, Curityba and Porto Alegre, are the recognized leaders of commerce and industry.

With the advent of improved means of communication, the apparent refractoriness of certain Germans to assimilation will gradually disappear. And nothing will contribute more to the fusion of the German with the Brazilian in southern Brazil than the completion of the Brazilian railway. For it brings into business and social relationship peoples who have been separated by untoward conditions rather than national antipathy. It is, therefore, only a question of a short time, until we shall see in Rio Grande do Sul, and the two States to the north, the same blending of nationalities as we have seen in our own country. Then, in Southern Brazil, we shall see the descendants of Germans, who will amalgamate with the Brazilians, developing a new type of men—as every new country produces a new type—men who will resemble neither their German forebears nor their Brazilian compatriots—but rather men like the hardy pioneers of our Far West—men of strong character, great initiative, quick decision and dauntless enterprise. When this day shall arrive, and it is not so far distant, enthusiastic Pan-Germanists will cease to dream of *Deutschtum* in South America and Brazilians and others will learn that the so-called German peril was more imaginary than real.

One thing is certain and that is that there is no evidence that Germany as a nation has ever had any designs of conquest in Southern Brazil. Nothing authorizes one to conclude that the Imperial Government ever entertained the project, even as an hypothesis. German leaders of commerce and industry may have striven to spread and consolidate German influence, but they have been doing that for several decades in all parts of the world. That the German Government, under the Kaiser's inspiration, has in every legitimate way encouraged trade conquest in all the republics of South America no one will deny. But that it ever seriously contemplated the conquest or annexation of any part of the continent, must, until we shall have more positive evidence than has so far been adduced, be considered as nothing more than a chimera conjured up by overenthusiastic Pan-Germanists and oversuspicious Brazilian journalists and politicans.[1]

[1] M. E. Tonnelat, in his thoughtful and unbiased "L'Expansion Allemande Hors d'Europe," in discussing the status of the German colonies in Brazil, declares: "Quelques pangermanistes exaltés ont pu rêver l'annexion à l'Allemagne des trois États méridionaux du Brésil, Paraná, Santa Catharina et Rio Grande do Sul. Mais le gouvernement impérial ne parait disposé à tenter l'aventure. Rien n'autorise à penser qu'il en ait même envisagé l'hypothèse. Jusqu'en 1896, le rescrit von der Heydt a maintenu en Prusse la défense de toute propagande en faveur de l'émigration vers le Brésil. Il n'a d'ailleurs été révoqué, en 1896, que pour les trois États de Paraná, de Santa Catharina et de Rio Grande do Sul. Il subsiste encore pour le reste du Brésil. Si des initiatives privées ont essayé d'y répandre et d'y consolider l'influence allemande, on peut dire que les circles officiels n'y étaient pour rien." P. 144 et seq., Paris, 1908.

This is in keeping with the view of Sir Horace Rumbold who declares that the Germans of Argentina are, "A quiet, unobtrusive, but by no means uninfluential body of men, who steadily act up to the punning precept inculcated by the Iron Chancellor on one of his diplomatists, whom he was sending out to South American regions—to seek trade and beware of 'international difficulties'—*suchen sie Handel, aber ja keine Händel.*" "The Great Silver River," p. 111, London, 1890.

That Bismarck's policy is that which is still pursued by the German Government seems clearly indicated by a recent pronouncement of General Friedrich von Bernhardi, in which occurs this significant paragraph:

"That victorious Germany would seek expansion or political advantages in

South America is, from the purely military standpoint, so absurd that I am surprised any thinking person could consider it seriously. It would be such an utter military impossibility for us to maintain ourselves there; would bring all South America, not to mention England and France, against us, and for what purpose? What possible chance would we have?

"A legitimate commercial rivalry with the United States, yes. That existed in South America before the war, and will return again after the war; but any political purposes or hope of political advantages on our part? Out of the question."

CHAPTER VII

URUGUAY AND THE URUGUAYANS

We left Porto Alegre shortly after sunset, and the following afternoon were at Santa Anna do Livramento, on the Uruguayan frontier. Contrary to what we had been told in Rio de Janeiro, we experienced, during our long trip by rail, no discomfort either from dust or from heat. Every hour the journey was delightful to us. The temperature was always bland; occasional showers kept the roadbed in fine condition for traveling, and the Brazilian people were everywhere so courteous and hospitable that we could not but feel at home among them. And when the hour came to leave them and their interesting country, we left them with unfeigned regret. Recalling our pleasant experience I should, therefore, strongly advise those who contemplate a visit to Brazil and Argentina to make the journey from Rio de Janeiro to Montevideo by rail, as we did. They will always remember it with pleasure, for they will find much along the entire line to interest and instruct them—much that will be a revelation to them not only regarding the wonderful resources of the country but also regarding the energy and progressiveness of its inhabitants.

Across the border from Santa Anna do Livramento is the town of Rivera. But, although those two towns are located in different republics, they seem, at a distance, to be but one. And, notwithstanding their proximity to each other, their aspects are in many respects quite different. Santa Anna is, in the first place, considerably older than Rivera, as is attested both by its older trees and the style of architecture of its buildings. Then the general color

of the houses in Rivera is red, whereas that of Santa Anna is white. In both cases the same kind of stone is used, but the Brazilian, unlike the Uruguayan buildings, are faced with white plaster. Besides this, the streets of Rivera are much better paved than those of its Brazilian neighbor, and also much better provided with shade trees. These differences, which are sufficiently striking, indicate clearly where one town ends and where the other begins. But that there may be no doubt about it, there is a houseless avenue between the two places which serves as a boundary line. At this place are seen the custom house officers and the frontier guards of Brazil and Uruguay,[1] who fraternize with one another as if all their interests were identical.

Here we bade farewell to the officials of the Brazil Railway Company who had accompanied us from Rio de Janeiro and São Paulo, and had contributed so much to the pleasure of our journey through Southern Brazil. And here, too, we were welcomed by a delegation sent by the President of Uruguay to take charge of us and accompany us to Montevideo. They had a sumptuous special train ready for us, and in a short time we had all our belongings transferred to it, and were soon on our way to the capital of Uruguay.

Our journey from Rivera to Montevideo was made on the Central Uruguay Railway—the longest and most important line in the republic. Unlike the Brazil Railway, which is a narrow-gauge, the Central Uruguay is a broad-gauge road. The track is well ballasted and in perfect condition, while the rolling stock is of the best. The parlor, sleeping- and dining-cars of our train were luxuriously furnished and fully as well equipped as those of our best limited trains in the United States. The service was excellent and the courtesy of the employees was admirable. All

[1] In South America, Uruguay is frequently called *La Banda Oriental*—the East Side—because it is on the east side of the Uruguay River. For a similar reason, the inhabitants of the *Banda Oriental* are called *los Orientales* who, in the United States, would colloquially be designated as "Easterners."

this made us congratulate ourselves again for the hundredth time that we had elected to make the journey from Rio de Janeiro to Montevideo by land rather than by sea.

In striking contrast to Brazil, Uruguay is marked by its almost total absence of forest lands. There are, it is true, stretches of woodland here and there in the latter Republic, but nowhere will one find those immense *selvas* which are such conspicuous features of Brazil from Rio Grande do Sul to Amazonas and from Pará to Peru. It is almost entirely a prairie country, and its undulating, grassy plains are almost exactly like those of northern Texas or western Russia.

Owing to the recent advent of the railroad, the northern part of Uruguay is but sparsely settled. Towns are small and widely separated from one another. Everything indicates that it is still a land of pioneers, and nothing probably more than the primitive habitations which dot the landscape. Most of them are rude huts constructed of reeds or turf or a kind of adobe. Some are little more than shelters made of cowhides, like those used by the natives of Patagonia. But not infrequently we meet with grotesque cabins composed chiefly of tin cans and strips of corrugated iron, much like those which, a few decades ago, were seen in our western mining camps, or along some of our transcontinental railroads in Colorado and Arizona.

But the inmates of these humble homes seemed, nevertheless, to be blessed with health and happiness. They were passing through the first trying stages of pioneer life, but judging by their energy and thrift, success will soon reward their labors and they will ere long have larger and more comfortable homes for themselves and for their numerous children.

I often wondered how it was possible for the large families I frequently saw huddled together in small reed or mud huts to live and still retain health. Undoubtedly their active, outdoor life aids immensely in warding off

diseases to which they might otherwise be exposed. Besides, these habitations, however rude, are always well ventilated and in this respect are far more sanitary than the narrow, ill-ventilated, noisome quarters among the slums of our large cities. I have often slept in these hovels of the poor in South America and felt nothing the worse for it. Whatever other drawbacks there may have been, there was always an abundance of fresh air. Of course, the benign and temperate climate of Uruguay counts for much. It makes it possible for one to live and enjoy good health in mere sheds, which in more rigorous latitudes would be quite out of the question. The merry groups of hardy, chubby children, whom we saw playing around the dilapidated shanties they called their homes, were conclusive evidence that there was little, if any, suffering caused by lack of better shelter. Fresh air and sunshine are Nature's panacea everywhere, but the effects of this panacea seem to be more marked in tropical and subtropical climates than anywhere else.

We never tired of admiring the tranquil and diversified beauties of the Uruguayan landscape. It was restful both to the eye and to the mind. There was nothing of the grandeur of the Andean regions, for there are no mountains in Uruguay, no volcanoes, none of those sublime manifestations of Nature's dynamic energy which are so conspicuous in many other parts of the continent. But one does not always wish to be a spectator of force and majesty. There are times when one prefers to turn to delicacy and beauty; when arcadian simplicity and loveliness appeal to one more strongly than what is stupendous and grandiose.

We felt this particularly while traversing the rich, undulating plains of Uruguay. The only breaks in the broad, grassy expanse were rolling downs or fantastic mesas like those of Colorado or New Mexico, or occasional rocky bluffs and cliffs and ravines such as distinguish the picturesque Valley of Eden in the northern part of the Republic. Every-

where, within the field of view, there was a wealth of verdure and bloom that rendered the landscape as exquisite as a picture by a master. We had left behind us, it is true, the gorgeous and exuberant vegetation of the tropics, and probably for that very reason we were able to enjoy the more the companionship of Flora's humbler but no less dainty children. There were blossoms of every hue and fragrance—white mallows, blue lupins, yellow marguerites, scarlet verbenas, purple thistles, and delicately tinted honeysuckles and passion-flowers. There were large bushes ten and twelve feet high that seemed to be a mass of delicate mauve flowers. There were bloomless shrubs covered with a parasitic sweet-pea. There were harebells and daisies, and sunflower and cactus blossoms in abundance. But the flower that was most conspicuous, that might almost be called the national flower, was the ubiquitous *flor morala* which carpets the landscape with glowing bands and patches of richest purple. Go where one will, one finds massed banks of the blazing *flor morala*—flowers that grow in such profusion that they extinguish all competitors. Small wonder, then, is it that Uruguay has been called "The Purple Land." The name adequately describes a feature of the country which is sure to arrest the attention of every traveler.

But that which gives most local color to this marvelous land of unattainable horizons—horizons which, like the mirages of the Sahara, may be approached but never attained—is the dashing, picturesque Gaucho. Like his neighbor of Rio Grande do Sul, he is fond of display. His saddle is ornamented with silver, as are also his huge, murderous-looking spurs. His poncho is a creation of many colors and his hat is a near relative of the Mexican sombrero. And, like the Arab, his greatest delight is a strong, blooded steed. This is his inseparable companion—the joy of his life, the object of his unceasing solicitude. He is never happier than when in the saddle, curveting and caracoling before a

crowd of admiring spectators, or careering like the wind over the broad pastures of a well-stocked estancia. With a knife in his belt, a revolver in his holster and a maté bowl slung by his saddle, he is prepared for a journey of any length and for deeds of daring in any field of adventure. He has all the audacity and powers of endurance of the cattleman of Rio Grande do Sul but, in addition to these traits, he possesses other characteristics which make him a more impressive type of his peculiar and romantic race. He is taller, of a fairer complexion, and of a temperament that is quite distinctive. Fearless, austere, dignified, he has a keen sense of honor and of the duties of hospitality. He is a born fighter, and when excited exhibits all the ferocity of the Spaniard and Charrua Indian combined. It was men of this class who fought under Artigas, the national hero, and secured the independence of Uruguay. It was the same race of men who defeated the Portuguese in many a bloody conflict, and who courageously battled against the trained legions of Brazil and Argentina in many a fierce onslaught. No people in South America are more patriotic, and none would make greater sacrifices to conserve the honor and the independence of their country.

The number of Negroes in Uruguay is extremely small compared with that which obtains in Brazil. The most of them are found in the northern part of the Republic, near Rio Grande do Sul. As for the Indians, they have long since disappeared. The blood of the Charruas—the warlike tribe that gave so much trouble to the Spaniards during the period of the conquest and during early colonial times—is still found in some of the inhabitants, but the strain is so slight that it is scarcely perceptible, except in the temperament of some of the restless and roving Gauchos.

The fauna of Uruguay has but few notable representatives. Those of most commercial value are the rhea, or American ostrich, and the fur-seal. Both of these, until

recently, were found in large numbers, but, owing to the systematic pursuit of the rhea and the indiscriminate killing of the seal, both were threatened with extinction, until the Government took measures to insure their preservation and increase. One may have some idea of the vast number of ostriches that roamed the plains of Uruguay in 1909 from the fact that, during that year, more than fifty thousand pounds of ostrich feathers were exported to the United States and Europe. The feathers of the rhea are not nearly so valuable as those of the African ostrich, except certain specially selected plumes which command a good price.

The seals congregate at the Lobos Islands, east of Montevideo. Here the number of animals annually slaughtered for their oil and skins has been from ten to twenty thousand. But, as in our Pribilof Islands, off Alaska, they are threatened with extermination, unless adequate measures are soon devised for their protection.

Considering its fertile soil and favorable climate, one is surprised that Uruguay does not devote more attention to agriculture. So far only about three per cent. of the country is under cultivation. The chief cereals produced are wheat and maize, although oats and barley are also beginning to receive attention. It is expected, however, that the various lines of railway recently constructed will open up new territory specially suitable for the cultivation of wheat and maize, and that the yield of these important staples will soon be very greatly augmented.

One need not travel long in Uruguay before realizing that it is essentially a pastoral country. There is less waste land in it than in any of the other South American republics. There are no mountains or deserts; no mysterious and unexplored hinterland, as in Brazil and Venezuela. The soil is not only fertile and well watered by countless rivers and streams, but is also provided with an abundance of nutritious native grasses that are admira-

bly adapted to grazing. Indeed, I do not think there is better pasturage in the southern continent than in the splendid downlands watered by the great Uruguay and its numerous affluents. The llanos of Venezuela and Colombia are famous for their succulent grasses and for their vast cattle ranches, but they have drawbacks from which the pasture lands of Uruguay are exempt. These are the frequent lack of water, and the noxious insects which infest the herds and often occasion immense losses.

Pastoral pursuits in Uruguay date back full three hundred years. In the beginning of the seventeenth century, Hernando Arias de Saavedra, the colonial governor of the Rio de la Plata region, shipped a hundred head of cattle from Buenos Aires to the Banda Oriental and then turned them loose. Here they multiplied so rapidly that the broad plains were soon covered with them. So numerous did they eventually become that they were as ruthlessly slaughtered solely for their hides as were our buffalo herds only a few decades ago. These one hundred head of cattle were the beginning of Uruguay's pastoral wealth, the origin of those vast herds of native, long-horned cattle which have since spread over such great stretches of territory.

For a long time the Uruguayan was satisfied with these *Criollo*, or native cattle, and made no attempt to improve the stock. But it is quite different now. For today estancieros everywhere in the Republic vie with one another in their efforts to secure the best quality of stock and to improve it by cross-breeding. England, France, Holland, Belgium, Switzerland are scoured for the best types of pedigree stock. These are imported in large numbers, regardless of price. A Uruguayan stockman would not hesitate to pay five thousand dollars for a single animal if he thought it would serve his purpose of increasing the value of his herd. The Devon, the Hereford, the Durham, the Aberdeen Angus are introduced from England for the production of beef, while Swiss, Norman, Dutch and Flem-

ish thoroughbreds are sought for the development of the dairy industry.

Many of the larger estancias are quite celebrated for the number of their registered cattle. Some of those belonging to private individuals count fully a thousand, while the estates of the famous Lemco Company have far more. No one takes more pride in his blooded cattle than the Uruguayan estanciero. He will talk of them by the hour, as a Kentucky horse-breeder talks of the favorite racers of his stud. He prizes them very often not so much for the money they may bring him as for the pleasure he experiences in being the possessor of beautifully marked, elegantly formed, pure-bred animals—animals that take the prizes at agricultural shows and give their owner prestige and preëminence among his fellows.

The systematic efforts which Uruguayan cattlemen have for several decades been making to improve the quality of their herds; the encouragement the Government has been giving to those who could exhibit the best specimens of *mestizo,* or blooded stock, have produced results of far-reaching importance. They have converted the great estancias of the country into veritable gold mines for their owners, and made Uruguay one of the great sources of the world's meat supply. According to the latest estimates, there are now about eight million cattle in the Republic, most of which would compare favorably with the best animals marketed in the stockyards of Kansas City or Chicago. Large quantities of Uruguayan beef are now shipped to Europe and the United States, and, although the amount is rapidly increasing, the demand is far in excess of the supply. The industry is still in its infancy, for as yet only a small part of the boundless pastures of Uruguay have been utilized for stock raising. When the vast, unoccupied areas shall be covered with the tens of millions of cattle which they are capable of supporting, then, indeed, will Uruguay come into its own and

be everywhere recognized as one of the world's great centers of food-supply.

Everybody is familiar with Liebig's extract of beef, but few in our country are aware that the original home of this important industry is in Uruguay. For half a century its headquarters have been in the enterprising town of Fray Bentos on the Uruguay River. Here the celebrated Lemco and Oxo Company has what has been aptly called "the greatest kitchen in the world." Across the river, at Colon, the same company has a similar factory of even greater magnitude. One can judge of the immense scale on which this corporation does business and of the world-wide demand for their carefully prepared products, not only extract of beef, but also canned meats of various kinds, when one learns that several hundred thousand head of cattle are slaughtered annually at these two factories and that a large proportion of these cattle are raised on the company's own estancias. The grazing lands of the Lemco and Oxo Company embrace no less than five million acres and their land holdings are continually increasing.

It is worthy of note that this colossal industry had its origin in the epoch-making researches of the famous German chemist, Justus von Liebig, the founder of organic chemistry. But he never, I am sure, imagined that the investigations in his laboratory on the rational preparation of foods would lead to such extraordinary results as are now witnessed in the Lemco factory at Fray Bentos and elsewhere. When the first specimen of meat extract was brought to the illustrious chemist, he submitted it to a very careful analysis. Having found that it was made in accordance with his formula, he gave it his approval and permitted it to be called *Extractum Carnis Liebig*. But he required that the manufacturers, in return for the continued use of his name on their product, should frequently submit to him, as chief of the scientific staff of the com-

pany, samples of the extract for analysis. He was unwilling to have his name associated with the enterprise, unless he could personally vouch for the purity of the commodities it put on the market. More than this, it was further stipulated that his successors in office should have the same rights in this respect as he himself had demanded. The company has faithfully complied with this condition up to the present day, a full half-century after it was made. It has counted, and still counts among the chiefs of its scientific corps some of the most eminent chemists of Germany and England.

The chemical, veterinary, and bacteriological laboratories of the company are provided with the most perfect appliances that modern science has been able to devise. These are in charge of a large staff of chemists from the best universities of Europe, and they leave nothing undone that will insure the purity of their product before it leaves the factory. They have established a world-wide reputation for the wholesomeness and value of the Lemco products, and it is not, then, surprising that the company is yearly extending its activities in order to meet the ever-increasing demand from all parts of the world for what is now ranked as one of the most important of aliments.[1]

[1] "The Lemco and Oxo Company," it has well been said, "illustrates the history of an idea, which occurred, in 1850, to Baron Justus von Liebig, who suggested that, instead of killing cattle for their hides and tallow and leaving their carcasses to rot on the ground, ranchers might do well to devise an economical process of obtaining an extract of meat from the neglected beef. In 1865 the idea was at last put into practice. Baron Liebig says: 'In 1862 I received a visit from Herr Gilbert, an engineer of Hamburg, who had spent many years in South America and Uruguay, where hundreds of thousands of sheep and oxen are killed solely for the hides and fat. He told me that directly he saw my account of the preparation of this extract he came to Munich with the intention of learning the process and then returning to South America to undertake the manufacture on a large scale. I, therefore, recommended Herr Gilbert to Professor Pettenkofer, who willingly made him familiar with every detail of the process. He then returned to Uruguay in the summer of 1863, but, owing to many difficulties which generally hinder the introduction and management of a new business, it was almost a year before he could

But there are other large establishments which swallow up hundreds of thousands of beeves every year. Among these are numerous *frigorificos*—refrigerating plants—some of which are in the immediate vicinity of Montevideo. These supply chilled and frozen meats for the foreign markets.

Here, too, the Chicago Beef Trust has gained a foothold. Years ago it realized that its strongest competitor for the world's meat trade was going to be in Uruguay and Argentina, and it made haste to stretch out, octopus-like, its strong arms and strangle native industry before it became too powerful.

Then there are also the *saladeros* for the production of *tasajo,* or jerked beef. These require more than half a million cattle a year. The chief markets for this product is the same as for that prepared in Rio Grande do Sul: viz., Northern Brazil, although a considerable amount is also shipped to Cuba, Porto Rico, and certain of the Portuguese colonies. The importance of this industry can be realized when it is known that the amount of dried beef exported each year amounts to about fifty thousand tons.

But these stupendous facts do not tell the whole story of the magnitude of the pastoral industry in Uruguay. We must also advert to the dairy industry which, although of but recent origin, is beginning to exhibit indications of rapid development, especially in Colonia Suiza. Here butter and cheese are prepared by the industrious Swiss colonists on an extensive scale, and the product promises soon to rival in quality the celebrated brands of Switzerland or Denmark. From all indications the time will come

actually commence the manufacture.' It was arranged that the extract should be called 'Liebig,' and in due course the first sample of about eighty pounds of beef extract arrived at Munich, and was pronounced highly satisfactory considering that it was a product from the flesh of half-wild animals.'' Cf. ''Argentina,'' p. 206 by W. A. Hirst, London, 1912, and ''El Uruguay á traves de un Siglo,'' p. 315 et seq., by Carlos M. Maneso, Montevideo, 1910.

when the Colonia Suiza will be as great a dairy center as Elgin is at present, and when its output will be as famous.

I would not, however, have the reader infer that the pastoral industry of Uruguay is confined to the raising and breeding of cattle. Far from it. There are now nearly three times as many sheep as cattle in the Republic and their number is continually increasing. The same care is exercised in the breeding of sheep as of cattle. The best merinos from Spain, the best Rambouillets from France, and the best Southdowns from England are imported in large numbers to improve the native stock, and to insure the development of the best type of meat- and wool-producing breeds. Uruguayan mutton is already in great demand in the European markets, while the wool furnished by Uruguayan sheep is everywhere recognized as being of superior quality.

A word, too, must be said about the superb horses everywhere seen in this interesting country. No one is fonder of a fine, pure-bred horse than the Uruguayan estanciero, and to gratify his love of the best types of equine beauty, strength and fleetness he has his agents at work everywhere looking for blooded horses, from the steppes of Russia to the blue-grass region of Kentucky.

It was interesting to observe the changes in the landscape as we gradually approached the national capital. The humble *ranchos* of the pioneers of the north were replaced by the comfortable homes and imposing mansions of the rich estancieros of the long-settled districts of the south. In place of the broad, open plain, unbroken by tree or forest, there were long avenues and extensive groves of poplar and eucalyptus. Interspersed among these, and adorning the gardens, were clumps of orange, mimosa and paraiso trees whose lovely blossoms delighted the eye and filled the air with their fragrance. Blushing roses and golden honeysuckles made gay the greenswards which encircled picturesque quintas. Bright, prattling

children, well dressed and well bred, enlivened the scene and told one at a glance that one was in a land of plenty and contentment.

We arrived in Montevideo early in the forenoon, and, after calling on the President of the Republic and other government officials, who all received us with the utmost cordiality, we proceeded to visit the principal points of interest in and outside the capital. We were much impressed by the broad streets, the beautiful plazas and stately edifices of Uruguay's noble capital. Most of the larger buildings are of the French or Italian Renaissance style of architecture. The only important structures dating from colonial times are the government palace and the cathedral.

Montevideo is the youngest of South American capitals and has an air of modernity about it that is totally absent from La Paz, Quito and Bogotá. A metropolis of about four hundred thousand inhabitants, it everywhere manifests enterprise and prosperity. But, although everyone is busy, no one seems to be in a hurry. Business is transacted quietly and expeditiously, without any of that feverish haste that characterizes so many large shipping centers in other parts of the world.

Most of the public buildings are models of architecture. Many of them seem to be almost reproductions of some of the palatial structures of Paris or Vienna. A large number of the educational buildings would do credit to any city in Europe or the United States. Among those that particularly attracted our attention were the University, the School of Medicine, the Atheneum, the diocesan seminary, the chemical laboratory, the hygienic institute, and several schools for secondary instruction. Then there is the large convent school of the Salesian sisters. The work accomplished by these devoted religious in the instruction of poor children deserves all the encomiums lavished on them by the people of Montevideo. The charitable

HARBOR OF MONTEVIDEO WITH THE CERRO IN THE DISTANCE.

CATHEDRAL OF MONTEVIDEO.

institutions, likewise, merit special mention. In few places are better provisions made for the poor and the sick, for the insane and the foundling. But this care of the helpless and suffering is characteristic of the people of all parts of South America. They are as charitable as they are hospitable, and, as every traveler knows, there are no more hospitable people in the world.

And yet, although the public buildings of Montevideo are in many respects so remarkable, I was much more interested in the homes of the people, especially those located in the city's suburbs. Here one finds even greater varieties of architecture than in São Paulo or Rio de Janeiro. There is every type of dwelling from an Indian bungalow and a Swiss châlet to a Moorish or a Venetian palace. All combine beauty with comfort and convenience and, frequently, with luxury.

But the gardens! And the flowers! Never have I seen in any part of the world such marvelous exhibitions of flowering plants and shrubs, native and exotic, as are found about the homes and quintas of the Montevideans. They surpass in profusion and exuberance even those of Rio de Janeiro, and that is saying very much, indeed. California is justly famed as a flowerland. So is the French Riviera, but I have never seen in either of these favored regions of Flora such gorgeous displays of bloom as I have witnessed in and around Uruguay's magnificent capital. With backgrounds of palm, orange, myrtle, magnolia, bamboo, mimosa, alternating with the native paraiso and ombú trees and the Australian eucalyptus, one finds beds of pansies, carnations, marguerites and lilies, together with hedges of lilac and guelder-rose and cineraria, while walls and houses are covered with multi-colored draperies of wistaria, honeysuckle, Bougainvillea and numerous other creepers of every form and hue.

It is, however, in their roses that the Montevideans take their greatest pride. They are found everywhere, in pri-

vate gardens and in public parks, in clumps and hedges, trained to trellises and columns, or falling in showers over walls and railings. But nowhere are they seen to such advantage as in the Parque Urbano and in the Paseo del Prado—those exquisite pleasure grounds of the national capital. Here there are no less than eight hundred varieties of roses collected from every clime. The rose-bushes themselves number many thousands. The casual observer would say that there are myriads of them. They are distributed with the most exquisite taste and their care, as one sees at a glance, is for the gardeners a labor of love.

As I contemplated the superb rosaries of the Paseo del Prado, I recalled Virgil's graphic three-word reference to the rose-beds of Pæstum—*biferique rosaria Pæsti*—where the roses bloomed twice a year. It was of these same rose-beds of Pæstum that Ausonius drew the charming picture:

> Vidi Pæstano gaudere rosaria cultu
> Exoriente novo roscida Lucifero.[1]

Who will indite to the roses of Montevideo sonnet or couplet fair as of old Ausonius sang of the roses of Pæstum? For the former are incomparably more exquisite; more varied than any bloom ever kissed by zephyr from Tyrrhenian sea; and more worthy, too, of immortal verse.

One of the first places visited by everyone who goes to Montevideo for the first time is the Cerro which gives the city the name it now bears. It is a hill in the vicinity which towers more than five hundred feet above the bay and from which a splendid view of the capital and the surrounding country is obtainable. It is the most prominent elevation in the valley of the great river over whose estuary it stands guard. To find another approaching it in

[1] I have watched the beds that luxuriate on Pæstum's well-tilled soil, all dewy in the young light of the rising dawn-star.

height one must go up the flowing road to Asuncion, the capital of Paraguay, a thousand miles distant.

The story goes that when this cerro was first observed by one of the early missionaries, while still far away from it, he cried out, "*Montem video*"—I see a mountain. In consequence of this, not only the hill was called Montevideo, but also the city which, long afterwards, was founded near its base.[1] The cerro is crowned by a fort and a lighthouse. The fort was at one time regarded as of great importance in the defense of the city, but before a modern siege-gun it would now have but little value.

During the last third of a century, Montevideo has made extraordinary progress in every way. In 1879 its population was but little more than seventy thousand. Now it counts six times as many, and from present indications it will soon number a half-million. It is pleasantly located on a small peninsula, about a hundred feet above sea level. Its sanitary condition is excellent and is the object of the constant care of a competent staff of medical experts connected with the well-equipped hygienic and bacteriological laboratories. Thanks to the watchfulness of its board of health and its admirable climate, Montevideo can boast of being one of the most salubrious cities in South America.

It is a place, too, where the traveler will wish to tarry. Its people are not only hospitable, like all Latin-Americans, but they are exceptionally refined and cultured. The magnificent Atheneum, where notable literary and scientific sessions are held, is an evidence of the Montevidean's love of science and literature, while the imposing Solis Theater, one of the largest on the continent, is a proof of their love of the best in opera and the drama. Before the footlights of this majestic building are annually seen the most notable lyric and dramatic artists of Europe.

One of the first things the visitor hears discussed on his

[1] The full name of the capital of Uruguay is San Felipe y Santiago de Montevideo.

arrival in the city is the program and movements of the Blancos and Colorados. These are the Whites and Reds, the rival political parties of Uruguay. Their origin dates back to the first half of the last century. Their names are derived from the fact that General Oribe, the founder of the Whites, rode a white horse, while General Rivera, the founder of the Reds, rode a bay. The Colorados dwell chiefly in cities and towns, while the Blancos, for the most part, live in the country. Like the Bianchi and Neri of ancient Florence, the Whites and the Reds are strongly opposed to one another and their bitter feuds have given rise to many and protracted civil wars. And, as in the case of the Bianchi and the Neri, the long-standing feuds were occasioned chiefly by the desire of both parties to get control of the government, rather than by any difference of political program, so is it with the Blancos and Colorados. The difference of policy, if there be any at all, is little more than nominal. It is the same struggle between the "ins" and "outs" found in many other countries—the struggle of the "ins" to hold power as long as possible, and the struggle of the "outs" to eject their rivals and get control of the machinery of government. In spite, however, of all the efforts of their adversaries to oust them, the Colorados have now held office for more than half a century.

It was in Montevideo that Colonel Roosevelt first gave public expression in South America to his views on the Monroe Doctrine. His discourses in Brazil dealt chiefly with progressive democracy and cognate subjects. But here an opportunity was given him to enunciate his position on a question that has been the subject of so much controversy in both the New and the Old World. And he profited by the opportunity, and it was well that he did. For nothing probably has given rise, especially during recent years, to greater misunderstanding in South America than our supposed attitude regarding the Monroe Doc-

The Founding of Buenos Aires by Juan de Garay.

Museum of La Plata.

trine. While the weaker nations accepted it and felt secure under its protecting ægis, the more powerful republics, like Brazil, Argentina and Chile, began to look upon it, in its usual acceptation, as something of an anachronism. According to them, the Monroe Doctrine, if it was to continue to serve the purpose for which it was originally promulgated, needed modification, or, at least, required interpretation so as to meet present demands and be acceptable to the three great nations of South America just mentioned. They did not longer wish to be considered under a protectorate when they felt quite able to protect themselves.

No better interpreter of the much-discussed doctrine could have been found than Colonel Roosevelt, or one to whose words all classes were more disposed to give heed. Although he spoke in an entirely unofficial capacity, he was looked upon as voicing the opinion of his countrymen, and as expressing what would be the future policy of the United States government, if an occasion should ever arise, either in South or North America, for putting the doctrine to a test under existing conditions.

The first time Colonel Roosevelt was afforded a good opportunity, during his visit, to express his views on the Monroe Doctrine was at a luncheon tendered our party in Montevideo. On this occasion, the President of Uruguay, in drinking to the health of his distinguished guest, referred to him in few but pregnant words, as the "defender of the Monroe Doctrine in the interests of the whole of America; the stanch partisan of international justice and of peace with honor; the fervent propagandist of force and character placed at the service of public welfare."

In replying to this toast Colonel Roosevelt said, concerning the Monroe Doctrine: "It is in no sense a doctrine of one-sided advantage; it is to be invoked only in the interest of all our commonwealths in the Western Hemisphere. It should be invoked by our nations in a spirit of mutual respect, and on a footing of complete equality

of both right and obligation. Therefore, as soon as any country of the New World stands on a sufficiently high footing of orderly liberty and achieved success, of self-respecting strength, it becomes a guarantor of the doctrine on a footing of complete equality. I congratulate the countries of South America that I have visited and am about to visit that their progress is such, in justice, political stability and material prosperity, as to make them also the sponsors of the Monroe Doctrine, so that, as regards them, all that the United States has to do is to stand ready, as one of the great brotherhood of American nations, to join with them in upholding the doctrine should they at any time desire, in the interest of the Western Hemisphere, that we should do so."

These ideas of Colonel Roosevelt, so briefly expressed in Montevideo, were more fully developed in subsequent discourses elsewhere. But so clear and explicit was his exposition of the doctrine on this occasion that his hearers were forced to admit that, far from being an anachronism, the doctrine in question, when properly understood, is now as much of an actuality as it has ever been since it was first promulgated. The speaker's interpretation of it, and his declaration that all the great nations of South America must be considered as co-guarantors with the United States of the doctrine, appealed to his audience in a special manner and commanded, so far as one could judge, from the frequent rounds of applause which greeted the various points made, what was practically general assent. So impressed, in fact, were many by the speaker's able and original presentation of his views that they did not hesitate to declare that the time had come when the doctrine, which had given rise to so much controversy, should in future be known as the Roosevelt-Monroe Doctrine.

It was interesting to note the impression made on the people of South America when they saw an ex-President, who is a Protestant, traveling with a Catholic priest. For

many of them it was a matter of no little surprise. But it was commented on generally as an object lesson of tolerance that was sure to have a good effect everywhere—on people of strong religious convictions as well as on those who have none at all. It appealed in a particular manner to the officers of the army and navy of the different countries which we traversed. "Are you really a Catholic priest, as reported?" I was once asked by a noted admiral who sat next to me at luncheon. When I told him I was, he said with visible emotion: "I am delighted. When I saw it announced in the paper that Colonel Roosevelt and a Catholic priest were traveling together, I thought the report was too good to be true. You cannot imagine what a splendid impression it has made on all classes, irrespective of their religious beliefs. It is a lesson of tolerance that was much needed, and is sure to be productive of untold good."

But the one who expressed his pleasure in the most striking manner was the venerable bishop of Montevideo. After inquiring about our country and our projected journey into the wilds of Brazil, he declared with touching emphasis, *"El viaje de Ustedes es el viaje de Dios"*—The journey of you two is God's journey. This was almost a paraphrase of the words of a prominent diplomat in Rio de Janeiro who, when he was informed of our plans, expressed his unfeigned gratification and concluded with the words: *"Dios esta sobre Ustedes"*—God is above you. "You are doing His work. He will have you in His keeping."

CHAPTER VIII

SANTA MARIA DE BUENOS AIRES

Our first view of the capital of Argentina was from the deck of a trim cruiser which the Uruguayan government had put at our disposition for crossing the broad estuary of the Paraná and the Uruguay, known as the Rio de la Plata, that separates Montevideo from Buenos Aires.[1] As

[1] Buenos Aires was founded in 1535 by Pedro de Mendoza, who gave it the name of Santa Maria de los Buenos Aires, in honor of Nuestra Señora de los Buenos Aires—the patroness of Spanish mariners—towards whom the seafaring men of Andalusia always manifested a special devotion. Before embarking from San Lucar for the New World they always visited the image of Nuestra Señora de los Buenos Aires in Seville—an image which was then an object of particular veneration—to implore the protection of their patroness and beg of her the favor of fair winds during their long voyage across the ocean. This image is now in the palace of San Telmo, in Seville, where it is carefully preserved as an object of great historic interest.

It is frequently asserted that the name of Buenos Aires was due to Sancho Garcia, a brother-in-law of Mendoza, who, on landing where the capital of Argentina now stands, exclaimed, "*Que buenos aires son los de este pais*"—what good air is in this country! But this fancied origin of the city's name is too puerile and ridiculous to deserve serious notice.

Owing to the hostilities of the Indians, the city founded by Mendoza had to be abandoned for nearly a half a century. Its definitive foundation dates from June 11, 1580. As this day fell on Trinity Sunday, Juan de Garay, the second founder of the city, gave it the name of Ciudad de la Santisima Trinidad y Puerto de Santa Maria de Buenos Aires. The formalities observed in its foundation were solemn and impressive. After having named the alcaldes and echevins, Gray and his sixty-three companions proceeded to what was to be the public square of the city and aided in the erection of what was to be a gibbet of public justice. Before it they raised the cross and the royal standard. They then brandished their swords and challenged anyone to contest their rights to the territory on which they stood, and, touching the gibbet with their swords, they took formal possession of the land in the name of the King of Spain, Philip II. A report of these proceedings was then drawn up by Pedro de Peres, the public notary, and a copy of it was

we approached the harbor we descried a dark band on the horizon which we knew to be land. Soon afterwards, we were able to see some of the larger buildings of the city, and then gradually the broken sky-line of the great metropolis. There was nothing entrancing about this first view of Argentina's capital like that which so captivated us when we entered the magnificent harbor of Rio de Janeiro. There was nothing like the Bay of Guanabara with its hundred verdant isles and islets; no amphitheater of cloud-piercing mountains like that which encircles the queen city of Brazil. There was not even a natural harbor of any kind. The greatest city of South America is situated on a low, flat plain only a few feet above the sea, and the harbor, as now seen, is entirely artificial and represents the expenditure of countless millions of dollars. Only by the continuous action of numerous powerful dredges can the port be kept deep enough for large ocean liners, and can the channels leading to it from the ocean be kept free of the sand and silt brought from the interior of the continent by those colossal waterways—the Paraná and the Uruguay.

As seen from the tawny estuary of the Rio de la Plata, Buenos Aires is not unlike Chicago as viewed from Lake Michigan. One can see but little of it, except the part adjoining the immense docks which, although but recently constructed, rival those of Liverpool and Antwerp. There is not even a hillock in sight—nothing to indicate that one part of the city is even a foot higher than another. Nor is there anything in the metropolis itself, as viewed from the steamer's deck, to intimate that we are approaching the third largest city in the Western Hemisphere and the

forwarded to Spain, while the original was preserved in the archives of the newly-founded city.

The name given to the city by Juan de Garay was subsequently changed by the King of Spain into La Ciudad de la Trinidad de Buenos Aires, but, for a long time past, it has been known simply as Buenos Aires. In southern South America it is now usually designated by English-speaking people as B. A.

second largest Latin city in the world. And yet, after New York and Chicago, Buenos Aires is the most populous city in the New World, and, among Latin cities, it is surpassed only by Paris. It covers an area more than twice that of Paris, three times that of Berlin, and four times that of Vienna.

But one need not wait until one enters the city proper to realize that Buenos Aires is, of a truth, one of the world's great centers of population and commerce. The immense number of merchantmen from all parts of the globe show at a glance both the magnitude of this famous emporium and the vast amount of its imports and exports. Flags of all nations are seen flying from the masts of sailers and steamers of all sizes, from the small schooners of Norway and Puget Sound to the splendid ocean greyhounds from Genoa and Hamburg and Liverpool. On our port and starboard quarters we see deep-laden vessels from Europe and Asia and the United States that have just completed their long voyage, and, as we draw nearer the city, we pass noble argosies of many nations bound for the far-off marts of commerce beyond the Atlantic and the Pacific.

While still some miles out in the harbor, we saw directly ahead of us a number of vessels approaching us, gaily decked with bunting and flying the banners of Argentina and the United States. They were crowded with people waving handkerchiefs and small flags. Their voices, however, were drowned by the music of several bands. They were a delegation of Argentines and people from the United States who had come to greet us and bid us welcome to the great metropolis of the Rio de la Plata. Many of them, as was evidenced by their college yells, were students from various American colleges.

"When you reach Buenos Aires, you will find a quarter of a million people on the streets to welcome you to Argentina." These words were addressed to me by a promi-

nent Argentine just before we left New York, after he had told me of the welcome he was sure our party would receive on our arrival in his country. We had no way of estimating the throngs that met us at the landing and filled the streets through which we passed. There may have been a quarter of a million, and there may have been more. I have rarely seen anywhere such a sea of faces, and nowhere have I ever been a participant in a welcome that was more cordial, or was voiced by more people at one and the same time.

We had no sooner set foot on Argentine soil than we found ourselves in the hands of hospitable hosts and generous friends whose only thought seemed to be our pleasure and comfort. Receptions and entertainments of all kinds had already been arranged for our party and every opportunity was given us of seeing the people and studying their wonderful achievements in every sphere of effort.

Buenos Aires is not only the largest city in South America, but it also has a more modern aspect than the capitals of the other republics of the Southern Continent. Its general appearance and atmosphere are quite unlike those of Bogotá, Quito and Lima. There is about it little of that glamour of romance that so distinguishes the capitals of Quesada and Belalcazar and Pizarro. This is not because Buenos Aires is younger than the three cities named, for it was founded by Mendoza in the same year as Lima and three years before Bogotá. Nor is it because the explorers and conquerors of the La Plata region were lacking in ability and achievement. No one would affirm that of men who contributed so much to the discovery and colonization of this part of the world as did Sebastian Cabot, Juan Diaz de Solis, Cabeza de Vaca, Irala, Ayolas and Mendoza. But their deeds, great as they undoubtedly were, have never appealed so strongly to the imagination as the more brilliant achievements of the famous conquerors of the Incas and the Muiscas.

Furthermore, Buenos Aires is almost entirely devoid of that peculiar charm of antiquity that so delights the visitor in Quito and Bogotá. In the latter one can easily imagine oneself living in the Spain of Charles V, or Philip II. But in Argentina's great and enterprising capital everything is suggestive of the energy and the rush of the twentieth century. In certain of the business streets there is all the feverish activity of Wall Street in New York and all the hurry and bustle of the Board of Trade district in Chicago. Every man one meets is preoccupied with business and the pursuit of wealth. There is here nothing of that *dolce far niente* which is so marked a characteristic of many other Latin-American cities; none of that disposition to procrastinate, which is so well expressed by the word *mañana*—never do today what can be done tomorrow.

One of the first things in Buenos Aires to arrest the attention of the visitor is the extremely narrow streets in the colonial quarter. Here the thoroughfares are little more than thirty feet wide, including the sidewalks whose width, on either side, barely exceeds three feet. It seems strange that the founders of the city should have been so sparing of space when they had available an unlimited amount of unoccupied land. One reason assigned for their so doing was to secure shade in the streets during the hot season. Juan de Garay, who laid out the city in 1583, certainly did not in his plan of it exhibit the sagacity and foresight of his illustrious compatriot, Francisco Pizarro, who gave to the city of Lima, of which he was the founder, the broad streets and avenues which so enhance its natural beauty. It is but proper, however, to observe that the thoroughfares in the modern part of Buenos Aires have all the breadth one could desire. Moreover, arrangements have been made for widening the older streets, and the time is not far distant when locomotion in them will be as easy as it is now difficult.

The two most interesting thoroughfares in the colonial quarter are the Calle Florida and the Avenida de Mayo. The first is the headquarters for jewelry and the latest fashions in feminine attire. It is to Buenos Aires what Rua do Ouvidor is to Rio de Janeiro and what the Rue de la Paix is to Paris.

Avenida de Mayo is the most imposing avenue in the metropolis and is ranked by the natives among the most beautiful streets in the world. In many respects, it resembles one of the grand boulevards of the French capital. Along this broad and beautiful thoroughfare are found some of the largest and most superb edifices in the capital. Among these are the Cathedral, the Casa Rosada—Red House—which is the official residence of the President of the Republic, and the House of Congress which, on account of the vast amount of money which has been expended on it, is known as Casa Dorada—Gilded House. But, as some compensation for the enormous cost of this building, the people of Buenos Aires will have the satisfaction of knowing, when it is completed, that they have one of the most grandiose legislative structures in the Western Hemisphere.

There are numerous plazas that are worthy of a visit. Many of these have been laid out under the direction of M. Thays, a distinguished landscape artist from France. They are adorned with flower-beds, shrubs, trees and statues, some of which have considerable artistic merit. But the most unique statue in the city is that of Falucho. It is remarkable for being, probably, the only monument of the kind erected by white men to the memory of a Negro. Falucho was a colored soldier, who was shot by the Spaniards for refusing, during the War of Independence, to mount guard over the flag against which he had so often fought.

But by far the most notable exhibition of statuary and monuments is found in the famous cemetery of La Recoleta.

This is to Buenos Aires what Père Lachaise is to Paris. Here repose the remains of the most distinguished men and women of Argentina. There are here many exquisite works of art in marble, granite and bronze—not a few of which are the productions of the most eminent sculptors of France and Italy. And, as in the cemeteries of all Latin countries, there are here many private mortuary chapels of the most delicate workmanship. When one contemplates the countless works of art in this silent city of the dead, and wanders among the carefully tended flowers and shrubs that grow in rare profusion; when one observes on every hand the touching evidences of loving hearts in keeping green, in this beautiful God's acre, the precious memory of the dear departed, there is no material prompting to sadness or melancholy.

In a side-chapel of the Cathedral in a stately sepulchral monument, like that of Napoleon in Les Invalides, are preserved the treasured remains of the illustrious Argentine general, San Martin. In view of his splendid achievements during the War of Independence, the people of Argentina love to call him the Washington of South America, a title which the inhabitants of Venezuela have long claimed for Bolivar. A careful and unbiased student of the lives of the two men will, I think, be inclined to award the palm to San Martin. For, as a general and a statesman, he was certainly not inferior to Bolivar, while as a man he was, in every way, his superior. San Martin's glory increases with the passing years, and from present indications the time is not far distant when the great majority of the people of South America will agree with the Argentines in proclaiming the liberator of Argentina, Chile and Peru as the most eminent warrior that the long struggle against Spain produced, and in regarding him, as do the Argentines, as the one who deserves, above all others, the epithet of "The Washington of South America."

As an evidence of his admiration for San Martin, both

Cathedral. Buenos Aires.

Tomb of San Martin in the Cathedral. Buenos Aires.

as a soldier and as a patriot, Colonel Roosevelt placed an appropriate wreath on the tomb of the hero. He was met at the door of the sacred edifice by the accomplished vicar-general, Monsignor Duprat—the archbishop was then in Rome—and a number of the cathedral clergy who escorted him to the tomb of the great liberator. Colonel Roosevelt did many things which greatly pleased the people of Argentine, during his visit to their country, but he did nothing which so touched their hearts as this tribute of his to the memory of their illustrious countryman.

There are many recreation grounds in Buenos Aires, but the one which I found most attractive was the beautiful Park of Palermo. It embraces nearly a thousand acres and, thanks to the genius of M. Thays, who is called the Argentine Le Nôtre, it has already become one of the most remarkable parks in the world. Its lakes, drives, greenswards, buildings, statues, banks of flowers and shrubs, groves of trees large and small, make it the rival of the celebrated Bois de Boulogne. In many respects, indeed, it is superior to the great French park. Its floral display is more brilliant, its plant life is more exuberant, and the number of species of shrubs and trees is far greater. In this respect it is surpassed only by the marvelous vegetable growths in the parks and gardens of Rio de Janeiro.

This park is the favorite pleasaunce of the Porteños,[1] as the people of Buenos Aires are called. Here, during two or three hours in the evening, one will find a continuous procession of gorgeous victorias and motor-cars filled with the wealth and fashion of Argentina. Each vehicle is a moving picture of superbly gowned women and exquisitely dressed children. Not even on the Champs-

[1] This name, strictly speaking, designates those who have been born in Buenos Aires. They are called Porteños from the old name of the city, Puerto de Buenos Aires. The epithet signifies people of the Port, in contradistinction to those inhabiting the *Campo*—or country districts. Those inhabiting the western part of the Republic are sometimes called Arribeños, or, as we should say, people "out West" or "Westerners."

Élysées will one witness a more splendid exhibition of the latest Parisian fashions than in this spot during the hours of the daily drive. Women, young and old, come here to see and be seen; to admire and be admired. While in their carriages and motors, scarcely a word is spoken. All are intent on watching the gorgeous procession, saluting passing friends with a graceful wave of the hand and in scrutinizing the passers-by.

I do not think I ever saw anywhere so many beautiful children as in the Park of Palermo. By a special exception, they are free to play on the carefully kept lawns and wander among the flowers at their sweet wills. More attention seems to be given to their apparel by their fond mammas than even to that of their elder sisters, and that is saying a great deal. The variety and combination of colors of their attire are always in perfect taste and harmonize admirably with those of Flora's exquisite children round about them. At times, they seemed to me like living flowers flitting among those that were rooted to Mother Earth, or like the beautiful fairies of childhood's fancy.

And they seemed to be—crowds of them—everywhere. And all of them were beautiful and all animated pictures of buoyant life and happiness. They were evidence conclusive that race-suicide is not one of the crying disorders of Argentina. So far is this from being the case that fathers and mothers here glory in large families and regard children as special blessings of God. One frequently finds proud mothers of twelve and fifteen strong, bright and healthy children. Some years ago, a venerable lady of ninety-six years died leaving behind her no fewer than two hundred and ninety-six descendants. This, I was assured by a prominent Argentine statesman, is by no means an exceptional case. Many similar large families are to be found in Argentina.

And what is no less remarkable is the strong affection that all the members of these large families have for one

another, and especially for their parents. They try, wherever possible, to live near one another so that they may exchange daily visits. In some parts of the country the mode of life is almost patriarchal, for the children, even after they are married, continue to live with their parents, who seem to be as much attached to their grandchildren and great-grandchildren as to their own sons and daughters. For this reason it is no uncommon thing to see thirty or forty members of the same family gather about the table for dinner where there is sure to be a liberal supply of the national dish, *puchero*.[1] Such a home is no longer a single household, but a huge phalanstery.

Almost a part of the Palermo Park are the botanic and zoölogical gardens. Both are so rich in floral and faunal life that one can never tire studying their treasures.

The botanic garden of Buenos Aires is one of the richest and most complete in the world. It does not, it is true, exhibit the marvelous luxuriance of the botanic garden of Rio de Janeiro, but it possesses, probably, for the man of science greater scientific value. For here are gathered together not only plants and trees from all parts of South America, but from all parts of the world. One finds here the graceful jacarandá with its lovely clusters of purple flowers—a tree that adorns many of the streets and parks of Argentina; the tipa, with its wealth of yellow bloom; the ceiba, with its brilliant drapery of red and scarlet blossoms; the quebracho, so heavy and hard and so rich in tannin. Then there are countless other trees collected from all parts of the Republic from the Gran Chaco to Patagonia —trees yielding valuable resins and dyes and medicines and perfumes. Not the least remarkable of these forest growths is the Palo Santo which is the source of a valuable essential oil which, among other uses to which it is put, is employed in Bulgaria in the production of counterfeit attar of roses. Nor must I omit to mention the curious

[1] A dish composed of boiled meat and vegetables.

flores del aire—air plants—a species of Tillandsia that is found in many parts of the country. These epiphytes are frequently found growing on the dead branches of trees, and require so little nourishment, except what they derive from the atmosphere, that they are said to thrive when attached to no other support than a telegraph wire. It would require a volume to tell of the wonderful collection of plants and trees found in this large and carefully planned garden. But it required a Frenchman, M. Thays, to make known to the Argentines the extraordinary floral wealth of their immense country. For, before he entered upon his duties here, the richness and the variety of the flora of Argentina were absolutely unknown.

The zoölogical garden is, after Palermo Park, the most popular resort of the city—especially for young folks. One will always find crowds of them here standing before the cages or around the inclosures of the countless birds and mammals which are here assembled. This splendid aggregation of animals, from all parts of the world, is under the supervision of an Italian, named Onelli. He is never happier than when with his pets. He knows them all, and they know him. Even those that naturally should be the shyest and the most savage are his friends and welcome his approach. But Mr. Onelli is more than a friend and protector of the animals intrusted to his care. Like Herr Hagenbeck, of Hamburg, he has succeeded in producing, by crossing, certain hybrids that men of science consider of special interest and value.

In the aristocratic residential districts of Buenos Aires, one cannot help being deeply impressed by the sumptuousness of the homes of the Argentine millionaires. Here one will find imposing edifices of every conceivable style of architecture—from the rococo of Louis Quinze to the more classic cinque-cento. Most of the buildings, however, are modeled after the Italian or French Renaissance and in passing along such thoroughfares as the Avenida Alvear,

or the Avenida Sarmiento, one can easily fancy oneself in the most fashionable quarter of Milan or Paris.

Buenos Aires, like Washington, is a city of shade trees. They are found everywhere in the greatest profusion—along streets and avenues, in private gardens as well as in public parks and public plazas. Berlin prides itself on the number of the trees that adorn its thoroughfares and its celebrated Tiergarten, but the Argentine capital possesses more than three times as many trees as the great German metropolis, and the number is rapidly increasing.

If the founders of Buenos Aires had only anticipated the action of their successors by giving it wide streets and an abundance of shade trees, as has been done in the neighboring city of La Plata, it would have resulted in a saving of untold millions of treasure, and would have contributed immensely not only to the beauty of the place, but also to the comfort and the pleasure of its inhabitants. But, if Buenos Aires continues for another generation or two to grow and improve as rapidly as it has during the last third of a century, the present narrow streets in the business quarter will all be widened and will be as well supplied with shade trees as any part of the city.

Although there are many churches, large and small, in Buenos Aires, none of them is remarkable as a specimen of architecture. The Church of the Holy Cross—locally known as "the Irish Church"—is a beautiful Gothic structure recently erected for the benefit of the English-speaking Catholics of the city. It has a particular interest for Americans, for it was founded by one of their compatriots, the Reverend Father Fidelis, provincial of the Congregation of the Passionists. He was for several years president of Hobart and Kenyon colleges in the United States and after his conversion to the Catholic Church he became distinguished as an author and a pulpit orator. He graduated from Harvard with the younger Oliver Wendell

Holmes and served as an officer in the Second Massachusetts Cavalry during the Civil War. Colonel Roosevelt, who was entertained by his fellow-alumnus in the monastery of the Passionists, writes of him: "With his tall, erect figure and fighting face, it seemed to me I could still hear the clank of the cavalry saber as he walked."[1] For many years past, the sphere of this eminent churchman's activities has been in South America. He not only introduced his order into the Southern Continent, but he established numerous monasteries and built many churches and schools not only in Argentina, but also in Chile and Brazil as well. It is safe to say that no one man from our country has done more in our generation for the cause of religion and education in the Land of the Southern Cross than has this zealous and scholarly son of New England.

In passing by the church of Santo Domingo, in front of which there is the splendid mausoleum of Belgrano, one of the great heroes of the War of Independence, one will notice how, in places, the walls of the sacred edifice were battered by artillery during the British invasion in 1808. In a church in another part of the city are four time-worn, dust-covered flags taken from the British by the Spanish defenders of Buenos Aires. The English had just taken Capetown in Africa from the Dutch and, flushed with victory, they wished to secure a foothold in the southern part of South America. During their attack on Buenos Aires, a part of the British troops took possession of the church of Santo Domingo. But the Spanish guns soon compelled them to surrender, and the battered walls remain to tell the story of the invaders' repulse. Owing to the strange incompetency of the chief officers in command of the army of invasion, the English were forced, after a few days' fighting, to beat an ignominious retreat, and to abandon their ambitious project of making Argentina and Uruguay appanages

[1] *The Outlook*, March 28, 1914, p. 713.

of the British Crown.[1] It is interesting to speculate what would now be the present condition of this part of South America had the English been as successful in conquest in the La Plata region as they were in South Africa.

The magnificent public and private buildings of Buenos Aires, its splendid parks and gardens, its mammoth stores and grain elevators, its sumptuous railway stations and colossal dock-system are indications of wealth, prosperity and progress, but they reveal but imperfectly the ideals and aspirations of its inhabitants. To understand these, one must visit some of their numerous and perfectly equipped charitable and educational institutions. These are the pride of every true Argentine and are, more than anything else, an indication of the real character of the people. They exhibit the promise and the potency of the republic's future as does nothing else, and show the spirit of solidarity and coöperation which are daily becoming more marked characteristics of the dominating element of the Argentine nation.

It is not my purpose to describe any of the very large number of public institutions of learning. Many long chapters would be required to do them even partial justice. Suffice it to say that they are in every way worthy of the great and enterprising capital of which they are such conspicuous ornaments. Nothing is wanting. From the primary schools to the university, everything—buildings, equipment, sanitary arrangements—is the best that money can buy or science suggest. The same may be said of the colleges of law and medicine; the academies of art and

[1] A young officer on the English staff, writing of the ignoble defeat of his countrymen, declares: "It appears to me one of the most severe blows that England has ever received." The British sought some consolation for their humiliating discomfiture in the fact that their blundering commander—General Whitelock—was courtmartialed. The tribunal which tried him adjudged that he "be cashiered and declared totally unfit and unworthy to serve his Majesty in any military capacity whatever." "A Memoir of the Services of Sir Samuel Ford Whittingham," p. 23. London, 1868.

music; the technical and trade schools; the chemical, electrical, biological and bacteriological laboratories. Many of these edifices are palatial in design and finish, and equal to the best of similar institutions in the United States or Europe.

The numerous schools and colleges conducted by various religious orders likewise deserve unstinted praise. It was my privilege to visit many of them, and I was everywhere deeply impressed by the vast range of the work accomplished in them and the thoroughness of the instruction given in every department. They are patronized by the best families of the city, and the most prominent men and women in Argentina, when questioned as to where they received their education, will promptly reply: "In the College of the Padres," or, "In the Convent."

Nor shall I dilate on the splendid institutions for the poor, the sick, and the unfortunate. There are scores of them—some under governmental and municipal auspices, others conducted by religious congregations which are particularly devoted to works of charity. The buildings are especially constructed for the purposes for which they are used and in accordance with the strictest demands of hygienic principles. They are spacious, well lighted, well ventilated, and are models of cleanliness and comfort unsurpassed by any similar institutions elsewhere.

The educational and charitable organizations that I wish specially to speak of are those that are in some respects peculiar to Buenos Aires. They are all conducted by women and exhibit a degree of efficiency that is really remarkable. They show, probably better than anything else, what the Argentine women are capable of accomplishing as administrators and what success they can achieve, even in the most difficult enterprises, when their sympathies are enlisted and when they are given a free hand to act according to their best judgment.

I shall confine myself to only two of these organiza-

tions. One of them is known as La Sociedad de Beneficencia and the other as Obra Conservacion de la Fe.

The first organization had its origin in 1823, and was due to the initiative of Rivadavia, who, according to the historian Mitre, "stands in America second only to Washington as the representative statesman of a free people." In nothing, probably, did he more clearly exhibit his perspicacity as a statesman and a man of affairs than in his establishment of La Sociedad de Beneficencia. For, from humble beginnings, it has become one of the most important and best managed of the philanthropic institutions of South America.

When Rivadavia was confronted with the problem of relieving the sufferings of the sick and the helpless of Buenos Aires, he had the happy inspiration to invoke the active coöperation of his countrywomen in the undertaking on the success of which his heart was set. Time has demonstrated the wisdom of his action, for no movement inaugurated by the far-seeing statesman has contributed more to the relief of the sick and the indigent. It is now nearly a century since La Sociedad de Beneficencia was founded, and its history has ever been one of uninterrupted progress and noblest Christian charity. It is composed of sixty women chosen from the leading families of Buenos Aires. To them the Government confides to a great extent the care of the poor and suffering. Most of these women are the mothers of grown-up children, or widows who are free to consecrate their leisure time to the victims of disease and misfortune.

The annual revenue of this society now amounts to more than four million dollars. The control of this large sum is in the hands of a committee of twelve elected by the members of the society. In the management of the immense revenues which come to it from all quarters, the society has exhibited evidence of capacity for administration that is truly remarkable.

But in spite of the success of these devoted women as financiers, their unquestioned business integrity, and their noble disinterestedness in the greatest of the city's charities, certain representatives of the sterner sex have recently begun an agitation whose object is to get control of the rapidly increasing funds of the society. Their contention is that men who have greater experience in business and finance would be more competent than women to administer the affairs of the society.

"Why," they ask, "should women, whom the law treats as minors when there is question of the administration of their own property, be permitted to dispose of the millions which are intrusted to the society by the public?"

To this question the members of the association simply reply: "Why should women, who have for nearly a hundred years given such proofs of business acumen, financial ability, honest and successful administration, be declared by the law to be minors in the matter of the administration of their personal possessions?"

The real reason, it is asserted, why the men in question desire a change in the trustees of the funds of this great and growing organization is not the incapacity of the women—for they have proved their ability in a thousand ways during three generations of splendid achievement—but rather the honor and prestige which attach to the administration of the funds of a society which has become of nation-wide importance and magnitude.

The Obra Conservacion de la Fe, like La Sociedad de Beneficencia, also looks after the sick. But the special object of its activity is the instruction of the children of the poor. There are nearly a score of schools under the direction of this society and they are attended by thousands of children. The buildings are specially constructed for the purpose in view and are models in every way. Education is entirely gratuitous and the teachers are of the best. I was struck by the perfect cleanliness and the admi-

rable hygienic conditions everywhere prevalent. But that which impressed me most of all was the rare enthusiasm of everyone engaged in this noble charity. Teachers, as well as those charged with the administration of the material and financial affairs of the association, had their heart and soul in their work, as if it was their only interest in life.

In addition to the regular courses of instruction given in the public schools, the Obra Conservacion de la Fe has special classes in domestic economy for the girls. They have well-equipped ironing-rooms and sewing-rooms, in which all the machines are operated by electricity and in which the young *Porteñas* learn how to design, cut and make garments of all kinds. The remarkable thing about this department is that the pupils are not only taught free of charge, but that they are also remunerated for their work. They thus learn a useful trade and receive good wages at the same time. The society reserves only one-fifth of the profits accruing from the girls' work. This is to cover a part of the actual operating expenses of the school. The remainder goes to the girls. They are not long in the school until their income amounts to nearly a dollar a day. For girls whose parents are among the poorest of the poor, this source of income is a godsend. When they have finished their course of instruction in domestic science, they receive a diploma which is regarded as the best kind of recommendation by those needing their services. Thanks to the training received in these schools, a large and ever-increasing number of poor girls are annually provided with the means of earning an honest livelihood.

But the society does not stop at teaching the ordinary branches of an education and the various kinds of useful trades. Over and above this, it devotes special attention to the religious instruction and moral training of its pupils. For the prime object of the Obra Conservacion de la Fe is

to turn out of its schools students who will be not only good citizens, but also intelligent and loyal adherents of the Church of their fathers. In this respect, the devoted women who are at the head of this excellent organization—and they count among their number representatives of the oldest and best families of the city—have been singularly successful. For they can now behold in all parts of the great capital the blessed fruits of their untiring exertions, zeal and superabundant charity for those little ones who are so dear to the heart of their Divine Master.

It may be observed here in passing that, during the last generation, Argentina has spent more *per capita* in the education of her children than any country in the world, except Australia.

Parisians are wont to declare that Paris is France. One can likewise affirm, and with more truth, that Buenos Aires is Argentina. It is practically the clearing-house for the business of the entire Republic. It is true that Rosario and Bahia Blanca—"The Liverpool of the South"—are rapidly becoming important business centers for foreign commerce, but Buenos Aires is still the principal point of contact with North America and Europe. This is evidenced by the vast number of merchantmen always found along the miles of dockage loading the products of the Pampa for the markets of the Old and the New World, or delivering commodities of every kind from all the ports of the globe. And, although nearly fifty million dollars have been spent within recent years on the extension and improvement of the immense dock-system, it is still inadequate to meet the rapidly increasing demands of commerce.

No city in the world, not even Chicago, has exhibited a more rapid growth than Buenos Aires. In 1869 it counted only one hundred and seventy-seven thousand inhabitants. Now its population is rapidly approaching two millions. In 1870 sanitation was practically unknown. There were no sewers, no waterworks, no paved streets. Water was

supplied by cisterns and street illumination was of the most primitive kind. The houses of bricks, or adobe, were only one story high, as were most of the buildings of the colonial period. When it rained, the streets were impassable and the city was so isolated from the surrounding country that it was impossible to obtain fresh meat or vegetables. Florida, which is now the rendezvous of wealth and fashion, was then little more than a cloacal channel, like the Canal do Mangue of Rio de Janeiro, during the same period. The Plaza de Mayo, then near the landing-place of small craft, was the center of the city.

All this is now changed. The streets and avenues are paved and asphalted. The water and sewer systems are admirable. The electric light is everywhere. And the sanitation of the city is so carefully looked after that its annual mortality has been reduced to fifteen per thousand. And, although fabulous sums have already been spent on improvements of this kind, the plans which have been adopted for the city's betterment call for the expenditure of nearly a hundred million dollars more.

But Buenos Aires is not satisfied with being the second largest Latin city in the world and the third largest in the Western Hemisphere. It aspires to be the rival of Paris, New York, London. At present, its population is one-sixth that of the whole Republic, but it is daily increasing with vertiginous rapidity. Immigrants from all parts of Europe are pouring into it by tens of thousands every year. Streets are being widened and large buildings erected but a few years ago are razed to give place to more sumptuous structures, or to skyscrapers of steel and granite and marble. It has an excellent street-car system, but it has been found necessary to supplement this by underground railways, which are fully as good as the best in New York or Paris. It is now the order of the day that all public buildings must be equal, if not superior, to similar structures in the world's greatest capitals. Hence the splendid

specimens of neo-Corinthian architecture that so frequently delight the eye. And hence the magnificent schools, hospitals, museums, libraries, art galleries, government buildings which embody the best features and possess the best equipment that architectural and engineering genius can suggest.

The celebrated Teatro Colon is a case in point. It is not only an imposing edifice, splendidly furnished and artistically adorned, but it is also the largest opera house in the world. It will seat comfortably nearly twice as many as the great Opéra in Paris. It was in this superb structure that Colonel Roosevelt gave his chief discourses before applauding thousands. It is here, too, that the most eminent lyric artists of Europe appear every season before the élite of Argentina's wealth and culture.

But the *Porteño* is not satisfied to have the public buildings unexcelled in size and beauty. His ambition extends to private edifices as well. I have already referred to the luxurious residences, of every style of architecture, of the merchant princes of Buenos Aires and of the millionaire estancieros who spend a part of the year in the capital. I wish here to allude to the home of the *Prensa*—the most sumptuous newspaper building in existence. Neither Europe nor our own country has anything to approach it in the richness of its appointments and in the provisions made for the comfort and improvement of the journal's employees.

And when the visitor expresses his surprise at the extraordinary growth of the city during the last third of a century, the enthusiastic Argentine will exclaim: "Wait a few years longer and you will see here a metropolis that will be unsurpassed in wealth and magnificence. Our capital is yet in a state of formation. We are still tearing down and rebuilding; experimenting and trying to gauge the wants of the future. But in a few decades more Buenos Aires will acknowledge no superior anywhere."

The Argentine entertains the same exalted ideas regarding the future of his country as he does respecting his capital. He already sees it as the dominant element of a great confederation—the center of an immense Republic augmented by the peaceful accession of Uruguay, Chile and Paraguay. He contemplates it as the United States of South America, the friendly rival of the Great United States of the North—the two powers that are destined to control the commerce and dictate the peace of the world.

It would be difficult to find in any country more natural pride, more undisguised chauvinism than in Argentina. It shows itself everywhere—in the schools, in social gatherings, in political and military reunions. But it is particularly conspicuous on the twenty-fifth of May and other national holidays. In nothing, however, does it show itself more strikingly than in the patriotic catechism which all school children are required to learn by heart. The following questions and answers from this catechism are an illustration of the patriotic spirit which is instilled into the minds of young Argentines from their earliest school days:

"How do you consider yourself in relation to your compatriots?"

"I consider myself as bound to them by a sentiment which unites all."

"What is it?"

"The sentiment that the Argentine Republic is the best country in the world."

"What are the duties of a good citizen?"

"First of all, to love one's country."

"More even than our parents?"

"More than anything whatever."

Further on, in response to a question of the teacher, the pupil replies:

"In the veins of no human being does there flow more

generous blood than in our own; in the annals of the world the origin of no nationality is more resplendent with a more brilliant aureole than that which encircles the brow of the Argentine Republic. I am proud of my origin, of my race, of my country."[1]

The Argentine flag is found in every classroom, behind the teacher's chair. This is frequently saluted by the pupils, especially when the national anthem is sung, which is something of very frequent occurrence. When the name of San Martin, the hero of Argentine independence, is pronounced by the teacher, during class hours, both teachers and pupils must rise and, giving the military salute, must exclaim: *"Viva la Patria!"* With such frequent and such ardent professions of patriotism on the part of young and old, can one wonder that chauvinism of the most pronounced character pervades all classes in Argentina irrespective of the nationality of their forebears?

Even Argentina's men of science seemed to have been carried away by a kind of chauvinism. For one of the most noted of them, Dr. Ameghino, announced, not many years ago, that the Garden of Eden was located at Monte Hermoso—between Buenos Aires and Bahia Blanca—and that he had discovered there the remains of the father of the human race. The name given this Argentine Adam is *Tetraprothomo Argentinus,* and those interested in reading a full account of their primeval ancestor will find it in the *Anales del Museo Nacional de Buenos Aires.* I fear, however, that the final verdict of the world of science respecting these claims of Dr. Ameghino will be that they have but little more basis in fact than a legend of the common people of Argentina who declare that our Lord's Crown of Thorns was made from the spines of the *Espinillo de Corona*—a species of acacia which grows in various parts of their country.

[1] Cf. "En Argentine de la Plata à la Cordillères," p. 398, by M. Jules Huret. Paris, 1913.

Nowhere, perhaps, not even in Chicago or New York, where one hears a babel of tongues, will one find a more cosmopolitan population than in Buenos Aires. Here there seem to be representatives from all the nations of the earth. Besides the thousands from Great Britain and the United States, there are Italians, Spaniards, Germans, Russians, Poles, Hungarians, Belgians, French, Scandinavians, Turks, Syrians, Armenians, Basques—all seeking homes and fortunes in this latest land of promise.

The nation that has the largest representation here is Italy. There are, indeed, almost as many Italians in Buenos Aires as in Rome. They are found everywhere and in all occupations, from that of the bootblack on the street corner to that of the bank president and the legislator in the National Congress. Indeed, some of Argentina's most distinguished statesmen and most successful men of affairs have been of Italian birth or descent. The musical tongue of Dante and Tasso—*la lingua toscana in bocca romana*—is heard in every part of the city, and one has only to close one's eyes to fancy oneself in Florence or Rome. In certain quarters one hears more frequently the dialects of Sicily and Naples, Venice and Calabra. Everywhere these children from sunny Italy are as numerous and as busy as ants in an ant-hill—the representatives of labor and thrift in an environment of colossal wealth and megalomania.

Next to the Italians, in point of numbers, come the Spaniards—not those who have long lived in the country, but those who have arrived here within the last few decades. There are myriads of them—sober, industrious, enterprising people from all parts of the Peninsula—the hardy Galician, the wide-awake Catalonian, the patient Basque, the ardent Andalusian. One recognizes them by their peculiarities of language, as one distinguishes the various types of Italians by their striking differences of dialects. Like the Italians, the Spaniards readily assimi-

late with the native-born population and their children are sure to be ardent and enthusiastic Argentines.

The great majority of the Spaniards and Italians belong to the laboring classes. The French, English and Germans, on the contrary, are conspicuous as merchants, bankers, capitalists. They have large interests in railroads and electric plants, and in all kinds of industrial enterprises. Much of the "big business" of the country is in their hands or under their control. The investments and loans of France, England and Germany in Argentina aggregate considerably more than two billion dollars. It was the active coöperation of these three great nations that enabled Argentina to develop her marvelous natural resources and to reach the enviable place she now occupies in the world of commerce and industry.

To see the people of Buenos Aires at their best, one must meet them in their homes and in those beautiful social reunions which are so prominent a feature of Argentine society. Their home life is ideal. The devotion of parents to children and the affection of children for parents are admirable. For exhibitions of wealth and luxury, one goes to the Hippodrome or the Teatro Colon. I shall never forget the gorgeous scene I witnessed in the latter place at a grand banquet that was given in it after Colonel Roosevelt had finished his course of lectures on Progressive Democracy. Besides those seated at the table, six thousand people were assembled in the boxes, galleries, aisles and lobbies. Not even the first night of grand opera would have brought together so great a concourse. The élite of the city were present. The men were garbed in the latest fashion and seemed even finicky about the minutest details of their personal appearance. The toilettes of the women, young and old, were dreams of elegance and luxury. Everywhere were seen the latest creations of Worth, Doucet, Paquin and Redfern. The women of New York and Washington are said to be, after their sisters in Paris,

the best-dressed women in the world. Those competent to judge claim this distinction for the women of Buenos Aires. Their taste is as exquisite as their sense of harmony in selecting fabrics and colors best adapted to enhance their personal charms is perfect. On the night in question, the toilettes and jewels represented fortunes. In the front of the tiers of boxes were young women in white, loaded with roses, and ablaze with diamonds. As seen from the stage, these circles of youthful, happy *niñas Porteñas,* with delicate features and flashing eyes, recalled the mystic white rose described by Dante in the "Paradiso":

> Le facce tutte avean di fiamma viva,
> E l'ali d'oro, e l'altro tanto, bianco,
> Che nulla neve a quel termine arriva.
> Quando scendean nel fior, di banco in banco
> Porgevan della pace e dell 'ardore,
> Ch' egli acquistavan.[1]

It must have been a scene like this that inspired the beautiful ode of the Argentine poet, Cruz Varela, on the "Bello Sexo de Buenos Aires." He pictures the city as proud of its charming daughters, and declares that it is impossible to choose among them, for they are all beautiful—*todas son bellas.*

The banquet in the Teatro Colon was virtually the public farewell of Buenos Aires to the members of our party. It was a worthy crowning of all the kindness and courtesy shown us during our sojourn in this hospitable city. Every hour spent there was one of unalloyed delight. We had heard much about the greatness, the enterprise, the phenomenal growth of Buenos Aires; we had been regaled

[1] Faces had they of flame, and wings of gold;
The rest was whiter than the driven snow;
And as they flitted down into the flower,
From range to range,
Whispered the peace and ardor which they wore.

with long stories about its superb parks and avenues, its palatial homes, its sumptuous edifices devoted to education, art, science, philanthropy, religion. We had been told about the generosity and patriotic spirit of its men; of the charm of its women, of their nobility of character, of their purity of life, of their devotion to their family, of the beauty of their children, of their deeply religious nature, of their miracles of charity in behalf of afflicted humanity, but we had to confess, after our all too brief visit among them, that we had not heard half the truth about the glories of this wonderful metropolis, or of the surpassing excellency of its inhabitants.

And when the time came to bid farewell to those who had treated us with all the affection of friends and brothers, we felt again the renewal of the acute pang of parting that we had already so frequently experienced during the course of our eventful journey. I, for one, felt constrained to give expression to my feelings by quoting from the "Adios" of the young Argentine poet, Florencio Balcarce, who was fated to die prematurely far from the land of his birth:

Adios! Buenos Aires; amigos, adios!

* * * * * * *

Adios! Buenos Aires; mil veces y mil.

CHAPTER IX

THE ARGENTINE PAMPA

Before leaving the United States, Colonel Roosevelt and I determined that we should see as much of the great Argentine Republic as possible. We wished to study it and its people in the north and the south, in the east and in the west. For we felt that we could not, by taking the usual direct route from Buenos Aires to Santiago, do justice to a country whose area is more than a third of that of the continental United States. For this reason, when we were ready to start for Chile, we went thither, according to our itinerary, by way of Rosario, Tucumán, Cordoba and Mendoza. This afforded us an opportunity not only of seeing enterprising modern cities, but also of studying some of those whose foundation dates back to the time of the Conquistadores—cities, too, which have played an important part in the history of the Republic. For a similar reason, we chose a route but little traveled on our return from Santiago to Buenos Aires. This was by way of southern Chile, Lake Nahuelhuapi, the desert of Neuquen, and Bahia Blanca. By thus acting we were able to make observations in all parts of the country from the Atlantic to the Andes, from the Gran Chaco to Patagonia.

Our itinerary proved to be so satisfactory in every respect, that, if we had to make the same journey over again, we should not change it in any way whatever.

We wished particularly to see as much as possible of the Argentine Pampa[1]—that immense plain which ex-

[1] Pampa is a Quichua word meaning a level, treeless plain or savanna. It has the same signification as the Spanish word llano, or the Russian word steppe. Thus we speak of the steppes of Siberia, or the llanos of Colombia or

tends from the lowlands of the Paraná to the foothills of the Andes, and from the morasses drained by the Bermejo on the north to the arid wastes bordering the Rio Negro on the south. It is this vast plain that constitutes the most striking feature of Argentina and which is, at the same time, the chief source of its vast wealth as well as the foundation of its future predominant position among the republics of South America.

We saw exactly what we wished to see, and that, too, under the most favorable auspices. We were able to observe the Pampa, that "great ocean of land, throughout its entire extent. We were, likewise, able to note the differences of soil and climate in the various sections of this immense region; to investigate, on the spot, the divers industries which have been developed where the conditions were most favorable. And over and above all this, we had the satisfaction of knowing that we were traveling over historic ground—ground made famous by the achievements of the Conquistadores and by the patriots of South American independence. In visiting Tucumán and Cordoba we were following the old trade route between Peru and La Plata, and were brought into touch with the descendants of subjects of the old Inca Empire which extended from Quito to Santiago del Estero. And what was not the least interesting to all of us in this far-off northwest corner of Argentina—so long isolated from the outside world, although settled shortly after the conquest of Peru and Chile—was that we had an opportunity of familiarizing ourselves with the peculiar Spanish manners and customs of early colonial times, and of living in an atmosphere redolent of the heroic deeds of a storied past.

No one can fail to be impressed by the aspect of the Pampa. It as flat and as monotonous as the ocean, and

Venezuela. When referring to the great plain of Argentina, English writers generally use the plural of the word, but Spanish writers more correctly employ the singular. Hence they say the pampa, not the pampas, of Argentina.

apparently as interminable. Nowhere is there even a hillock, or a rock, large or small. The only thing to relieve the all-pervading uniformity of the landscape, in the unsettled parts, is the gnarly, fantastic, ombú tree—useless, except for the shade it affords—which looks as if it had been transplanted from the suicides' forest in *Dante's Inferno,* as sketched by Doré. To the poets of the Pampa this bizarre product of nature is to the vast plain in which it grows what the lighthouse is to the mariner—*el faro de aquel mar.* The Gauchos have woven many stories about this tree, and in most tales and legends about the plains it is sure to have a conspicuous place. This utter absence of trees is noted more particularly in the grassy, humid parts of the Pampa which have not yet been occupied by the herdsman or the agriculturist. In the arid plains of its western part one finds everywhere low, scrubby trees and thorny bushes resembling the mesquite shrubs of Mexico. The most abundant of these growths is the chañar, and, for this reason, this part of the Pampa is sometimes called the chañar steppe.

This singular absence of arborescent vegetation in a soil so rich and productive as that of the eastern area of the Pampa has long been a great puzzle to men of science. Darwin surmised that it was due to the *pampero* or southwest wind, whose extreme violence made the growth of trees impossible. But this conjecture has been proved to be unfounded by the immense number of lofty eucalyptus trees everywhere visible and which seem to find here a more congenial soil than in their original habitat in Australia. Around nearly every estanciero's home one will now find a *monte*—a grove of eucalyptus, paraiso and other trees which seem to flourish as well as in any other part of the continent. The mystery, then, veiling the absence of forest growths in these parts seems to be even more baffling than in the case of our prairies in the western United States.

The native Pampean grasses usually grow in tufts, or tussocks, and some species of them attain a height of seven or eight feet. They are what the Spaniards call *pastos duros*—hard grasses—and, although they are good as flesh-formers, are not fattening. But these *pastos duros* have, in many sections of the country, been supplanted by the *pastos tiernos*—soft grasses—which were introduced from Spain by the early colonists. During recent years, rich grasses have likewise been introduced from England and other parts of the world. These, combined with alfalfa—which is also a recent introduction—and the propitious climate make the Argentine Pampa the best grazing country in the world.

One will see but few wild animals as he traverses the plains of Argentina. They have been decimated or exterminated, as have been the bison, the wild turkey and the passenger pigeon in our own country. But some of those still found have a peculiar interest to the visitor from the United States, because they are entirely different from anything we have in our own country, and because, also, they are the distant representatives of a fauna of the geologic past—a fauna that was extraordinary not only for the size and variety of many of its component types but also for their peculiarities of structure and bizarreness of form.

Among the representatives of these age-old types is the armadillo. There are still several species in Argentina, but, to judge from the fossil remains occurring in all parts of the Pampa, the number of species of this order was formerly much greater than it is at present. The first one I saw on its native heath was a peludo, or hairy armadillo. To come suddenly upon this contemporary of the giant glyptodon—an animal which "Nature seems to have built for eternity"—was like getting a glimpse of the fauna of the Pleistocene.

Another representative of an archaic group is the rhea,

or South American ostrich. Like the armadillo, which carries us back to a time when mammals of colossal size roamed the plains, so also the rhea transports us to a period when there were also giants among avians. The first time one of the members of our expedition tried to secure one of these majestic birds for our collection was in northern Patagonia. But the fleet rhea was too wary for him and soon put itself far beyond the range of the best aimed rifle.

There is, probably, no country in the world so rich in fossils of giant animals as the Pampa of Argentina. They are found everywhere. Indeed, this part of the continent was the home *par excellence* of the megatherium, the toxodon, the glyptodon, the mylodon, as our Far West was the favorite habitat of other strange monsters during the same period.

There is no place where the fossil remains of these strange creatures can be seen to better advantage than in the noble museum of La Plata—the most notable institution of the kind in South America, with the possible exception of the *Museo Nacional* in Lima, Peru. This is particularly remarkable for its collection of Incaic and pre-Incaic antiquities, and is comparable, in a measure, with the celebrated museum of Bulak, in Egypt. That of La Plata, while rich in anthropological specimens, is particularly interesting for its very complete series of fossil remains of the extraordinary forms of life which peopled the Pampa during the Tertiary and Quaternary epochs.

Of all the specimens in the La Plata Museum, the one which interested me most was that of the mylodon. My interest was aroused not so much by the peculiar structure of this mammoth sloth as by the fact of its survival until a very recent date. Only a few years ago, Nordenskjöld discovered, in a cave in southwestern Patagonia, a large piece of well-preserved skin, covered with greenish brown hair and small, bony knobs, which was recognized as the

skin of the mylodon. There is reason to believe that this remarkable animal was still browsing in the forests of Patagonia as late as fifty years ago. Indeed, there are naturalists who contend that this giant edentate is still living in some of the caves of southern Chile. So strong was this conviction, as late as 1902, that an expedition started from England, whose chief object was to search for a living mylodon. And, although the expedition was unsuccessful in its quest, there are not wanting men of science who continue to maintain that a living mylodon will yet be found somewhere in the forest depths of southern Chile or Argentina.

As I contemplated in the La Plata museum the fossil remains of the extraordinary fauna which inhabited the plains of Argentina during the recent periods of geological history, I saw, in fancy, the ponderous forms of divers megatheroids lumbering over the Pampa in search of food. I beheld giant, sloth-like quadrupeds, as large as elephants, pulling down the branches of trees and tearing up shrubs by their roots in order to feed on their leaves. I observed the giant megalonyx, with its enormous claws; the huge glyptodon, with its prodigious carapace; the colossal toxodon which, according to Darwin, was "one of the strangest animals ever discovered." And I noted many other species of these bulky forms of mammalian life whose nature and affinities are still a puzzle to men of science.

But all at once they disappeared from imagination as they had, in the long ago, disappeared from the grass-covered Pampa. What was the cause of their extinction? Was it some wide-spread cataclysm, or prolonged drought, or a glacial climate? Or was it one of Nature's slow-acting checks, of which we are yet entirely ignorant? Many attempts have been made to explain this mystery, but so far none of them have proved satisfactory. Some of the species named seemed destined to perpetuate their kind for untold generations. The glyptodon, for instance, as has

well been remarked, seems to have been built for eternity. Failing in an explanation of the utter extinction of the remarkable fauna which we have been considering, we can only declare with Darwin: "Certainly no fact in the long history of the world is so startling as the wide and repeated extermination of its inhabitants."[1]

I have said, in a preceding page, that it is the Pampa which, during ages long past, nourished so marvelous a fauna, that is the source of the wealth and prosperity of Argentina. It is the Pampa that supplies the necessary pabulum for the countless flocks and herds which roam over its vast expanse. It is the Pampa with its rich, alluvial soil that is now one of the principal sources of the world's food supply, as well as certain kinds of raw material of great commercial value.

When the Spaniards first went to South America they found there none of the domestic animals that are now so numerous in every part of the continent. There were no horses, cattle, sheep, asses, mules, swine, goats, cats or dogs, nor any of our domestic fowls. There was no wheat, rye, oats, barley, rice, millet, or other cereals so common in Europe; no flax, lucerne, or sugar-cane; no oranges, lemons, olives, grapes, apples, peaches, pears, figs, or coffee—all now so familiar to us in the north. Nor were there any of those numerous vegetables which are everywhere cultivated in our fields and gardens and which contribute so much to our means of subsistence. But, with the advent of the Conquistadores and the colonists from Spain, all this was changed. Now all the domestic animals, all the cereals, fruits and vegetables prized in the Old World are found in South America, and in no part of it in greater numbers and abundance, or of better quality than in the Pampa of Argentina.

[1] *Journal of Researches into the Natural History and Geology of the Countries Visited during the Voyage of H. M. S. "Beagle" round the World. Chap. VIII.*

Horses were introduced into the Plata region by Pedro de Mendoza, the founder of Buenos Aires. According to his capitulation with the Spanish Crown, he was required, among other things, to take with him to the country he was to colonize no fewer than a hundred horses. Many of these were for the use of his soldiers, but others were destined for breeding purposes.[1]

It was from these animals that sprang those countless thousands of horses which, a few decades later, covered the Pampa from the Paraguay in the north to the Rio Colorado in the south. There were everywhere "droves of wandering horses," writes the famous missionary Padre Dobrizhoffer, "of which any person may catch as many as he likes, and make them his own property. Some horsemen, within a few days, bring home more than a thousand horses from the plain. . . . A horse of this kind, of either sex, when brought from the country, and before it is accustomed to the saddle and bridle, is sometimes bought for ten or thirteen cruitzers. The colts of the mares are given gratis to the purchasers."[2]

Padre Falkner, who labored as a missionary among the Indians of Patagonia from 1740 to 1767, declares: "In an inland expedition which I made in 1744, being in these plains for the space of three weeks, they"—the horses—"were in such vast numbers that, during a fortnight, they continually surrounded me. Sometimes they passed by me

[1] Herrera, Antonio de. "Historia General de los Hechos de los Castellanos en las Islas y Tierra Firme del Mar Oceano." Dec. V., Cap. X., Madrid, 1728.

[2] "An Account of the Abipones, an Equestrian People of Paraguay," Vol. I, page 224-25, London, 1822. A German missionary, Father Anthony Sepp, writing from Buenos Aires, in 1691, declares that there "provisions are dog cheap. An ox, or rather to speak more properly, a fat cow—for they don't value the flesh of oxen—they buy for two *Reales de Plate*—or ten or twelve pence; a good horse for two shillings and for less, because I have seen two good horses given for a knife not worth sixpence in Germany, and a good ox for a few needles." "An Account of a Voyage from Spain to Paraguaria," in Churchill's "Collection of Voyages and Travels," Vol. IV, p. 608. London, 1732.

in thick troops on full speed for two or three hours together, during which time it was with the greatest difficulty that I and the four Indians who accompanied me on this occasion preserved ourselves from being run over and trampled to pieces by them." [1]

During this period, the cattle that had sprung from those which had been introduced by the earliest Spanish colonists were exceedingly numerous. Those that had been turned loose on the Pampa, during its first occupancy by the Spaniards, multiplied in a geometrical ratio, and, in a few generations, they roamed in immense herds all over the country. So great were their numbers in the early part of the eighteenth century in the Pampa that "travelers were," according to Dobrizhoffer, "obliged to send horsemen before them to clear the way, by driving away the beasts which stood threatening them with their horns." It is, therefore, no wonder that at that time a full-grown ox was sold for five groschen—a real de plata [2]—as appears from the old books of valuations. Every Spaniard who intended to enlarge his estate hired a troop of horsemen, who brought him eight, ten, or more thousands of cows and bulls from the country, within a few weeks.[3]

There were then estancieros who had herds of a hundred thousand cattle. Such a herd today would make its owner a millionaire. At that time the animals were valuable chiefly for their hides, tongues and tallow. Indeed, the hide of an ox, on account of the labor involved in preparing it for the market, was worth more than the animal itself. Hides were then used for everything. Besides those exported to Europe for manufacturing purposes, they were in the treeless Pampa used for making houses, fences, ropes, trunks, saddles, beds, and, in the absence of bags

[1] "A Description of Patagonia and the Adjoining Parts of South America," p. 39. Hereford, 1774.

[2] About a shilling of our money.

[3] Op. cit., Vol. I, p. 218.

and boxes, for the shipment of such commodities as wheat, cotton, sugar, tobacco, *yerba maté,* and many other things.

The carcasses of the animals, which would have sufficed, we are informed, "to feed a numerous army in Europe," were "left on the plain to be devoured by tigers, wild dogs and ravens." There was then no foreign market for this valuable beef and there was, apparently, no attempt made to create one. And this "blind rage" of the Spaniards for killing all the oxen they could lay hands on continued for a whole century. How many animals were slaughtered during this time, and how much valuable foodstuff sacrificed, it is impossible to estimate. Probably never before was there such an exhibition of wanton waste on so great a scale and for so long a period. Only the splendid climate and the rich pastures of the Pampa could, for so long a time, have supplied the untold myriads of cattle which were sacrificed through the cupidity of men who had no thought of the future.

The first merino sheep were introduced into the Pampa from Peru. This was in 1550. Nineteen years later, Don Juan Ortiz de Zarate made arrangements for the importation of four thousand merinos into the Plata region. Thenceforward the increase in the number of sheep was fully as remarkable as that of horses and cattle. But like the horses and cattle, they gradually deteriorated for lack of new blood and proper care.

The foregoing facts show that the climate and pastures of the Pampa are singularly adapted to pastoral industry. Indeed, all things considered, there is probably no country in the world where the outlook for stock raising is more promising than in Argentina. But this is not due solely to soil and climate. It is in a great measure owing to the enterprise of the estancieros, and to their adoption of scientific methods in cross-breeding, and to their sparing no labor or expense to secure the best results.

It is, however, only within the last half century that the pastoral industry in the Pampas has been placed on a proper basis. Previously only a limited number of estancieros recognized the necessity of changing the methods of their forefathers in stock-raising if they wished to keep pace with their competitors in other parts of the world. But, during the last few decades stockmen generally have awakened to the fact that if they wish to secure a market for their beef, wool and hides they must adopt the same methods of cross-breeding that have been so successful in Europe and the United States. The result of this awakening has been astonishing. For nowhere in the Old or the New World is greater care now given to scientific breeding or to the proper care of blooded stock than in the great estancias which are now found in every part of the Pampa. Nowhere are there more superb specimens of thoroughbred horses, cattle and sheep than in Argentina, and nowhere is their number more rapidly increasing.

The reason is not far to seek. As soon as the Argentine realized that there was extra money in blooded stock—he is as fond of the almighty dollar as his Yankee brother of the north—and that intelligent cross-breeding immensely enhances the beauty of an animal—and no one, not even an Arab, takes more delight in a beautiful, high-spirited horse than does the estanciero of the Pampa—he at once resolved to have the best that money could buy or well-directed industry could secure. Hence it is that one finds in Argentina some of the most celebrated thoroughbreds in the world—noted winners of Ascot Cups and favorite steeds of sovereigns. Thus, "the triple crown hero, Diamond Jubilee," of the late Edward VII became the property of an Argentine horse-lover. He paid $150,000 for the animal, but he considered it cheap at this price. So, likewise, does the stockman of the Pampa aim to secure the best of prize cattle and sheep, regardless of price. He will not hesitate to pay $10,000, and more, for a single ram,

if it takes his fancy, for he is sure that he will soon get his money back in better wool and mutton.

Today, Argentina is the greatest sheep-producing country in the world, except, probably, Australia. In horses and cattle it is rapidly becoming a strong competitor of Russia and the United States. And, when one considers that but a small part of the territory available for grazing purposes is in actual use by stockmen, one can realize what an enormous increase there is sure to be in the pastoral industry of this part of the world, when the vast areas, still unoccupied, will be covered with teeming flocks and herds. It will help one to estimate what the future holds in this respect, when one learns that the best grasslands of the Pampas afford sustenance for no fewer than sixty sheep per acre.

For the lover of pedigreed horses, there is no more interesting place than a large, up-to-date estancia in the Pampa. Here are assembled troops of magnificent horses of every breed, and from every country—Arabian saddle-horses, Russian Orloffs, British racers and Clydesdales; American trotters, French Percherons, German Oldenburgs, and numerous others. In a neighboring estancia, where the owner specializes in pure-blood cattle, there are select herds of Jerseys, Holsteins, Durhams, Herefords, Polled Angus—*Mochos*—and representatives of still other noted breeds imported from England, Holland and Germany. In yet another estancia there are wonderful herds of the best breeds of sheep—merinos from Spain, Lincolns, Leicesters and Oxford Downs from England and Rambouillets from France.

All these full-blooded animals are frequently crossed with the *criollo,* or native stocks, and after eight crosses their descendants are registered in stud and herd-books as pedigreed animals—*puros por mestization.*

It is scarcely necessary to observe that these valuable animals are not huddled together in shelterless corrals, as

were the *criollos* of a few decades ago. Far from it. They are provided with clean and sanitary stables and stalls, and are constantly looked after by expert stockmen, as well as by their owner to whom they are as the apple of his eye.

I once had a long conversation with a wealthy estanciero of the Pampa, who was the owner of many of the finest breeds of imported stock. He was also the father of a large number of children, to whom he was particularly devoted. I soon discovered that there were only two subjects which really interested him, and of which he never tired talking—his children and his pet animals on the estancia. Whenever they were referred to, he at once waxed eloquent. His children, in his estimation, were the best in the world, and his horses, cattle and sheep were the best of their kind. But I was at times almost in doubt as to which most occupied his thoughts and affections—his noble sons and daughters, or his wonderful thoroughbreds in stable and paddock. And he was only a type of his fellow estancieros. For it can be said with truth that nowhere can one find men who are fonder of beautiful thoroughbred animals than are the estancieros of the Pampa.

It is but little more than a generation since the pastoral industry of Argentina has assumed international importance. Formerly, as we have seen, the chief value of the flocks and herds of the country was in their wool and hides. Now it is rather in their frozen or chilled carcasses, which find a ready market in Europe and which are beginning to be in demand in the United States as well. This change of relative values is shown by the increasing number of huge *saladeros* and *frigorificos* which are springing up near all the great ports of Argentina and in which countless thousands of tons of beef and mutton are prepared for the markets of the world. The single fact that Argentina is now able to supply beef and mutton of as good quality as that produced in the United States, and to compete with the great packing-houses of Chicago and Omaha in the

markets of New York and Philadelphia is convincing proof of the crowning success of the estancieros as stock-breeders and of their enterprise as men of business. The pastoral industry of Argentina, in so far as it affects the commerce of nations, has, as yet, been little more than inaugurated. What will it be fifty years hence, when the untold millions of acres of pasturage, now vacant, shall be dotted with myriads of other fattening flocks and herds of as good quality as any that now roam the fertile, grass-grown Pampa. The giant strides made during the last few years in this all-important industry must supply the answer.

But if pastoral products are great, the fruits of agriculture are greater. This is remarkable, for it is scarcely a half-century since Argentina entered upon its present period of economic development. In 1861 the entire population of the Republic was less than half of that of Chicago of today. Little, for various reasons, could then be done towards the cultivation of the soil. But then the tide of immigration began to flow towards the Plata region, and increased in volume so rapidly that in a single year—1906—nearly two hundred thousand Europeans entered the country. A large proportion of these were day laborers from Spain and Italy—just the class of men who were needed for cultivating the rich acres of the Pampa. By 1907 the population of the Republic exceeded six millions. The area of land under cultivation had increased in like ratio. Railroads, which were almost non-existent a half-century ago, rapidly formed a network all over the Pampa, until now their mileage far exceeds that of any other Latin-American republic. These encouraged the immigrants to establish homes in the fertile plain and assured them of an outlet for their produce.

The result was phenomenal. Until 1878, the agricultural products of the country barely sufficed for home consumption. After that date—thanks to railroads and immigrant labor—the increase in the amount of cereals

Estancia Pereyra Iraola, near Buenos Aires.

Harvesting Wheat in the Pampa.

yielded by the Pampa was so great that Argentina soon took rank as one of the chief exporters of these important foodstuffs.

I need advert to only two facts to show the marvelous progress Argentina has made in agriculture in little more than a single generation. The first of these facts is that only forty years have elapsed since Argentina was obliged to import wheat and flour from the United States for the use of her own people. The second is that this same progressive country, in addition to providing for her own wants, now actually exports more wheat than the United States.

This extraordinary producing capacity is continually increasing and is sure to increase for many years to come. And this for several reasons. In the first place, only about a fourth of the cereal-bearing lands are yet under cultivation. Then there is the wonderful richness of the soil. In many parts of the country the land is so fertile that it is capable of producing the same abundant harvest for twenty or more years in succession without the use of fertilizers of any kind. Nor is it necessary, as elsewhere, to allow the land to lie fallow for a while, or to resort to the expedient of rotation of crops. In the northern part of the Republic, two crops a year are frequently yielded.

Nowhere will one find a deeper soil than in the rich, alluvial areas which are drained by the Paraná and the Paraguay. This is particularly true of that wonderful region—known as the Argentine Mesopotamia—located between the Paraná and the Uruguay. It is fully as productive as was the famous land between the Tigris and the Euphrates in the heyday of its glory and prosperity. Nowhere in South America, not even in the broad valleys of the Meta, the Orinoco, or the Amazon have I seen rich alluvial deposits of greater depth and extent. Judging by the yield of the land already under cultivation, the soil of Argentina will eventually be able to supply a great part of

Europe with foodstuffs. And, unless present indications are misleading, the day is not far distant when the splendid grazing-lands of Argentina will be nourishing fifty million cattle and two hundred million sheep; when they will export more cereals and frozen meat than any other two countries combined. Then will Argentina's ambition to be the food producer of the world be realized. Then, too, will her rich plains deserve the name that has often been applied to them—Fields of Gold.

I must not, however, fail to note certain pernicious agencies which beset Argentina's advance and prosperity. These are drought, locusts, and a noxious system of *latifundia.*

Droughts are periodic and frequently entail enormous loss and suffering. The *Gran Seco,* which lasted from 1827 to 1832, was probably the worst visitation of the kind which the country ever experienced. During this terrible period, when streams failed and springs went dry, when vegetation down to the thistle was destroyed, when "birds, wild animals, cattle and horses perished from want of water . . . the lowest estimation," according to Darwin, "of the loss of cattle in Buenos Aires alone was taken at one million head."[1] Fortunately, the Republic embraces such an immense area that the drought never affects the whole of it at any one time, and the loss to the nation, in its entirety, is not so ruinous as it would be otherwise. Then there are also those magnificent rivers which supply the inhabitants with the means of irrigating those parts of the country where water is most needed.

Another formidable foe to the agriculturist is the locusts, which belong to the species known as the *Acridium Paranense.*[2] This terrible scourge does incalculably more damage than the Rocky Mountain locusts—the so-called "hateful grasshoppers" of Kansas and Nebraska. They

[1] Op. cit., Chap. VIII.

[2] Also known as *La Langosta Argentina.*

are far more numerous and their devastating passage through the country is comparable only with that of those locusts of Egypt, in the time of Moses, of which it is said "that they covered the face of the whole earth," and that, after their invasion, "there remained not any green thing in the trees, or in the herbs of the fields, through all the land of Egypt."

This sounds like the language of hyperbole, but the words quoted accurately describe the widespread devastation wrought by the dread *Acridium Paranense* in the broad Pampa of Argentina. These destructive insects, coming, apparently, from the Gran Chaco, fly in immense swarms, miles in extent. Swarm succeeds swarm for many days in succession, and when they have passed, the plants and trees in their course are stripped of foliage and the fruits of the husbandman's labor are a total loss.

Fortunately for the inhabitants of the Pampa this dread plague is intermittent, and several years usually intervene between one visitation and another. The Government has for years been devising means of defense against this periodic visitant, but so far its efforts have been only partially successful.

The third great impediment to progress is the *latifundia,* which for centuries have weighed on the country like an incubus and paralyzed initiative on the part of countless thousands of industrious homeseekers. The greater part of the country is in the hands of a few wealthy landowners and syndicates. Their holdings run from ten to a hundred thousand acres. In many cases, they are much larger. Such vast estates are almost feudal in character and are as detrimental to the development of the Republic as were the intolerable conditions in Ireland previous to the land law of 1898, which hastened the end of the age-long struggle between the tenant and the landlord. Argentina has, for more than half a century, been striving to increase the number of immigrants to her shores, but the

existence of the immense estates in question makes colonization as difficult as it is unsatisfactory. The result is that hundreds of thousands of industrious immigrants, failing to secure land where they could establish a home, have returned to the land of their birth. This has been true particularly of immigrants from Spain and Italy. Had they been encouraged by something like our homestead laws, or had they even been able to purchase a suitable property where they could readily market their produce, the population of Argentina would be much larger than it now is, and her prosperity correspondingly greater. It was, in the judgment of Pliny, the creation of vast estates that eventually led to the downfall of Rome—*latifundia perdidere Italiam et provincias.*[1]

But, while the existence of large estates in Argentina retards progress by excluding the small farmer who is, in every country, a prime factor in the creation of its wealth and greatness, there is no reason to apprehend the dire consequences which the *latifundia* have so frequently en-

[1] The Argentine writers, Albert B. Martinez and Maurice Lewandowski, in their recent work, "The Argentine in the Twentieth Century," express themselves on this subject as follows:

"Far from encouraging the promotion of a class of small landowners, the State has assisted in the establishment of enormous holdings, which are the chief obstacle to the peopling of the country. In place of dividing into small allotments, accessible to modest fortunes, the great stretches of lands near the railways or the ports, and offering them for sale at low prices in the European communities from which a number of immigrants come each year, as is done by the United States, Australia and Canada, the Argentine administration has subjected all the operations of purchase to long and wearisome formalities which quickly exhaust both the savings and the patience of the purchaser.

"Argentine, then, if she wishes to solve this vital problem of colonization, which is for her the problem of immigration, must give careful thought to the adoption of some well-devised scheme, with the object of subdividing the present great parcels of land and of attaching the agriculturist to the land he tills, by allowing him to become its owner. Without this necessary reform, the country will continue to experience the phenomenon of temporary immigration; the immigration of men who return to their own countries as soon as they have been able to save a little money; a process exceedingly prejudicial to the best interests of the country." Fourth Edition, p. 121. Boston, n. d.

tailed in other parts of the world. The large families which are everywhere found in the Argentine are sure to preclude such disastrous results, for the property of the father is subdivided on his death among his numerous progeny, and it is, therefore, only a question of a short time until the large estates, against which there is now so much opposition, will, by continuous subdivision, give place to smaller properties, or be parceled out among small farmers like those in France and the United States.

One always associates the Pampa with that interesting and picturesque character, the Gaucho. Around him is woven all the romance of the Argentine plain. He is the hero of innumerable songs and legends. Having both Spanish and Indian blood in his veins, he is the embodiment of the daring and endurance of the aborigine, and all the bravery and loyalty of the Castilian. He is preëminently a lover of the simple, as well as of the strenuous life. Naturally averse to city life, his home is on the Pampa among cattle and horses. He is satisfied with a small adobe hut and the most primitive of furniture. His favorite diet is *carne con cuero*—beef broiled with the hide. If he has an abundance of this, he is willing to do without bread, vegetables and even salt. With beef to eat and maté to drink, his capacity for labor and resistance to fatigue are incredible. He spends most of the time in the saddle and sleeps beside his horse wherever darkness may overtake him. His apparel consists of a broad-brimmed hat, a *chiripa,* which is a kind of poncho covering the greater part of the body and worn over a pair of white drawers, or a loose kind of baggy trousers—*bombachas*—which are buttoned at the ankle. His weapons are a machete, kept in a *tirador,* a broad belt, usually adorned with silver coins, a lasso, and a *boleadora.* The last named article of his equipment consists of three *boletas,* or balls of metal or stone, which are connected by thongs, one of which is held

in the hand, and so hurled as to entangle the legs of the animal at which it is aimed.

The only luxury the Gaucho permits himself is the ornamental trappings of his horse. These are gayly decked with silver, which is always carefully polished. Both horse and housing are ever the objects of his assiduous attention and both are intimately associated with the chief joys of his wild and roaming existence.

Like the Llaneros of Venezuela and Colombia, the Guacho is a lover of music and poetry. It is his delight, after the toil of the day, to spend a part of the evening in dancing and singing, to the accompaniment of the guitar; or in reciting ballads, or rhymed romances composed by himself, or some other *hijo del pais*. He may be unable to read or write, but he often has remarkable powers of improvisation and he and his associates are frequently, like Neapolitans and Sicilians, "*cantare pares et respondere parati.*" Many of the songs and ballads of the Gauchos have been collected and published, and, like the *trovas llaneras* of the minstrels of the plains north of the Orinoco, reveal considerable beauty and depth of sentiment.[1] Lack of space precludes my giving more than a couple of specimens of the quaint melopœias of the Pampean *payador*, or trouvère. They are usually found in the facile meter of the old Spanish *Romancero*, and are simple *relaciones*, either heroic or sentimental, of wars of long ago, of venturous expeditions on the Pampa or of the sorrows and tragedies of unrequited love.

When two rival payadores have a poetical tournament, they exhibit the same boastful spirit that is so characteristic of the heroes of Homer. With his guitar across his knees, one of the improvisatori sings:

"Alguien que la echa de guapo,
Y en lo fiero queda atras,

[1] Cf. the author's "Up the Orinoco and Down the Magdalena," p. 210 et seq. New York and London, 1910.

Es poncho de poco trapo,
Purito flaco no mas."[1]

His competitor, continuing the cantilena in the same sarcastic and defiant style, promptly retorts:

"Naides con la vaina sola
Al buen Gaucho ha de correr:
Lazito de tanta armada
Nunca ha voltiao la res."[2]

Some of the poetical effusions of the Gaucho trouvères, especially of those of Santiago del Estero, have all the sentiment and sadness of the best Quichua *Yavaris*.[3] The following two strophes of a madrigal, which begins on the

[1] He who acts the braggart, and, at the time of danger remains behind, is a poncho of very poor stuff—all fringe and nothing more.

[2] Nobody can put me to flight, in showing me but the sheath of his knife; the lazo, which has so large a swing, never upsets the steer.

The Argentines have a touching legend about a poetical tournament between one Santos Vega—the Homer of the Pampa—and Juan Sin Ropa, a Mephistopheles of the plains. Santos Vega, according to popular fancy, was the soul of the Pampa, and his songs—variously called *tristes, vidalitas* and *cielitos*—were long the delight of the Gauchos who held their itinerant bard in the same affection and reverence which primitive races once entertained for their poets who were regarded both as priests and seers. But a day came, when the Santos Vega—the idolized singer of the Pampa—was publicly challenged by Juan Sin Ropa to a *payada de contrapunto*. As was inevitable in this unequal contest, victory rested with the mysterious *payador*. Unable to endure the disgrace of defeat, Santos Vega mounted his horse and disappeared forever in the boundless Pampa.

Santos Vega se va á hundir
En lo immenso de esos llanos.
¡Lo han vencido! ¡Llegó! hermanos,
El momento de morir!

"Juan Sin Ropa," as Vincente B. Ibanez, well observes, "is the Argentine spirit of the city, the wise demon, with all the powers and refinements of the civilization which conquers the ingenuous man of the plains as soon as he meets him face to face in single combat. And the noble Gaucho, recognizing his inferiority, acknowledges his discomfiture and retires to die in obscurity." *Argentina y sus Grandezas*, p. 249, Madrid, n. d.

[3] Cf. the author's "Along the Andes and Down the Amazon," p. 145.

serene summit of hope and ends in the dismal deep of despair, are good illustrations of the character of this kind of *mandolinate* poetry:

Como es, paloma mia,
  Paloma blanca,
Que para un pecho solo
  Tienes dos alas?

Es que el amor cobijo
  Que me entregaras;
Y dos alas preciso
  Para dos almas.[1]

A characteristic stanza from a discarded lover runs thus:

Su labio no se pintó
Con clavel, coral ne grana,
Sino con sangre que mana
Del corazon que partió.[2]

But the true Argentine Gauchos, who were wont, in years gone by, to career over the plains lassoing wild cattle, or capturing untamed horses with the *bolas,* are rapidly disappearing. In the more settled parts of the country they are no longer to be seen. The few that remain have retired to the northwestern part of the Republic, or to the sparsely inhabited sections of Patagonia. We saw but few of them, and these were near the foothills of the Andes. With them goes much of the local color of the Pampa. With them, also, departs a class of men who contributed

[1] O my dove, my white dove, why hast thou two wings for only one heart?
'Tis because my bosom shelters the love which thou gavest me, and I need two wings for the two souls I have.

[2] It is not the color of the pink, the coral or the cochineal which reddens thy lips, but that of the blood which gushes from the heart which thou hast pierced.

Two Rival Payadores in a Poetical Tournament.

Gaucho Homes.

much towards the upbuilding of Argentina. They were among the best soldiers during the war of independence. They assisted materially towards delivering their country from merciless, marauding savages and towards developing the pastoral industry as it existed before the introduction of present scientific methods. As a type, they resembled our cowboys of a generation ago, and the Cossacks of southern Russia of a much earlier date. The more distinguished among them will always have a place in the history of Argentina as Daniel Boone and Kit Carson will ever receive special notice in the annals of our own country.[1]

But who is the Argentine? I mean the typical Argentine, the representative of the soul of the nation, the ex-

[1] An English writer describing the Gaucho says of him: "The Gaucho proper is a class—a race it may be called—by itself, and, like the Indian, is but very slowly modified. Within a radius of very many leagues extending from the chief cities of the Platine Republic, his occupation is now gone. Tillage and sheep-farming have driven him out, and he is retiring across the same ground over which the Indian has retired before him. There is a certain poetry and picturesqueness about the 'race' as, in a different way, about the Moors of Castile, which almost makes one regret to see pass away a fellow who will sleep on his saddle at your door-sill, like a faithful dog; who endures heat and cold, hunger and thirst, without uttering a complaint; who rides five hundred miles on end at your bidding, sleeping in the open air, providing his food with the lasso and disposing of it by the simple appliance of his knife, flint and steel, with bones or dried weeds as fuel; who would take the cows, neats or horses of any one but his patron; who, perhaps, might knock a man off his horse and cut his throat for his spurs and stirrups, if these took his fancy, but who, in his patron's service, could, with perfect confidence, be trusted with hundreds of pounds to go as many leagues and purchase and bring in cattle; who moves with grace, speaks with courtesy, asks after all the family in detail, sends his compliments to the *patrona,* or compliments her, if he has an opportunity; who marks on the ground the different brands of horses or cattle of numerous owners, and traces stolen or strayed animals over thousands of leagues—such is my friend the Gaucho. Yet even some of these come within the circle of civilization and industry, and become patient tenders of flocks. Still, as a class, the Gaucho proper must pass away under modifying influences and altered conditions; and where these do not reach, the race, from that lack of domesticity, which is fatal to propagation, must literally die out." Cf. *The Romance of the River Plate,* Vol. II, p. 370, *et seq.,* by W. H. Koebel, London, 1914.

ponent of its aspirations, and the heir of its traditions and past glories, the one who is preëminently the son of Argentina, who, in the midst of the untold thousands of foreign birth, is attached to the soil by all the fibers of his being?

Among the typical Argentines, is, of course, the Gaucho. He is, in every sense of the word, a true son of the glebe, for he and his forebears have been identified with it for centuries. He, too, has had much to do with the upbuilding of the nation and the making of its history. Much of the hardihood and brilliant achievement for which the Argentines have so long been celebrated must be credited to this picturesque figure of the Pampa. One cannot but regret that this class—it cannot be called a race—is so rapidly approaching extinction.

Other typical Argentines are the descendants of those old families of Spanish stock who have inhabited the country since early colonial times. One finds them in the great estancias in every part of the Republic. Here their ancestors have lived and seen their children increase and multiply and make their homes on the estates of their fathers in true patriarchal style. They are also found in the towns and cities, but they belong to the exclusive society which has little sympathy with those parvenus whose sole occupation is the pursuit of wealth and pleasure, and whose views of life are but little different from those of Epicurus and Confucius. Many of these older families are of noble lineage and have in their veins the blood of some of Spain's most famous grandees. Like similar families in Lima and Quito, they constitute the aristocracy of Argentina, and exhibit, in their intercourse with their fellows, all the dignity and chivalry and courtliness of the hidalgos of Granada and Castile.

In the eyes of the law, all who are born in the country, as well as naturalized immigrants, are citizens of Argentina, but these are as different from the representatives of the old families referred to, as are our latest arrivals

from Sicily and Russia from the descendants of the first colonists of Virginia, Maryland, or New England.

The truth is that the definitive type of Argentine is still in the making. What it will eventually be, after the peoples of the various nationalities which now compose the population of the Republic have thoroughly blended, it is difficult to predict. The process of fusion will naturally be less difficult than in Brazil, where there is such a large proportion of the black and red races. In Argentine there are now but few Indians, outside of the Gran Chaco and Patagonia, while the Negro is quite a negligible factor.

In speculating, then, on what will be the result of the fusion of the various types at present existing in Argentina we have to deal chiefly with the Caucasian race. For the Argentine Republic, like that of Uruguay, is remarkable among the nations of South America for the predominance of the white race. As has already been said, the great majority of the population consists of peoples of Latin origin. These readily assimilate with one another, by reason not only of the similarity of language, of literary and artistic traditions, but also of the identity of religion and general culture and ways of life. Until a half-century ago, the population was almost exclusively of Spanish origin. Since then it has been notably modified by the vast influx of colonists from Italy, not to speak of those from other parts of the world. But the differences from the parent stock, which these people of Latin extraction exhibit in Argentina, are the result of local and historical causes rather than the commingling of native elements. As might be expected, the recent arrivals from Spain fuse more readily with the native-born inhabitants of the country than do the Italians. This is because of the sameness of language. But it is only a question of a short time until the Italians also will become absorbed into the native population.[1]

[1] "Unity of language," writes the Argentine statesman, Carlos Pellegrini, "necessarily favors the process of fusion, and explains the fact that the de-

What will be the resultant type of this fusion of Argentine, Spaniard and Italian we can only surmise. For as yet we are without the necessary data for determining the effect of blood admixture on national character, or the influence of heredity and environment on a population composed of several different elements, like those in question. That the type will exhibit the best and most prominent traits of the component peoples there is every reason to believe. That it will possess the practical intelligence of the Spaniard, the individual energy of the Italian, the ardent and jubilant patriotism of the Argentine, the spirit of enterprise, the optimism, the civic idealism of all these three combined, there can be little doubt. That Argentina, after this fusion of peoples who have given to the world a Cervantes, a Murillo, a Calderon, a Dante, a Leonardo da Vinci, a Columbus, a Galileo, a San Martin, will eventually take a prominent place in literature, art, science and statesmanship seems assured. It has long been the ambition of Argentina to be to South America what the United States is in the North—the leader in trade, industry, and the dominant factor in statecraft. Blessed with a temperate climate, with a soil as fertile as any in the world, with unbounded resources awaiting development, with a peace-loving population and a government whose stability is almost guaranteed by the magnitude of foreign interests in the country, there is every reason why the Argentine Republic should realize her aspirations, and achieve a prominent position among the great nations of the earth. A generation or two of continuous peace and prosperity may suffice to enable this young and vigorous republic to take rank with the parent lands—Spain, Italy and France—and become not only the perpetuator of the spirit and the great-

scendants of immigrants of different race, religion, language, habits and traditions are able to fuse so completely as to form a perfectly homogeneous population, one in mind and in sentiment, thus constituting a new nationality, young, vigorous, and strongly individual." "The Argentine in the Twentieth Century," by Albert B. Martinez and Maurice Lewandowski, p. li n. d.

ness and the glories of the Latin countries of southern Europe, but also the acknowledged head and champion of the Latin race in the New World.[1]

[1] M. L. Guilaine, in "La République Argentine Physique et Économique," Paris, 1889, p. XXIII, declares Argentina to be "cette puissance nouvelle qui suffirait à elle seule à réhabiliter la race latine à laquelle elle appartient et à la relever de cette espèce de déchéance et d'inertie dont elle semble frappée, dans ce dernier quart de siècle, devant la brutale expansion du monde saxon et germanique."

CHAPTER X

ALONG THE SOUTHERN FRONTIER OF THE OLD INCA EMPIRE

One of the most interesting journeys which one can make in Argentina is from Buenos Aires to Tucuman, by way of Rosario. The Central Argentine Railway which connects these three cities is one of the best constructed and best equipped roads in the Republic. The dining and sleeping cars are much like those on our great trunk lines, and the employees leave nothing undone that will contribute to the comfort and pleasure of the passenger. Besides this, the road passes through one of the richest and most flourishing sections of the Republic. In parts of the country traversed, the soil is so fecund that it produces two crops annually for twenty years and more, in succession, and that, too, without the use of artificial fertilizers of any kind. Wheat and other cereals are grown here in abundance and constitute the chief source of wealth of this part of Argentina.

Our first stop of any length was at Rosario, a prosperous city of more than two hundred thousand inhabitants. Although it is nearly two centuries old—having been founded by Francisco Godoy in 1725—its present remarkable progress dates only from 1859, when President Urquiza made it the port of the eleven so-called *Arribeña*—western—provinces. Since then it has become one of the world's great centers for the exportation of cereals, especially wheat. The Paraná, on which Rosario is situated, is here deep enough to admit large ocean vessels. The docks are several miles in length and plans are made for

making them still longer. They provide every convenience for an immense fleet of merchantmen from all parts of the world. The quantity of grain exported from this busy mart frequently exceeds twenty thousand tons a day. The wheat elevators are large and numerous and equipped with the latest appliances for the expeditious transfer of the products of the Pampa to the scores of ocean steamers moored at the long line of docks.

Rosario ranks next to Buenos Aires in population and commerce. Its people are as industrious and enterprising as they are courteous and hospitable. Their city has all the aspects of a modern metropolis. Many of the public and private buildings rival the most sumptuous of those in the national capital. Some of the villas along the Paraná are beautiful specimens of architecture. Many of them resemble the suburban homes of our New York and Philadelphia millionaires. There are spacious plazas, beautiful gardens, broad and well-paved streets and avenues. The schools, hospitals, banks and clubs are thoroughly up to date and are a striking evidence not only of the city's wealth and prosperity but also of its devotion to works of education and charity. Argentines love to say that Buenos Aires is to their country what New York is to ours. One can say, with equal truth, that Rosario is to Argentina what Chicago is to the United States. It is not only a great emporium whence is shipped to all parts of the world the products of the golden plains between the Paraná and the Andes, but also a center of industry which exhibits better than anything else the energy, intelligence and foresight of its inhabitants. After Buenos Aires, no city in the Republic furnishes better proof of the future greatness of Argentina than does wide-awake, energetic and progressive Rosario.

After leaving Rosario, the next place of interest—at least for myself—was Santiago del Estero, the capital of the province of the same name. I was interested in it be-

cause it was once within the confines of the vast Empire of the Incas—an empire that embraced all the territory, between the Pacific and the eastern slopes of the Andes, from the salt marshes of Santiago del Estero [1] to the lofty plateaux of Northern Ecuador. The Quichua language—the tongue of the Incas—is still spoken in Santiago by the descendants of the old Inca colonists. But it is not called Quichua here, as in other parts of South America. It is known as *Cuzcu,* from Cuzco, the famous Inca capital. Thus an Indian in Santiago will say "I speak Cuzcu," not "I speak Quichua."

Hearing Quichua in these parts evoked many pleasant memories of delightful days in Peru and Ecuador where, for months at a time, I was in daily contact with those whose mother tongue was Quichua. It recalled many acts of kindness, many spontaneous services rendered me by these good and simple folk who were ever ready to share their frugal meals with me, or to offer me shelter in their humble abodes. It freshened the memory of faithful guides in the chilly *punas* and *paramos* of the Cordilleras, and of devoted servants and *cargueros* in the *montañas* of eastern Peru.

That the dominions of the Incas should have been so extensive and that the language of the Children of the Sun should have been spoken throughout a region whose length exceeded the distance from London to Constantinople has always been regarded as a marvelous phenomenon in South American history. Military conquest does not explain it. The Incas were able to annex Quito only by a political marriage, while they never jeopardized their prestige by attempting to subjugate the strong and liberty-loving Araucanians of Chile. How was it, then, that they extended their sway over the Lules and the Calchaquies, who, in ante-colonial times, inhabited the northwestern part of what is now known as Argentina?

[1] Quichua names of places are found as far south as Rio Tercero.

In his "Commentarios Reales,"[1] the distinguished Inca historian, Garcilaso de la Vega, gives the answer. According to him, the inhabitants of Tucumán—which then embraced a much larger area than the present province of that name—learning of the achievements of the Children of the Sun in the arts of peace, sent an embassy to the Inca Huiracocha, begging him to count their people among his subjects and to send them princes of the blood royal to teach them the arts, the language and the religion of the Inca Empire. This was more than two centuries before the Spaniards set foot on the soil of Peru. The incorporation, then, of the agricultural tribes of Tucumán into the government of the Incas was spontaneous. It was caused by their desire to share in the benefits of the civilization for which the Incas were so famed, and not the result of a war of conquest waged against them by the more powerful tribes who owed allegiance to the rulers of Cuzco.

There are few more touching spectacles in South American history than that of the ambassadors of the rude Indians of the broad territory of Tucumán, tired of the barbarism in which their people had so long lived, starting on their long journey in quest of teachers of the arts of civilized life. They do not hesitate to leave the benign climate, the umbrageous forests, the comfortable life of their native plains, and brave the cold, the fatigue and the countless dangers of a journey of five hundred leagues through the bare and inhospitable table-lands of the Cordilleras. Only those who are familiar with the forbidding character of the country which they had to traverse can realize how great must have been their trials and sufferings before they arrived at the end of their long and venturesome peregrination. But they finally arrived in Cuzco. And when they made known the object of their mission, they were treated with every consideration by the Inca and his court. And what was more to them, and the people

[1] Lib. V, Cap. XXV. Madrid, 1723.

whom they represented, they were assured at once that all their requests would be granted—that they should have the teachers, artisans and *kuracas*—chiefs—and ministers of the Sun they asked for and that their country would, as they desired, form an integrant part of the great empire of the Children of the Sun.

The vestiges of Lulu and Calchaqui civilization, including the ruins of towns and aqueducts, which are still found in the province of Tucumán, show that the Incas' teachers found apt and docile pupils among their new subjects in the distant south. Their pottery, especially, is remarkable, and reminds one in some of its features of that of the ancient Tuscans. The manual and agricultural arts soon attained almost the same degree of perfection that so surprised the Spanish conquerors on their arrival in Cuzco and in the great Chimu. A knowledge of the treatment of such metals as gold, silver, copper and tin was widespread, as was also that of spinning and weaving the wool of the alpaca and the vicuña. This latter handicraft still remains a favorite one among the Indians in this section of the country. The use of cotton fabrics was general, and, if we may believe Sr. D. Pablo Groussac,[1] the name Tucumán is of Quichua origin and signifies "land of cotton." But the most remarkable fact about the dominant influence of the Incas among these people in the land of cotton was that this influence was not imposed on them by a conquering warrior, but was eagerly sought and received with gratitude by the people themselves. The inhabitants of Tucumán, like the Araucanians of Chile, loved liberty and independence, but—a rare thing in the history of nations—they loved civilization far more.

Of the city of Tucumán, or rather, San Miguel de Tucumán, to give its full name, all the members of our party will ever cherish the most pleasant memories. The hos-

[1] "Memoria Historica y Descriptiva de la Provincia de Tucumán," p. 13, Buenos Aires, 1882.

pitality of its people was both generous and exquisite. Owing to the lack of railroads until a recent date, they have been quite isolated from the rest of the world. For this reason one still finds among them many of the quaint customs of colonial times and that peculiar social flavor which distinguished the civilization of the Spanish peninsula during the age of Cervantes and Lope de Vega. The women are noted for their grace and charm; the men for their dignity and goodness of heart.

"Nowhere in the world," said a prominent business man from New England to me—a man who has long made his home in Tucumán—"will you find more devoted wives and mothers than here in my adopted city." This explains in great measure the impressive fact that the rate of increase of population in the province of Tucumán—excluding immigrants—is greater than that of any country in Europe. According to statistics, the most favored nation of Europe requires fifty years to double its population. In Tucumán the number of inhabitants is doubled in thirty-seven years.

Another interesting fact is that the density of Tucumán's population is greater than that of any other province of Argentina, not excepting that of Buenos Aires. It is even greater than that of the United States.

Comparatively few of the people are pure whites. Most of them are mestizos, descended from Spaniards who had intermarried with the aborigines, especially with those tribes who had come under the civilizing sway of the Incas. They formed a noble race in which one often finds combined the best traits of both the Indian and the Spaniard.

With few exceptions, the buildings of the city of Tucumán are like those which were found in all the cities and towns of Spanish America during colonial times. Their style of architecture is identical. They are of one story and have, usually, two or more patios, at least one of which is used as a corral for horses and other animals. This

architectural monotony observable in the older cities of Spanish America is the result of laws promulgated by the mother country prescribing that all houses be of the same form—*sean de una forma por el ornato de la poblacion.*[1]

Stranger than the law regulating the form and contiguity of the buildings of all centers of population, whether large or small, was the reason assigned for having horse and cow stables connected with dwelling houses. Incredible as it may seem, this arrangement was adopted as a sanitary measure. It was in keeping with the theory of the medical fraternity in Madrid during the reign of one of the Austrian Philips, which maintained that, by reason of the proximity of the Spanish capital to the Sierra de Guadarrama, the air was "so piercing and subtle that this kind of corrupting it with these ill vapors kept it in good temper."[2]

These laws, it is scarcely necessary to observe, have long ceased to be operative. In Tucumán, as in all other progressive cities in South America, each one is free to select his own style of architecture for his home and other buildings and to make them of as many stories as he may choose. We saw here numerous residences of modern design, and suburban villas that have but little in common

[1] Another peculiar law, which was more frequently ignored than observed, was to the effect that all towns and cities should be on the east of the river on which they were located, so that the rising sun should shine on the town before striking the water—*dé primero en el pueblo que en el agua.*

[2] When the Spanish statesman, Esquilache, determined to have the streets of Madrid cleaned, the opponents of the measure "le presentaron cierta originalisima consulta hecha por los medicos bajo el reinado de uno de los Felipes de Austria y reducida á demostrar que, siendo sumamente sutil el aire de la poblacion á causa de estar proxima á la sierra de Guadarrama, ocasionaria los mayores estragos si no se impregnara en los vapores de las imundicias desparramadas por las calles!" "Historia del Reinado de Carlos III en España, Tom I, pp. 267, 268, by Antonio Ferrer del Rio, Madrid, 1856.

This unhygienic condition, it may here be remarked, was not peculiar to Spain or her colonies during the period in question. Similar conditions still exist in all the countries of Europe, as well as in other parts of the civilized world.

with the old one-storied Spanish home with its numerous patios and corrals.

One of our greatest architectural surprises in Tucumán was the Hotel Savoy. It was a splendid structure, opened only a short time before our arrival. It is thoroughly modern in all its appointments and is, in every way, a credit to the city. The service and the comfort it assures its patrons tempts one to tarry among the charming people who are found in such large numbers in this interesting old capital.

A source of never-ending delight were the graceful jacarandá trees which adorned the sides of the streets. They were loaded with large panicles of purplish-blue flowers of rare beauty and luxuriance. I cannot imagine a more ornamental shade-tree for the southern cities of the United States. If once introduced, it would become as popular as the wistaria whose exquisite flower-clusters closely resemble in form and color those of the jacarandá.

Through the kindness of our genial hosts we were able to see all the chief places of interest in and around the city. A drive that was particularly delightful was to a charming summer resort on the forest-covered slope of the Sierra de Aconquija, which parallels the great Andean range to the westward and whose lofty peaks are covered with eternal snow. Here we found a score or more of cozy cottages which are occupied by the leading families of Tucumán during midsummer, which is our midwinter. Surrounded by all kinds of shrubbery, fruit trees and flowers of every hue, each of these summer homes seemed ideal places for rest and recreation. The climate is cool and exhilarating and the views of mountain and plain are superb. It has been my good fortune to contemplate numerous magnificent prospects from many points along the cordilleras from the Caribbean to Patagonia, but I can truthfully say that one of the most enchanting was that which opened up before my delighted vision as I stood on the porch of the rose-trellised cottage of our amiable host, ex-Governor

Nougues. It was, indeed, a panorama to delight the eye and dilate the soul. It was broad, dignified, tranquil, magnificent. The severity of the denuded crest of Aconquija, desolately grand, was in striking contrast with the opulent abundance of the plain, which was covered with a carpet which surpassed in loveliness anything that ever came from the looms of Shiraz or Cashmere.

Immediately in front of us, and for miles down the mountain's flank, were semitropical plants and trees of wondrous beauty and luxuriance. Beyond this forest belt was an emerald-green plain whose boundaries were lost in the dim horizon, untold leagues distant. Everywhere were thriving towns and villages, and in their midst the picturesque capital of the province with its lofty church-domes and steeples. The soft green of the plain was due to tens of thousands of acres of sugar-cane, which is the chief staple of this fertile and populous province. Everywhere were large *ingenios*—sugar mills—surrounded by the homes of hundreds, and, in some cases, of thousands of employees. And there were countless flocks and herds luxuriating in the well-watered meadows. There were also broad acres of golden grain, gardens of exuberant flowers and orchards laden with the luscious fruits of every zone.

"The Promised Land, as seen from Mount Pisgah," I observed to Colonel Roosevelt, who was standing near me. "Yes," he answered, "you are right. It is like a view of the Promised Land."

But we were not the first to give expression to this thought. Even to the earliest Spanish colonists, as Padre Lozano informs us, this fair and fertile region was known as *La Tierra de Repromision.*[1] And it deserves the name. For in climate, fertility of soil and variety and richness of flora it is not surpassed by any province of the Republic.

[1] "Historia de la Conquista, del Paraguay, Rio de la Plata y Tucumán," Tom. II, pp. 103-104; Buenos Aires, 1873-75. It has also been called "The American Switzerland" and "The Eden of America."

The province of Tucumán has long been the center of the sugar industry of Argentina. The annual production has, in favorable years, been as high as one hundred and sixty thousand tons. What is not required for home consumption is exported to Europe and elsewhere.

We visited three of the largest sugar factories and plantations, two of which belong to the families Nogues and Hileret, both of French origin. The third is the property of an Argentine company of which the governor of the state, Sr. D. Ernesto Padilla, one of our hosts, is a prominent member. Among the employees were Argentines, migratory Italians and mestizos from Santiago del Estero. We also noticed some pure-blooded Indians who were descendants of those who received their first knowledge of industry and agriculture from the Incas of Peru. Among the foremen, engineers, electricians, chemists and bookkeepers of these vast establishments are many Frenchmen and Germans, although many responsible positions connected with the management of machinery are held by native Argentines who exhibit, as far as we could observe, as much intelligence and skill as their associates from Germany and France.

All of the machinery which we saw in these immense plants is of European manufacture. There is a splendid opening here and in the two score other *ingenios* in the province of Tucumán for enterprising makers of North American machinery. So far as I could learn, our American agents and manufacturers have done little or nothing in this promising field. There was never a better opportunity for them to secure the trade in machinery of all kinds in this rich province than now, and it is to be hoped that our people will not fail to take advantage of present favorable conditions.

In all these big properties we were impressed with the manifest interest exhibited by the owners of them in their employees. Everything possible is done for their welfare

and that of their families. They receive good wages, are provided with homes and fuel free of charge, and have beautiful churches and schools erected for their benefit. Their homes, while modest, are comfortable, and are surrounded by orange, banana, mandarin and other fruit trees. Many of them have beautiful gardens around them, in which are not only choice vegetables but also lovely flowers such as jasmines, nasturtiums, violets, geraniums and roses of many varieties and colors. All these things, joined with the mild climate and generous soil, cannot fail to make for the comfort and contentment of the thousands of laborers who have their homes in these parts.

The people of Tucumán, in order to get the best harvests from their cane plantations, rice and wheat fields, orchards and gardens, have established an agricultural college in which scientific gardening, farming and arboriculture are taught by trained experts from Europe and the United States. This institution is frequented not only by the sons of planters and estancieros, but also by those of merchants and statesmen who have a less direct interest in the cultivation of the soil. The results already achieved by the college more than demonstrate the wisdom of its establishment. Here experiments are made on plants and trees from all parts of the world. Not satisfied with the oranges that grow here in profusion—and they are of a good quality—those in charge of the college have imported other varieties from Italy, the Riviera, from Tangiers, and Majorca, from Syria, China and Brazil. In the extensive nurseries of the institution there are countless varieties of vegetables, strawberries, cherries, lemons, apricots, mandarins. There are more than a hundred varieties of peaches, many of which are from California, France and China.

But the chief attention of the professors and students of the college is devoted to Tucumán's most important asset—sugar-cane. Every known variety of this plant seems to have been brought here. There is sugar-cane from

Cuba, Louisiana and Honduras; from Peru, Mexico, and Hawaii; from Borneo, Sumatra and the Celebes; from Java, India and the Malay Archipelago; from the Congo, New Caledonia and the Philippine Islands. If one may judge by the well-directed enthusiasm of students and professors in their experiments on these different species and varieties of cane and on their adaptability to the soil and climate of Tucumán, one is justified in expecting results of great and permanent value, not only to the people of Argentina, but also to the sugar producers of other parts of the world.

The social, industrial and economical conditions of Tucumán interested all of our party immensely, but, although I fully shared the interests of my companions, I must confess that I was inclined to devote more time to the relics of the city which evoke memories of its storied past and to the monuments which recall the glorious deeds of its patriotic sons and daughters during the stirring times of the great war of independence.

Among these relics is one which is treasured in the sacristy of the cathedral. It is a large cross of darkened quebracho wood which commemorates the foundation of the city on its present site in 1685. I say on its present site, because it was first located about twelve leagues to the south, near the little town of Monteros, on a small river which still bears the name of Rio del Pueblo Viejo. The old Tucumán, which was situated near the Sierra de Conquija, was founded in 1565, and was designed as a stronghold against the attacks of hostile Indians. But on account of the insalubrity of the place and other urgent reasons, the inhabitants petitioned King Charles II for its transfer to its actual site near the Rio Sali. The translation was effected with great solemnity. What was particularly notable was that all the buildings, public and private, with the exception of the town-hall, had in the new town the same relative location which they had occupied in the old.

Tucumán is celebrated in the annals of Argentina for

the great victory that was here gained by Belgrano, the leader of the patriot forces, over the Spanish army under General Tristan on the twenty-fourth of September, 1812. Manuel Belgrano was a native of Buenos Aires, and after San Martin, is, in the estimation of the Argentines, the greatest hero of the war of independence. An imposing monument has been erected to his memory in the Plaza de la Independencia, and the people of the city cherish the memory of Belgrano as if he were a son of Tucumán.

Of the far-reaching effect of the battle of Tucumán there can be no doubt. The people of the city love to speak of it as a victory due to their prowess and determination to fight in spite of the orders which had been sent to Belgrano from the government in Buenos Aires to retire before the enemy, even if fortune should favor his arms. Women, as well as men, fought in the ranks of the patriot army. Among the heroines of this memorable conflict was a woman known in history as Manuela, *la Tucumána,* who, fighting at her husband's side, so distinguished herself by her achievements that she was made an officer in the victorious army. She and Policarpa Salavarrieta, of Colombia, to whose memory her country erected a beautiful monument in Guaduas, are but two of many of the patriotic heroines of South America, whose names are held in benediction, and whose deeds of daring have long been the favorite themes of poets, historians and orators. The women of Spanish America are usually thought of as delicate and timid creatures who would be afraid to venture forth from the shelter of their homes, but the two heroines named show that, when occasion demands, they are of the same determined character as the Spartan mothers of old, and that they will unhesitatingly face death on the field of battle in their country's cause.

The victory of Tucumán not only saved the cause of the revolution in Argentina, but it also contributed very materially towards the triumph of independence in the

whole of the South American continent. It paved the way, as Mitre points out,[1] to the victory of Salta, the passage of the Andes, the battles of Maipó and Chacabuco, the expedition to Lima, and the assistance given to Bolivar by San Martin. Without it, the successful campaign of the patriots in Uruguay, Chile, Quito, Upper and Lower Peru would have been long delayed or paralyzed. After that great triumph, as Groussac observes,[2] "Argentine independence became an indestructible fact. The patriots knew their strength and the royalists their weakness. The battle of Tucumán is the first canto of the epopee which, from Panama to Buenos Aires, Belgrano, Bolivar and San Martin will write with their swords. It does not announce a general of genius to the people of La Plata, but it presents a nation of fiber and valor to its sisters of the continent." Since that momentous event Tucumán has been called *El Sepulchro de la tyrania.*

In one of the churches of Tucumán is a statue of Our Lady of Mercy—*Nuestra Señora de la Merced*—which is probably the most fondly cherished object in the city. Every visitor goes to see it, and every year, on the twenty-fourth of September, the feast of Our Lady of Mercy, and likewise the anniversary of the battle of Tucumán, this statue is carried with great pomp in procession through the streets of the city. The statue is decked with finest silks and laces and jewels, but the object on which all eyes are riveted, as it is borne through the city, is a field-marshal's baton in the Virgin's right hand. The story of when and why this baton was placed in the Virgin's hand is as touching as it is beautiful.

After the battle of Tucumán, just as a division of the vanguard of Belgrano's army was returning to the city, it encountered a procession passing through the streets of the city carrying in triumph this statue of Our Lady of

[1] "Historia de Belgrano," Tom. II, p. 76, Buenos Aires, 1859.
[2] Op. cit., p. 155.

Mercy. As the victory of the twenty-fourth of September had been won on the day of the invocation of Our Lady, it was attributed by the people to her special intercession. General Belgrano, who was a deeply religious man, decided then and there to name her general of the army.[1] The division of the vanguard, still in the saddle and covered with dust, joined the procession and accompanied it on its way to the battlefield, which was still reeking with the blood of its victims. Belgrano then approached the framework on which the statue was carried and reverently placed his baton in the Virgin's hand. After this the procession continued its course to the place of victory. This simple and unexpected act of the victorious warrior produced a most profound impression on that great concourse of people who were as pious as they were brave. This and other acts of public devotion no less than his achievements on the battlefield made Belgrano a national hero. More than this! They, in the words of his biographer, Bartolome Mitre, changed the face of the revolution—*cambiaron la faz de la revolucion.*[2]

In view of these facts and associations, can we wonder that the good people of Tucumán manifest such tender devotion toward Our Lady of Mercy and hail her not only as the *Generala* of the Argentine Army but also invoke her as their patroness and protectress? She is to them what Joan of Arc is to France, and much more. She is not only the Lady of Victory, but also the Consolation of the Afflicted and the Help of Christians.

The greatest national monument in Tucumán is the Hall of Independence. It is a small and unpretentious, one-story building, but it is dear to the hearts of all Argentines. For it was here that the first sovereign congress of the United Provinces of Rio de la Plata convened on the

[1] La Hizo nombrar Generala del Ejercito, "Historia de Belgrano," Tom. II, p. 70, by B. Mitre.

[2] Ibid.

Casa de Independencia. Tucumán.

Native Fruit Market in Western Argentina.

twenty-fifth of March, 1816, to complete the work which had been begun in the constituent assembly at Buenos Aires on May twenty-fifth, 1810, when the people of that city rose in revolt against Spanish rule. In it are exhibited the portraits of the signers of the declaration of independence, the chair that was occupied by the presiding officer of the congress, as well as a number of other objects that are sure to arrest the attention of the visitor. To protect it from the elements, it is now in a large and elaborate building of recent construction.

This memorable congress, in the vast territory which was to be affected by its decisions, was well described as "the hope of the people and the object of general expectation." No one, not familiar with the chaotic condition of the country at the time the congress assembled, can realize how necessary it was to stem dissension and anarchy, and rally the discordant multitudes to the support of the sacred cause of liberty. The congress itself, in its manifesto issued three years after the opening of its first session, describes the sad state of the inhabitants of the Plata region in the following paragraphs:

"Spain fans among us the fire of dissension. . . . She sends exterminating armies. They spread everywhere desolation and crime, and the successes of war are against us.

"Ah! in what a deplorable state the Republic found itself when the National Congress was inaugurated.

"Governments succeed each other tumultuously like the waves of an agitated sea. An assembly is installed which vanishes like smoke; a scandalous conflict exists between the supreme government and many provinces; the spirit of party, in which one faction combats another, is rampant; everywhere are restless citizens always ready to sow distrust; the public treasury is exhausted; the State is without agriculture, without commerce, without industry; in fine, the entire state is rushing headlong from error to error,

and from calamity to calamity, to its political dissolution."

Confronted with anarchy within and armed forces from without—for Spain was on the point of dispatching a large army to suppress the revolt in the Plata region—the patriots were almost desperate. They were prepared to become the subjects of any foreign power rather than suffer the vengeance of Ferdinand VII. They even went so far as to send a special envoy to England to beg the British government to take possession of this portion of the Spanish colonies.[1]

But no sooner had the congress assembled, than the lovers of freedom began to breathe more freely and confidently to hope for final deliverance. And they were not disappointed. On the ninth of July, 1816, the United Provinces in South America, "invoking the Eternal who presides over the universe, and in the name of and by the authority of the peoples they represented, protesting to heaven and to all the nations of the earth the justice of their act, solemnly affixed their signatures to the act which declared them and the people they represented to be free and independent of the Spanish Crown, to which they had been subject for nearly three centuries." The colony then came to an end and the Republic was established. The constituent assembly of Buenos Aires in 1810 had, as has well been remarked, carved the statue in marble. The congress of Tucumán gave it life and a name. Well could the prosecretary of the Congress, Dr. Jose Augustin Molina—then a priest but subsequently a bishop—in giving expression to the feelings of his associates, as well as to his own, exultingly exclaim:

"O, diem lætum, notandum nobis candidissimo calculo."[2]

But the most interesting part of this dramatic story remains to be told. That refers to the membership of

[1] Dominguez, L. L., "Historia Argentina," p. 362, Buenos Aires, 1870.
[2] Oh, joyful day! to be marked by us with whitest stone.

the majority of the congress and to the determining influence of this majority in securing liberty and independence, not only for the inhabitants of what once had been the viceroyalty of Buenos Aires but also for all the peoples of the entire South American continent.

The accredited delegates to the congress were twenty-nine in number. Of these sixteen were priests and monks who, like the lay members, were elected by the suffrages of the people whom they represented. They were not only the dominating element of the congress, but it was due to them, and particularly to one of their number, that the form of government agreed upon for the nascent nation was a republic and not a monarchy. For the great majority of the congress, as were also the early leaders of the revolution—those who put their sword and their intelligence at the service of their country when it was in the throes of anarchy, defeat and impending despair—were avowed monarchists. But the mass of the people, guided by a peculiar instinct, which was as remarkable as it was powerful, were opposed to a monarchy of any kind whatever. The innate force of liberty among them radiated and dilated as irresistibly as light from the sun in heaven. And the sentiment of equality and brotherhood was everywhere deeply implanted in their hearts. Thanks to this peculiar instinct and irresistible force, the Argentines of today are what their revolutionary forefathers in 1816 wished them to become. The inborn aspirations of the people were fully realized only when they saw the monarchy under which they had lived for three long centuries replaced by a form of government which was republican, federal and representative.

But their triumph was won in the face of the greatest opposition, and opposition, too, on the part of those who were the people's authorized representatives. For, when the delegates in the congress of Tucumán came to discuss the form of government which should be adopted for the

United Provinces of South America, it became evident that nearly all of them were in favor of the same form of government against which the people had rebelled only a few years previously. They were ready to accept as ruler a scion of the house of Bourbon, or Braganza; and even men of such prominence as Rivadavia, Sarratea, Monteagudo and Belgrano—men whose statues are seen in the plazas, and whose names are given to the streets of the cities and towns of Argentina—favored the idea. More than this! Many of the delegates, especially those from Upper Peru, seriously discussed the project of asking some descendant of Manco Capac and Mama Occlo to guide the destinies of the emancipated people of the United Provinces of the newborn nation.

That the plans of the monarchists were frustrated, and that Argentina is now a republic is due to the influence and determination of a single man. This was Fray Justo de Santa Maria de Oro, a learned and patriotic Dominican, who afterwards became bishop of Cuyo. This distinguished friar, who was an ardent republican, was able to convert his associates in the congress to his views and to have them recognize that the best interests of the people they served peremptorily demanded the establishment of a republic. He completed the work which had been inaugurated under the leadership of another Dominican, Padre Fray Ignacio Grela, when, at the commencement of the insurrection, Spanish rule was declared to be at an end.[1]

The congress was composed of men of exceptional ability and learning. Most of them were either ecclesiastics or jurists, and the majority of them were university graduates. The members of the regular and secular clergy, in addition to possessing a profound knowledge of theology

[1] "Alas doce del dia 25 de Mayo caia para siempre en Buenos Aires el poder espanol, á impulsos del pueblo encabezado por un fraile." "Influencia del Clero en la Independencia Argentina," p. 23, by Augustin Piaggio, Barcelona, 1912.

and philosophy, were well versed in canon and civil law. Before espousing the cause of the revolution, they had carefully considered the morality of their action and did not cast their lot with the insurgents until they were convinced of the justice of their cause.[1] For most of them, the step was a momentous one in many ways. It meant war not only against their mother country, but war against friends and relatives and coreligionists. It meant cutting loose from a country to which they had been so long bound by the most sacred ties: by religion, traditions, the glorious achievements of their ancestors in discovery and conquest. It meant, if they failed, trial and execution for treason.[2] But notwithstanding all this, they acted as did Cortez when he burnt his ships behind him. They had satisfied themselves that they were embarking in a sacred cause, the cause of liberty, a cause that was Christian as well as patriotic. And like their *confrères* in other parts of Spain's colonial empire, like such patriotic priests as José Matias Delgado, in Central America, like Hidalgo, Morelos and Matamoras in Mexico—to mention no others—they gave cheerful and unremitting service to their country until independence was an acknowledged reality by all the nations of the world.

It has frequently been said that the success of the revolution in the vice-royalty of Buenos Aires was due to its bishops and priests. This is true. Without their cordial and active coöperation, it was from the beginning doomed to failure. Had not the clergy in the assembly at Buenos Aires and in the congress of Tucumán taken the conspicuous part they did as champions of liberty, the devastating wars

[1] It has well been said by a Spanish writer that the delegates of the congress, "Se emancipaban de su rey, tomando todas las precauciones para no emanciparse de su Dios y de su culto. . . . Querian conciliar la vieja religion con la nueva Patria." And the device of each one of them was in effect, if not in words, *Patriota y Religioso.*

[2] "El Acta de la Independencia fue subscrita por sus autores con peligro de muerte." Pioggio, op. cit., p. 397.

between Spain and her American colonies would have lasted much longer and their independence would have been delayed until a much later date. Never in any part of the world, except in Ireland during penal times, were priests and people more closely united than in the United Provinces of La Plata during the critical period between 1810 and 1820. Never did a people stand in greater need of wise and conscientious leaders than when they had to choose between contending factions and decide what was their duty to God and country. And nobly did the clergy respond to the call which was made on them and nobly did they meet the duties and responsibilities of the hour. With a full knowledge that they were risking all their earthly interests, and life itself, on the attitude they assumed, they went forth everywhere as the apostles of liberty and as the advocates of independence. They exerted their sacerdotal influence to the utmost in public and private, in the home, in the school, in the church, in national assembly and congress. Although poor, very poor, they unhesitatingly gave the greater part of their possessions to the support of the patriot army:[1] monks left their cells to minister to the spiritual wants of the soldiers in camp and on the field of battle. Dominicans, Franciscans, Mercederians, Augustinians, Bethlehemites, priests of St. John of God left their homes to serve as doctors, nurses, secretaries, chaplains, historiographers.

Nor were the bishops and archbishops less active in the cause of emancipation. From the outbreak of hostilities, their sympathies were with the people. But when the congress of Tucumán issued its declaration of inde-

[1] One could then say of the great majority of the parish priests what the Argentine historian, Frias, writes of an ecclesiastic who greatly aided the insurgents by word and deed: "Su cura, su maestro, su apostol y su guia dabales el ejemplo antes que todo desprendiose de quanto poseia acopiado en su morada para su subsistencia particular." "Historia del General, D. Martin Güemes y de la Salta de 1810 á 1832," by Dr. Bernardo Frias, Tom. I, p. 430. Salta, 1902.

pendence, and when there could be no longer any doubt about the wishes of the people, as interpreted by their official representatives, they entered the contest in a way that left its issue no longer in doubt. They then considered the revolution as a *fait accompli* and required all priests under their jurisdiction to submit to the newly established government as the only legally constituted government. On reactionaries they imposed silence. Parish priests who, after being duly warned, still persisted in continuing agitation in favor of the Spanish monarchy were removed from their charges and replaced by others who were either native-born or avowed sympathizers of the new régime.[1] If this did not have the desired effect, the agitators were deprived of their faculties,[2] and, if necessary to the country's peace, they were turned over to the civil authorities to be dealt with according to the gravity of their case. No ecclesiastic, whatever his position, was permitted to take advantage of his sacred office and prestige to foment trouble and impede the free action of the newly established government.[3] There were, naturally, many priests and

[1] The archbishop of La Plata, having learned of the pernicious activity of certain parish priests in behalf of the Spanish government, immediately removed them from their charges and replaced them by others in whose "*prudencia, entereza, humildad, idoneidad y patriotismo,*" he had full confidence. Cf. Piaggio, op. cit., p. 111.

[2] Thus, we read that the vicar-general of the diocese of Salta, acting as administrator, in March, 1813, "circuló un auto en toda la diocesis, suspendiendo las licencias del ministerio, con excepcion de la misa, á numerosos sacerdotes . . . prohibiendo bajo penas severas el 'zaherir y vulnerar la opinion de nuestra causa y sana conducta de los amadores de nuestra libertad e independencia.'" Dr. D. Julian Toscano, "El Primer Obispado de Tucumán y la Iglesia de Salta," Tom. I, p. 481.

The same ecclesiastical authority, acting on a complaint of San Martin made against a pastor in Catamarca, deprived the offender of his faculties and gave his parish to one who was "*hijo del pais,*" and who possessed "*la precisa calidad de adicto a la santa causa de la Patria.*" Poggio, op. cit., p. 119.

[3] "La autoridad ecclesiastica, poseida del sentimento nobilisimo que agitaba los corazones de la immensa mayoria de los habitantes del pais, vigilaba atenta para que el clero que no simpatizaba con las innovaciones que nos

bishops, who had been born and bred in Spain, whose sympathies were all with the mother country. Both the new government and its adherents respected the opinions of these men and their loyalty to the land of their birth, as long as they remained neutral and made no attempt at a propaganda in support of the interests of the Spanish Crown. They, too, were patriots in their own way, and were as ready to sacrifice everything in behalf of the sovereign of their native land as were the priests and prelates who had espoused the cause of independence.

As I contemplated the portraits, in *La Sala de Independencia,* in Tucumán, of the priests and monks who had signed the act of independence which signalized the downfall of Spanish power not only in the vice-royalty of Buenos Aires, but also in the whole of South America; when I recalled the devotion and heroism of the hierarchy, of religious orders, of cathedral chapters, of university professors who were mostly ecclesiastics, of parish priests in every nook and corner of the Andes and in the scattered towns and villages of the Pampa, I could not but think that their countrymen have been singularly oblivious of the priceless services these distinguished sons of the Church rendered their country in the hour of its greatest need.

Everywhere one finds monuments erected in honor of Belgrano and San Martin. All this is fully deserved, for no military leaders ever had a greater claim on posterity for their devotion to their country's welfare and for the brilliancy of their achievements. But without the active and enthusiastic coöperation of the clergy, victory over the powerful foe would have been impossible and emancipation a chimera. Argentina has done nothing to perpetuate the memory of those devoted and patriotic ecclesi-

dieron patria y libertad no pudiera valerse de su ascendiente sobre los pueblos para poner trabas en el camino de la idea regeneradora.'' Pioggio, op. cit., 120.

astics who made triumph possible and independence a reality. Considering the nature and importance of their services during the nation's long struggle for liberty, they deserve a greater and a nobler monument than any that has thus far been erected to commemorate the glorious deeds of the heroes of the revolution. It should be in the most conspicuous and most honorable place in the national capital and should exhibit to future generations the intimate connection, as evinced by the clergy in the war of independence, between loyalty to country and loyalty to the Church. Until this monument shall have been erected by the republic of Argentina, a great debt, a debt of gratitude and a debt of honor, will remain unpaid, and justice to the memory of a large body of the nation's most deserving heroes will remain unawarded.

CHAPTER XI

THE LEARNED CITY

About twelve hours after leaving Santa Ana, where we were royally entertained by M. Hileret, we were in Cordoba, the celebrated old university town which has long been named *La Ciudad Docta*—the learned city. Most of our journey from Santa Ana to Cordoba was through an arid and unforested country much like northern Mexico. For long stretches the soil was almost bare of vegetation. Shrubs resembling mesquite bushes, and cactus plants covered with flaming red and yellow blossoms are the chief representatives of the flora of this part of the Pampa. The only wild animal I saw was a zorilla, or skunk. For an hour or more before seeing it, I was sure this mephitic animal was in the vicinity, for its peculiar, offensive odor was unmistakable. I afterwards learned that skunks are not only very numerous in this part of Argentina, but that their pelts are quite an important article of commerce. Many of the so-called Alaskan sables worn by women of fashion in Europe and the United States are the furs of this *enfant du diable* of the province of Cordoba.

At times the dust raised by the rapidly speeding train was almost stifling. Notwithstanding all the precaution that had been taken to make our car dust-proof, the white alkaline soil, as fine as tripoli, had a way of forcing itself into our stateroom that rendered one most uncomfortable. When we arose in the morning, after being suffocated with the dust during a greater part of the night, everything—our bed, clothing, toilet articles—was covered with a thick

layer of irritating powder like comminuted pumice. I had often experienced great discomfort while traveling through the broad alkali flats of Wyoming and Montana, but I never suffered so much from dust as in the arid waste between Tucumán and Cordoba.

There was, however, some compensation for the discomfort endured in the opportunity afforded for studying one of the most interesting geological features of this part of Argentina. We were passing through the region of *salines*—salt lake deposits—which constitute the western edge of what was, untold thousands of years ago, the great Pampean sea. According to the late Colonel G. E. Church, this inland sea extended from the Ventana and Curumalal mountains, south of Buenos Aires, to the river Cassiquiare, if not to the Caribbean Sea, and "from the Paraná and Paraguay rivers on the east to the foothills of the Andes on the west."[1] This immense body of water then separated South America into two small continents, the Andean and the Brazilian, each of which was peopled by distinct tribes, between whom communication was difficult, if not impossible. A part of this vast mediterranean sea still reappears every year during the rainy season, when many thousands of square miles of the Upper Amazon region are covered with water.

As one approaches Cordoba, a great change is observed in the appearance of the country. Thanks to a more propitious climate and to an abundant supply of water, one sees everywhere in the neighborhood of the city broad acres of yellowing wheat, and sea-green maize, together with blue-blossomed flax and purple-flowered alfalfa.

This marvelous change in the landscape has been effected in little more than a quarter of a century. For only a few decades ago the land around Cordoba was regarded as sterile and utterly worthless for agricultural purposes.

[1] "Aborigines of South America," p. 4, London, 1912, and "Argentine Geography and the Ancient Pampean Sea," *Geographical Journal*, Oct., 1898.

Even such an eminent man of science as Herman Burmeister had pronounced the Pampa unfit for tillage, and by many his judgment had been accepted as final. But in this case experiment proved more reliable than theory. For only a few years after Burmeister's opinion was made public, it was conclusively demonstrated that the Pampa is one of the best cereal-producing regions in the world.

Since then the development of the agricultural resources of the province of Cordoba has been extraordinary, and to no one a greater surprise than to the inhabitants themselves who had hitherto considered even their best-watered estancias fit only for grazing purposes. Now its agricultural products rank next to those of the flourishing provinces of Buenos Aires and Santa Fé.

The city of Cordoba, whose present population is about eighty thousand, was founded by Geronimo Luis de Carbrera, who had been appointed as governor of the province of Tucumán by the famous viceroy of Peru, Don Francisco de Toledo. Cabrera, like Diego de Rojas, the first governor of Tucumán, was one of those famous Conquistadores whose achievements have cast such a glamour of romance over the whole of Spanish America. No body of men has ever been more criticised or vilified than these daring adventurers, but even their greatest enemies are forced to admire their valor and heroism.

What the sons of Spain achieved during a century of conquest has surpassed everything of the kind recorded in the annals of our race. No group of men has ever exhibited so lofty a contempt of death or displayed nobler intrepidity in the face of constant danger during a longer period of time than did the gallant soldiers of Pizarro, Quesada and Valdivia. No undertaking was too difficult for them. No danger could deter them from an enterprise which in their estimation promised undying glory.

But to give them the hearts of steel, which enabled them to encounter with alacrity what to others would have

seemed insuperable difficulties, seven centuries of preparation were necessary. Nothing short of an almost interminable war against the Moors could have prepared them for their astounding campaigns against savages and their extraordinary adventures in the dark forests, frigid plateaux and burning deserts of South America. History tells us that during the long and terrible warfare with the followers of Islam, there were old Spanish warriors who could sleep comfortably only on the bare ground and in their cuirasses which were less firm, even, than their unyielding hearts. In comparison with the unheard-of marches and combats and retreats of these irresistible conquerors, bravely enduring all the extremes of heat and cold, and suffering all the torments of hunger, thirst and disease, the *Anabasis* of the ten thousand Greeks, as has well been remarked, appears only as a military parade. But the famous achievements of the Conquistadores in South America's southland still await their Xenophon.

What has here been said of the Conquistadores in general may, with equal truth, be affirmed of the first conquerors of Tucumán. They were brave and hardy men and were animated with the same spirit of adventure which so distinguished the doughty captains of Cortes, Almagro and the Pizarros. Their long marches of nearly two thousand miles from Peru to Tucumán attest this. For their course was not through a region in which the climate was salubrious, the inhabitants friendly and subsistence abundant. The very opposite was the case. When not pursuing their weary way through the parched deserts along the Pacific, they were advancing over the cold and dreary wastes of the lofty Peruvian plateau and cautiously moving through the dangerous defiles of the Cordilleras, where they were liable, at any moment, to be ambushed and annihilated by hordes of hostile savages. Provisions were rare and difficult to procure. Even water was frequently wanting, and the ranks of the brave adventurers were

decimated by hunger and thirst and the rigors of a deadly climate. But, undeterred by the sufferings and deaths of their comrades, the brave survivors still marched on with the banner of Spain always held aloft, as if defying the powers of man and nature.

It has been said that the Conquistadores were spurred on to their deeds of high emprise by three mainsprings of action. These were the desire to spread the Gospel among the heathen, the lust of gold and the thirst for glory. This is true. Following the example of Columbus and Las Casas and obeying the injunctions of the pious and tender-hearted Isabella, all but the most reprobate of the conquerors ever retained a consciousness in their dealings with the aborigines of their duties as Christians and as the soldiers of rulers who had left nothing undone that would conduce to the welfare, spiritual and temporal, of their Indian subjects overseas.[1] But even for these God-fearing men, the lure of gold and the love of glory were all-powerful. In the case of many of the leading Conquistadores, it would be difficult to decide which was the more potent incentive to action. Some of the more noted of them seemed to despise gold and, as a matter of fact, actually died poor men, when it was in their power to amass the wealth of a Hindu potentate. But there was ever present the unquenchable desire to distinguish themselves by feats of arms, to achieve immortality as had so many of their countrymen in the land of El Cid Campeador.

During the time of which I am speaking, it was a common saying, "Peru for gold and Chile for glory." The origin of this saying was, doubtless, the fact that, whereas in Peru there was abundance of gold, as well as glory, there was in Chile, where gold was almost entirely absent, nothing but glory for the adventurous Conquistador. We shall see, in writing of Chile, that there was truth in the

[1] Even the much abused conqueror of Peru, Francisco Pizarro, was not an exception. See my "Along the Andes and Down the Amazon," p. 247 et seq.

saying. But notwithstanding the lack here of the gold-stimulus, few of the conquerors have greater claims to immortality than those who, like Valdivia and his lieutenants, added such luster to the Spanish name by their achievements under the shadow of Mercedario and Aconcagua.

Of the conquerors of Tucumán, as of those of Chile, the dominating motive of action was glory. It was early discovered that there was no gold in the Pampa, but, nevertheless, Spanish warriors welcomed the award of territory here by the viceroys of Peru, and, after the natives were subdued, were glad to colonize the lands which had been assigned them and to make their homes there among their brave companions in arms. For even glory in time palled on these men of blood and iron. And after long years of struggle with the Calchaque, who offered almost as determined resistance against the Spaniards as the Araucanians across the Andes, they welcomed an era of peace and an opportunity to taste the joys of domestic life.

It was toward the end of this long war between the Spaniards and the southernmost subjects of the Incas that Cabrera laid the foundation of Cordoba—a city that was destined to become the most important in the vast territory of Tucumán and to be, for nearly three hundred years, one of the chief centers of education and culture in Spanish America. Singularly enough, Cordoba was founded on the same day that the illustrious Juan de Garay, the second founder of Buenos Aires, laid the foundations of Santa Fé on the banks of the Paraná. And another coincidence worthy of notice was that both founders are preëminent among the Conquistadores for their exalted character, moral worth and the distinguished services which they rendered to religion and civilization. By reason of their admirable qualities of heart and mind, as well as by their excellent social connections, both were able to gather about them men of noble lineage who were will-

ing to share the fortunes of their leaders and establish their homes in the cities which they had founded.

One no sooner comes in contact with the people of Cordoba than he realizes that he is dealing with the worthy descendants of its illustrious founders. There is everywhere an atmosphere of delicate refinement, of true Spanish courtesy and chivalry that is a positive delight. The women of the older families of Cordoba are, like their sisters of Lima, distinguished by a peculiar grace and gentleness all their own, while the men are characterized by a dignity and courtesy truly Castilian. This is what one should expect when one recalls the intimate relations which so long existed between Cordoba and the home of the viceroys. There is, too, in the more exclusive families of Cordoba something of that noble aristocracy which was so striking a feature of the Peruvian capital during colonial times and which still persists, in spite of all the democratic tendencies which have been so dominant since the viceregal court in Lima was closed forever.[1]

Unlike Buenos Aires and Rosario, which are so modern in their aspect, Cordoba has all the appearance of an old colonial city. There are the same flat-roofed, one-story houses, with spacious patios adorned with flowers and shrubs like those of Granada and Seville. The churches and monasteries are of the same style of architecture as those of similar edifices in all parts of Latin America. Some of them are noble structures with interior decorations that are truly gorgeous. This statement is particularly true of Santo Domingo, the cherished sanctuary of Nuestra Señora del Rosario, who is widely known as "La Virgen del Milagro." Santo Domingo is not only the most sumptuous church in the Republic, but it is also a favorite shrine which is annually visited by countless pilgrims from all parts of the country. But here, as elsewhere in Argen-

[1] Cf. the author's "Along the Andes and Down the Amazon," p. 263, for an account of the men and women of Lima.

tina, the old colonial style of building is being replaced by others of an entirely different character, with the result that the city is gradually assuming an air of modernity. Like Tucumán, it is well provided with electric lights, trolley lines, paved streets and waterworks.

One of the show places, in the vicinity of the city, is the great Dique San Roque. It is an immense reservoir which supplies energy for the light and power used in Cordoba. Besides this, it furnishes water enough to irrigate a quarter of a million acres of land. One cannot be long in Cordoba before being asked, "Have you seen the Dique San Roque?" If the answer is in the negative, one is immediately told, "Ah, you must see the Dique. It is the largest body of water which has ever been stored by man." The dam was constructed by French engineers and holds nearly nine million cubic feet of water. This huge reservoir and the immense light and power plants operated by it are in marked contrast to the quiet old city which retains so many of the peculiar features which distinguished it during early colonial times.

I was greatly interested in the educational institutions of the city, many of which it was my privilege to visit. Among these was a thoroughly equipped agricultural school in which we found a goodly number of intelligent and ambitious young men who were preparing themselves for future work on the great estancias of the Republic. There are many schools of this kind in Argentina, and in all of them the work accomplished is deserving of the highest commendation.

My greatest surprise, however, was in the convent schools for which the city has long been celebrated. They are numerous and well patronized. And what is best of all is the splendid training which the nuns give to the pupils intrusted to their care. They have surely—teachers and students—contributed their share to the reputation which Cordoba has so long enjoyed as *La Ciudad Docta.*

It was for centuries said of the old university town of Bologna, "*Bologna docet,*" because of the thousands of students who flocked to her classic halls from all parts of Europe. Similarly one can declare, "Cordoba teaches," when one considers the number of earnest and learned instructors one finds in the convent, as well as in the government schools of this venerable home of letters and culture.

Rarely have I met anywhere brighter or more eager students than those who greeted me in the convent classrooms of Cordoba. Their faces beamed with intelligence and the evidence which they gave me of their accomplishments was more than satisfactory. But I think I was even more impressed by their gentle, refined manners than by their love of study and proficiency in classwork. One could see at a glance that the admirable home training of the girls had been perfectly supplemented by the example and teaching of the devoted *religieuses* who exhibited a particular interest in each and every one of their young charges. Many of the girls were descendants of the Conquistadores, or of old Spanish grandees, and they retained in a marked manner all the beautiful and noble traits of character for which their noted ancestors were so distinguished. Their sweetness and grace and amiability told of generations of culture and refinement as well as of centuries of years of intellectual work accomplished by the learned city of which they are the most exquisite adornments.

No one who has any interest in the history or literature of Argentina will leave Cordoba without spending some time in its famous old university. After the universities of Lima and Mexico, it has the honor of being the oldest university in the Western Hemisphere. It was founded in 1613, and thus antedates the foundation of Harvard—the oldest university in the United States—by nearly a quarter of a century. Its founder was Fray

Fernando de Trejo y Sanabria, the fourth Bishop of Tucumán and the first creole bishop consecrated in the vice-royalty of Peru. He was of noble lineage and closely related to Hernando Cortes, the conqueror of Mexico, and the celebrated Hernandarias de Saavedra who was five times governor of Paraguay and Rio de La Plata.

Before his consecration, he was a distinguished member of the Franciscan order and noted for his scholarship and his love of letters. Immediately after taking possession of his see, he began to establish schools and colleges in various parts of his diocese for Indians as well as for Spaniards. But the greatest monument to his memory is the University of Cordoba, which he not only founded but endowed. Strange, however, as it may appear, his statue which now adorns the courtyard of the University was not erected until nearly three centuries after his death.

According to the document authorizing its foundation, the University was to be the home of Latin, arts and theology.[1] This, with varying fortunes, it continued to be until the year 1800, when it was, by royal cedula, raised to the rank of the celebrated Universities of Alcalá and Salamanca, with all their honors and preëminence. Of this institution, reorganized under the name of Universidad de San Carlos y de Nuestra Señora de Monserrat, the first rector was the illustrious Dean Funes, who occupies the highest rank in the history of Argentina not only as a churchman, but also as a scholar, a statesman and a patriot.

[1] "Deseo ver fundados en esta tierra estudios de latin, artes i teologia como medio importantisimo para el bien espiritual de espanoles e indios." "Bosquejo Historico de la Universidad de Cordoba," p. 393, by Juan M. Garro, Buenos Aires, 1882. For an interesting account of the life and labors of the founder of the university, see Lozano, "Historia de la Conquista del Paraguay Rio de la Plata y Tucumán," Tom. V, Cap. XIII, Buenos Aires, 1873-5. See also, by the same author "Historia de la Compañia de Jesus de la Provincia del Paraguay," Tom. I, Lib. VII, Cap. XIX, and Tom. II, Lib. VII, Cap. XX.

If the value of a university be judged by the achievements of its alumni, the University of Cordoba deserves a high place among institutions of learning. For from its learned halls went forth the men who did most towards securing the independence of South America and towards establishing, on a solid basis, the present great Republic of Argentina. Among these were ecclesiastics and jurisconsults, soldiers and statesmen who have shed luster not only on their *alma mater,* but also on the great country of which they were such loyal and distinguished sons. Their list is long. Of the sixteen ecclesiastics who signed the declaration of independence in Tucumán many, if not the majority, were alumni of Cordoba. Among laymen of note, whose names are on the registers of the University, were two whose memories are kept green in Cordoba by two of its most imposing monuments. One of them was José Maria Paz, the ablest tactician among the generals of the war of emancipation. The other was Dalmacio Velez Sarsfield, the most eminent of the nation's jurisconsults and the codifier of its laws. The monument erected in his honor, in the plaza named after him, is the most remarkable of its kind in the whole of South America.

But by far the most eminent of Cordoba's sons, the glory of his church and country, was the patriot-priest, Gregorio Funes, better known in Argentine history as Dean Funes, because he was for years the dean of the cathedral of his native city. After receiving the doctorate of theology in the University of Cordoba, he went to the University of Alcalá in Spain, where he graduated in civil law. He was afterwards, as was the custom of the time, admitted to practice in Madrid. So profound was his knowledge in both theology and law that he was made an advocate in the royal councils. Shortly after this he returned to Cordoba, where he was appointed vicar-general of the diocese, and, on the death of his bishop, he became administrator during the vacancy of the see. A few years

subsequent he was chosen rector of the University and immediately set to work to extend the curriculum of studies by establishing several new chairs—among them, chairs of mathematics and experimental physics. How great an innovation this was at that time may be gathered from the fact that these branches were then practically ignored in some of the most celebrated universities of Europe. Even in the University of Salamanca, which was known as the mother of sciences and letters—*madre de ciencias y letras*—mathematics was absolutely neglected from the beginning of the seventeenth century until the last quarter of the eighteenth—an interval of more than one hundred and fifty years.[1] The same may be said of the physical and natural sciences, not only in Salamanca but in other famous European universities. Small wonder, then, is it that the establishment by Dean Funes of chairs for these sciences in the University of Cordoba attracted widespread attention and that students began at once to flock to it from all parts of South America.

The preceding facts about the celebrated dean give some idea of what manner of man he was. They justify the opinion which his fellow-citizens had of him when they sent him as their representative for the installation of the new government, after the outbreak of the revolution on May 25, 1810. They chose him because they regarded him as "the most commanding personality in the interior of the republic, the one of the greatest talents, and the one best equipped" for the work which they wished him to perform.[2]

[1] Don Diego de Torres, a Spanish author, says he was a student in the University of Salamanca for five years before he learned of the existence of such things as the mathematical sciences. Elsewhere he writes, "Pedi á la universidad la institution de catedra de matematicas, que estuvo sin maestro treinta anos, y sin enseñanza mas de ciento cincueta." "Historia del Reinado de Carlos III en Espana," Tom. IV, p. 480, Madrid, 1856.

[2] "La personalidad mas decollante del interior de la republica, la de mayores talentos y de mas solida preparacion." "El Dean Funes en la Historia Argentina," p. 39, by Mariano de Vedia y Mitre.

Dean Funes was, then, the man of the hour when the greatest revolution in history was proclaimed—a revolution which was the prelude to the independence of an entire continent. He was a born leader. But he was more than this. His thorough knowledge of theology and law, his sense of justice, and his devotion to duty made him always a sane and safe guide—just such a one as was needed when the whole fabric of social order was threatened with utter destruction.

What confidence his countrymen had in him and how they appreciated his services is shown by the positions of responsibility with which they intrusted him and the honors which they showered upon him. He was from the beginning one of the guiding spirits of the revolution and his opinion was always eagerly sought in days of darkness and doubt. In the congress of Tucumán he took a conspicuous part and had much to do with the drafting of the declaration of independence. After the congress adjourned to Buenos Aires, it was he, according to the Argentine historian, Dr. Lopez,[1] who was delegated to draft the constitution of the United Provinces of South America. This he did in an incredibly short time and to the satisfaction of all his associates. Of the twenty-four deputies who attached their signatures to this constitution, nine were priests. Dean Funes signed it as deputy from Tucumán and president of the congress. Besides this, he was the author of the manifesto which was published with the constitution. Of this document the historian Lopez says: "it should figure as a precious text for use in our classes of civic instruction. . . . Every professor should carry it in his pocket for daily use in his classes."[2]

[1] "Historia de la Republica Argentina," Tom. VII, p. 558, Buenos Aires, 1888.

[2] "Manifesto que debiera figurar como un precioso texto de enseñanza en nuestras clases de instruccion civica—Cada profesor debiera llevarlo en su bolsillo dia á dia al entrar en sus clases." "Manual de la Historia Argentina," p. 574, Buenos Aires, 1910.

Cathedral of Cordoba.

Statue of Fray Fernando Trejo Sanabria in the Court of the University. Cordoba.

Statue of Dean Funes in Cordoba.

He held at various times the position of representative, senator and president of the national congress, all of which positions he filled with credit to himself and honor to his country.

No writer of his time had a more facile pen than Dean Funes, and no one contributed more than he to form and direct public opinion during the first critical years of the emancipation. He was at various times editor-in-chief of several periodicals, including two of the most important organs of the government.

But the literary monument on which the fame of this eminent ecclesiastic chiefly rests is his "Ensayo de la Historia Civil del Paraguay, Buenos Aires y Tucumán." In it he makes a spirited defense of the justice of the cause of South American independence. The chief object of the author, as his friend, Dr. Don Mariano Lozano, declared, was to hold up to view a faithful picture of the tyranny of Spain and to make a complete apology for the revolution.[1]

I have adverted to some of the achievements of this remarkable priest in order that the reader may have some idea of the kind of men who were connected with the University of Cordoba as students, professors and rectors.

Can any of the universities in the United States point to an alumnus who was more distinguished in church and state, who achieved more for his fellowmen, or who had a wider influence in shaping the destiny of a vast continent? I doubt it. The writing of the constitution of what is now known as Argentina was, as we have seen, wholly his work. The Constitution of the United States is the joint work of several of the greatest statesmen our country has produced. What Hamilton, Madison, Franklin and Jefferson were to our infant nation in the United States, that was Dean Funes to Argentina.

[1] "Poner a la vista el cuadro mas fiel de la tirania de Espania y hacer la apologia mas acabada de la revolucion." "Ensayo de la Historia Civil del Paraguay, Buenos Aires y Tucumán," Tom. I, p. 21, Buenos Aires, 1910.

And yet when this eminent son of Argentina died full of years in his native city, the notice of his death in the leading paper contained only two lines. Many of the papers made no mention of it whatever. Like his illustrious co-workers for the cause of independence, Belgrano and San Martin, he passed away almost forgotten by his countrymen whom he had served so long and so faithfully. He was, however, spared the ignominies which were heaped on Belgrano after his great victories of Salta and Tucumán. He did not, like San Martin, spend long years of his life in a foreign land, held up to obloquy by those of his countrymen who were too little to understand loftiness of character and nobility of soul. But, like Dean Funes, they shared in the apotheosis which the nation, after a long and strange delay, decreed to the greatest of her heroes and patriots. San Martin's remains now repose in a magnificent mausoleum in the cathedral of Buenos Aires. Those of Belgrano have been reverently placed in a noble sarcophagus in Santo Domingo of the same city, while as a tardy act of recognition of the invaluable services of Dean Funes to his country, the national government, on the occasion of its first centenary of independence, decreed that a statue should be erected to his memory in *La Ciudad Docta,* to whose glory he contributed more than any one man, except, possibly, the illustrious founder of the University—Fray Fernando de Trejo y Sanabria.

In the economical history of Argentina, Cordoba is also noted for having been, for nearly two-thirds of a century—1602-1665—what the Spaniards called a *puerto seco* —a port of entry in the interior of the country. To us a custom house like this particular one seems a very strange thing indeed. But it was one of the things demanded by the peculiar commercial policy which then prevailed in the Spanish dominions.

From the time of the conquest, Spain had claimed a monopoly of the trade with her colonies beyond the seas.

All other nations were excluded from traffic with the Spanish possessions in the New World. And all trade between Spain and her colonies was in the hands of certain monopolists in Cadiz and Seville. But this was not all. The most extraordinary feature of this monopoly was the manner in which commodities of all kinds, irrespective of their destination, were shipped.

All merchandise intended for America was forwarded by two large fleets, convoyed by a squadron of warships. One was called the *galeones,* and the other the *flota.* The flota took charge of the trade between Spain and Mexico. The fleet of galleons which carried the cargoes destined for Tierra Firme, Peru and Chile, went first to Cartagena, where goods were delivered for the merchants of New Granada and Venezuela. From Cartagena it proceeded to Puerto Bello, on the north coast of the Isthmus of Panama. From this point all merchandise consigned to Peru and the province of Rio de la Plata was dispatched on the backs of mules to Panama City. Here it was transshipped to Callao and Arica, whence it was carried by mules over the Andes to Potosí in Upper Peru—Bolivia—and thence via Jujuy, Tucumán and Cordoba to Buenos Aires.[1]

But what was the reason for this long, expensive, roundabout trade-route? Why were not goods sent directly from Spain to Buenos Aires? These were questions asked by the inhabitants of the Rio de la Plata country for nearly three centuries. It suffices here to state that the shipping monopolists of Cadiz and Seville so willed it, and against their arbitrary policy there was no recourse.

As may readily be understood, the freight rates by this long route were enormous. These, coupled with the long time required for the transport of goods from Spain to Buenos Aires, almost paralyzed trade between the mother country and her colonies on the Rio de la Plata.

[1] Cf. map facing p. 68 in "Les Origines Argentines," by Robert Levillier, Paris, 1912.

But this was not all. There were duties and taxes of all kinds, besides premiums, to be paid on account of losses sustained at the hands of English, French and Dutch pirates and corsairs along the Spanish Main and in the South Sea, as well as at the hands of robbers and Indians on the mainland, especially between Salta and Buenos Aires. The result was that when the merchandise finally reached Buenos Aires a price was put on it which was often from ten to twenty times its original cost in Spain.

The duty on goods in transit through Cordoba alone was fifty per cent. This was in addition to the duties and taxes collected at various other places. The Seville and Cadiz monopolies lasted until 1778, when Charles III promulgated a law establishing commercial relations between the American colonies and all the ports of Spain. But the doors of commerce were closed to the other nations of Europe, until Cisneros, the last viceroy of Rio de la Plata, opened the port of Buenos Aires to the merchantmen of all nations.

Naturally, while Cordoba was a port of entry and a depository for commodities in transit, it flourished at the expense of Buenos Aires. And the long trade-route across the Andes and the Pampa from the Pacific to the Atlantic was a benefit to a number of intervening towns like Jujuy and Tucumán. During the long period that goods for Buenos Aires were shipped from Spain by way of Panama and Peru, Tucumán was, among other things, the center of an important carting industry. For most of the enormous two-wheeled carts, which were used for hauling merchandise across the Pampa, were made in Tucumán.

To give the reader some idea of the difficulties of transportation by this method, when there were no roads and when the plains between Salta and Buenos Aires were practically impassable during the rainy season, it suffices to state that it required a whole year to make a single round trip covering nine hundred leagues between these

two points, and that the best constructed carts were useless after two such trips.

One is not surprised to learn that this strange restraint put upon the trade of Buenos Aires, one of the best maritime sites on the Atlantic coast of South America, gave rise to a big contraband trade in which the colonists, as well as French, Dutch and English smugglers, took part, to the great detriment of Spanish commerce. Nor is one surprised to learn that it was one of the causes which led to the eventful insurrection of the colonists in Buenos Aires against the mother country on May 25, 1810—an insurrection which was indorsed by the declaration of independence in Tucumán, and found its consummation in the battle of Ayacucho in 1824, which was the Waterloo of Spanish domination in South America.

Most writers, in discussing Spain's trade monopoly with her colonies and her circuitous trade-routes between the Guadalquivir and the Rio de la Plata, are loud in their condemnation of what they pronounce a fatuous and destructive commercial policy. No doubt the system, so long in vogue, did greatly hamper the development of the colonies, but the Spanish Government acted in accordance with a theory that was accepted as the best by every mercantile nation of the time. To say that the commercial regulations of Spain as compared with those of other nations of the time were absurd, or that its commercial policy was condemned by the saner systems of other countries during the period in question, is to ignore history.

The principles which guided Spanish commerce were the same as those which were accepted and defended by the ablest statesmen and political economists of Great Britain. Thus Adam Smith, in his "Wealth of Nations," indicates in a few words what was the approved trade policy of the time when he declares: "In the trade to America every nation endeavors to engross, as much as possible, the whole market of its own colonies by fairly

excluding all other nations from any direct trade to them."[1] And the Earl of Chatham, one of the greatest of English statesmen, was so thoroughly in accord with this principle that he did not hesitate to affirm, in speaking for Great Britain: "Let the sovereign authority of this country over the colonies be asserted in as strong terms as can be devised and be made to extend to every point of legislation whatsoever. That we may bind their trade, confine their manufactures, and exercise every power whatsoever, except that of taking money out of their pocket without their consent."[2]

It was in view of Britain's well-known commercial policy, during the period we are now considering, that a recent English writer declares: "The general commercial and colonial policy of Spain was at least as liberal as that of England, and was, during the half century preceding the revolution, infinitely more liberal, and, if we make allowance for the enlargement of the human mind in a hundred and fifty years, it must be admitted that the present commercial policy of the South American republics compares unfavorably with the Spanish system."[3]

Another British authority who has made a profound study of the subject exhibits Spain's colonial policy in quite a different light from that in which it has so long been viewed. "At the opening of the nineteenth century," writes Mr. F. A. Kirkpatrick, former scholar of Trinity College, "the dominions of the Spanish monarchy extended through seventy-nine degrees of latitude, from San Francisco to Chiloe; in the extreme north and south the line was thin, but it was unbroken; and the Castilian language was spoken through a distance equal to the length of Africa. Over a great part of two continents a heterogeneous popu-

[1] Vol. II, p. 129, London, 1904.

[2] "A History of the Right Honorable William Pitt, Earl of Chatham," Vol. II, pp. 73, 74, by the Rev. Francis Thackeray, London, 1827.

[3] W. A. Hirst in "Argentina," pp. 53, 54, London, 1912.

lation were not unwilling vassals of the Spanish Crown; whatever internal reasons may have existed for revolution, the actual impetus came from without, for it was only upon the fall of the Spanish monarchy in the Peninsula that these American dominions were detached; indeed, it would be almost as true to say that Spain fell away from the Indies as to say that the Indies fell away from Spain.

"Spanish rule in America is often regarded as a gigantic and short-lived mistake; but in fact its long continuance is only less noteworthy than its vast extent and the gradual diffusion of Spanish ideas and ways through that extent. One aspect of that rule is remarkable; from the middle of the sixteenth century the dominant note of the Spanish dominion is peace, a peace unknown in those regions before or after the Spanish era. Indian warfare, though serious enough to those inhabiting the threatened regions, was trivial compared to some disturbances of the *Pax Britannica* in the nineteenth century; no external enemy ever penetrated more than a few leagues from the coast; the army in Spanish America was little more than a coastguard and a military police on some of the frontiers. If there is something of oriental immobility in this long and peaceful continuance, there is something of Latin stability and permanence both in local methods and in general result. Spain in America inherited and preserved something of the majesty of Roman Peace." [1]

[1] "The Cambridge Modern History," Vol. X, pp. 276-77, New York, 1907. Mr. Hirst, op. cit., pp. 63, 64, discussing the same subject, writes: "The Spaniards had not the constructive genius of the Romans, and both in the mechanical contrivances of civilization and in the moral force which founds laws and institutions they were far inferior. But they played very much the same part in South America which the Romans did in Europe. France, Spain, Portugal and Italy are not more distinctively Roman than Argentina, Chile, Peru and Colombia are Spanish. As Spain was in language and institutions the most completely Romanized of all European countries, so she has left her mark upon the west more distinctively than any other colonizing power. For good or evil, Buenos Aires, Lima and the rest are Spanish cities, and there seems no reason to believe that they will ever be anything else, and the Spanish

influence seems likely to be as permanent as the Roman in southern Europe. Nor will any candid student of the history of the continent be unwilling to acknowledge that it was no small achievement for a nation to build up and administer such an empire, and he will regret that ignorance and prejudice have prevented the world from giving the praise due to a vast political and religious experiment which, in spite of extraordinary difficulties, was successful as far as its own character was concerned, and which, when it broke down by reason of the weakness of the mother country, left behind it all its institutions, political, religious and social. Governors became dictators or presidents, but everything remains substantially Spanish.''

CHAPTER XII

FAMOUS SCENES AND VICTORIES

It was about midnight when we left Cordoba, after an elaborate banquet given us by the Governor, at which were present representatives of the leading families of the Learned City as well as all the higher officials of the government. The professors of the University were also there in full force. This gave us a better opportunity of meeting many charming men and women whom we had not seen at other gatherings in the city and of listening, also, to the fervid eloquence of several of Cordoba's orators. No people in the world have greater facility in speaking than Latin Americans, and never is their utterance more fluent or their speech more impassioned than when addressing an honored guest in an after-dinner discourse. For it is, indeed, quite frequently a veritable discourse, particularly when the occasion, like the one referred to, gives the speaker an opportunity to dilate on the glories of two great nations like Argentina and the United States and to emphasize the supreme importance of maintaining the most perfect bond of union between two countries whose destiny is to dominate the Western Hemisphere.

There is little deserving of note between Cordoba and Mendoza. The landscape is the same as most of that along the eastern foothills of the Andes—arid, dusty, treeless, except in a few smiling valleys or where the land enjoys the benefits of irrigation, which is now everywhere receiving more attention from year to year, both from private individuals and from the state and federal governments as well.

Mendoza, which counts about sixty thousand inhabitants, is one of the oldest cities of Argentina. But, unlike nearly all the other cities and towns of the Republic, its foundation was due not to colonists from Spain or Peru, but to a band of Conquistadores from Chile. As early as 1559 Garcia de Mendoza, governor of Chile, sent Pedro Castilio to annex the district called Cuyo which embraced the present provinces of Mendoza, San Juan and San Luis and which for more than two centuries formed a part of Chile. It was only in 1776 that it was formally, by a special decree of the Spanish monarch, transferred to the vice-royalty of Buenos Aires.

The Chilean Conquistadores were induced to cross the Cordillera by the fame which the region to the east then enjoyed of being a land of plenty—"*en que se halla que comer*"—a fame which the industry and enterprise of its inhabitants now justify more than ever in its past history. An English traveler, writing of Mendoza in the early part of the last century, says: "If a man could but bear an indolent life, there can be no spot on earth where he might be more indolent and more independent than at Mendoza, for he might sleep all day, and eat ices in the evening, until his hour-glass was out. Provisions are cheap, and the people who bring them quiet and civil."[1] Its atmosphere of *dolce far niente*, like that of Cordoba during the same period and that of Damascus at the present time, then won the hearts of all visitors, and made them desire to tarry as long as possible within its tranquil and hospitable precincts.

But the Mendoza of today is not the city that so fascinated the traveler in the first quarter of the nineteenth century. For, in 1861, it was devastated by one of the most frightful earthquakes recorded in South American history. The loss of life was considerably greater than in the ter-

[1] Head, F. B. "Rough Notes Taken During Some Rapid Journeys Across the Pampas and Among the Andes," p. 70, 71, London, 1826.

rible earthquake of Caracas in 1812, when no less than ten thousand people met their death without a moment's warning. For, out of a population of fifteen thousand in Mendoza, nearly thirteen thousand were buried beneath the ruins of the ill-fated city.

A French geologist, M. Bravard, who was living in Mendoza at the time, was led by his researches to predict the destruction of the city by an earthquake. He, too, perished with the thousands of natives. One of the survivors of the catastrophe, Don Jaime Albarracin, was talking to M. Bravard, when he heard a terrific crash and then found himself with a broken leg under the ruins of his home. Here he was imprisoned for nearly three days and nights before he was extricated.

"The horror of my situation," he declares, in referring to the second night of his horrible experience, "was increased by a dreadful thirst; the very air I breathed was thick with dust and smoke. It seemed an interminable night. The second day I heard voices, and, summoning all my strength, called out loudly for assistance. All was again silent for a couple of hours, till the afternoon, when I woke from a short sleep to hear footsteps quite close to me. The first man who approached me replied with a coarse insult, when I begged him to lift the beam under which I lay. His comrades were no less inhuman, for they were one of the numerous bands of banditti attracted, like birds of prey, to the scene of disaster. They had seen the flames afar off on the Pampa and came in scent of booty."[1] He finally was able to bribe a robber with his gold watch to remove him from the débris, and thus narrowly escaped the fate which befell so many of his fellow-citizens.

"So complete was the destruction that when a new governor was appointed a year later, and the site marked out

[1] Mulhall, M. G. "Between the Amazon and Andes," pp. 127-131, London, 1881.

for reconstruction, the government could find no heirs, or claimants on behalf of three-fourths of the families of the old city." But few vestiges of it remain. The principal one is a part of the old cathedral to which is affixed a tablet on which is inscribed:

RUINAS DEL TEMPLO DE SAN AUGUSTIN DESTRUIDO
POR EL TERREMOTO DEL 20 DE MARZO DE 1861.

It is remarkable that while Mendoza, Esteco and Oran have frequently suffered from serious earthquakes, neighboring cities, like Tucumán and Salta, have always been immune from such visitations. This singular fact seems to indicate, as Señor Groussac suggests, that there is a line of earth shocks, as there is a path of cyclones, for it has almost been demonstrated that the earthquakes in question have no connection with volcanic eruptions.[1]

Contrary to what might be supposed, the awful catastrophe of 1861 has not interfered in the least with the development of Mendoza. Like Lisbon, which in 1750 was suddenly converted into a heap of ruins, it was soon rebuilt and is now much larger and more beautiful than ever. But the people have taken the necessary precautions against the recurrence of a disaster like the one which proved so destructive half a century ago. The streets are unusually wide, and the houses are built of materials that are best adapted to resist seismic disturbances of all kinds. Many of the houses are of wood, while others are of a peculiar tenacious kind of adobe. For larger structures, reinforced concrete is now being used and when the authorities of the city realize the advantages of structural steel buildings, as illustrated in the San Francisco earthquake, there is no doubt that all large buildings of more than one story will be strengthened by frameworks of steel, which

[1] "Memoria Historica y Descriptiva de la Provincia de Tucumán," p. 95, Buenos Aires, 1882.

will make them, as nearly as possible, proof against even the most violent earth-tremors.

The streets are most liberally provided with shade trees of all kinds. Among them are poplars, weeping willows, mulberries and various species of acacia. In the extensive yards and gardens around the homes of the Mendozans are fruit trees of both the temperate and sub-tropical zones —peaches, pears, apples, oranges, bananas, plums, nisperos and tangerines of every variety and from every clime.

As in most other parts of Latin America, the exteriors of the dwelling-houses of Mendoza are remarkable for their garish colors. They appear, indeed, to exhibit all the variety of tints found in an artist's color-box. But one forgets all this on entering the comfortable and tastefully arranged patios, in which there is a profusion of the most beautiful flowers and vines and where the air is redolent of the most delicate perfumes.

But the feature of which the people of Mendoza are particularly proud is their public park. It embraces more than eight thousand acres, and, when the plans for beautifying it will have been carried out, it will take rank with the great parks of the world. Even now the people of the city like to compare it to the Bois de Boulogne and they even speak of making it some day the rival in beauty of the great Parisian pleasure resort.

There are several well-conducted schools in Mendoza, but the one which gave us the most pleasure was the kindergarten. I had called there with an Argentine friend and was so delighted with it that I told Colonel Roosevelt he must by all means see it. We, accordingly, made an appointment with those in charge of the institution to visit it when the children were all present. The reception given us by the hundreds of well-dressed and perfectly trained little boys and girls is something we shall never forget. Their songs, dances, and speeches, some of them in English, were admirable and were a credit to both pupils and

teachers. I never, in any part of the world, saw a kindergarten where the buildings and equipment were better adapted to the work in view or where better results are achieved. Colonel Roosevelt was enthusiastic to a degree. "By George, this is wonderful! It is the best thing we have yet seen. I would not have missed it for anything."

No account of Mendoza would be complete without some notice of its chief industry—viniculture. It is to this flourishing city what the sugar-industry is to Tucumán—the principal source of its wealth and prosperity.

The vine was originally introduced into Mendoza by the Spaniards who came from Chile. But it was not until the great Pacific Railroad connected the city with Buenos Aires and other parts of the Republic that the wine-industry assumed really notable proportions. An idea of the rapid development of this great source of wealth may be had when one learns that Mendoza's vineyards are today more than ten times as extensive as they were thirty years ago.

During the last two decades, special attention has been given to scientific viniculture and the results have been really remarkable. Expert viniculturists have been brought from France, Spain and Italy. Large reservoirs have been constructed for irrigating the vineyards, and the most modern machinery for making wine has been introduced. This, together with the propitious climate and fertile soil, specially adapted to the growth of the vine, sufficed, in less than ten years, to make Argentina the chief wine-producing nation of the New World. So rapid, indeed, has been the development of this industry that the Province of Mendoza alone, with an area about equal to that of Illinois, now produces twice as much wine as the whole of the United States.[1] Tens of millions of dollars are invested in the business, and its output is rap-

[1] Cf. "En Argentine de La Plata à la Cordillère des Andes," p. 198 et seq., by M. Jules Huret, Paris, 1913.

idly increasing. More than a hundred thousand acres are already planted with vines and the amount of land in the province equally well adapted to their cultivation is many times this amount.

Some decades ago only creole vines were found here. Now the great majority of them are varieties which have been imported from France and Italy. There are vineyards of all sizes, from those embracing two or three acres to those embracing several hundred.

The number of people interested in wine-making may be judged by the fact that there are considerably more than a thousand *bodegas*—wine-cellars—in the province. That the business pays well is shown by the returns on the capital invested, which are frequently as high as twenty-five to thirty per cent. Its effect on the growth of the city is no less remarkable, for in less than a score of years its population has more than trebled.

We visited the establishments of several of the chief wine-growers and were amazed at the size and the equipment of the plants. The machinery employed for crushing the grapes, for conveying the juice to the large vats where it is allowed to ferment, and for bottling the wine, is of the most approved kind and is operated by electricity. The cellars and warehouses are of colossal size. The cost of one of them was nearly half a million dollars.

But nothing, probably, impressed us more than the number and immensity of the casks found in a single bodega. In one bodega we saw no fewer than two hundred casks, each containing six thousand gallons of wine. Besides these enormous casks of oak, each of which is larger than the famous Heidelberg tun, we were shown more than fifty vast receptacles made of cement and lined with glass which held nearly seventy thousand gallons each. The annual product of several of these plants runs from four to six million gallons. This is said to be far larger

than that of any similar establishment in France, or Italy, where wine-making is such an important industry.

A most remarkable thing to us was to find that many of the largest and most successful wine-growers were Italians, and men who, on their arrival in Mendoza, were poor day-laborers. Several of those whom we met are now multi-millionaires, and their business is still developing apace. One of them who had come from a town in Venezia told me about a visit he had made the preceding year to his old home and how he had surprised his fellow-townsmen by his arrival in a special train. "*Per Bacco,*" he said with pardonable pride, "they made big eyes when they saw me and my family traveling like the King of Italy."

This man, however, was only one of the many Italians living in various parts of Argentina who by their energy and enterprise have in a few years risen from poverty to opulence. And several of them, I may remark, were analphabets—men whom certain of our people, if they had their way, would exclude from our country. Argentina, however, let it be said in her praise, gives immigrants of this class a cordial welcome, for she realizes that her present flourishing condition is due more to the thrifty, industrious sons and daughters of sunny Italy—whether literate or illiterate—than to the immigrants of any other nation.

But the supreme glory of Mendoza is not its educational institutions; not its beautiful park; not its wealth-producing vineyards. It is rather its undisputed claim to be, in the words of the noted bard, Juan Maria Gutierrez:

La ciudad famosa
Nido que fue del aguila Argentina—

the famous city which was the nest of the Argentine eagle.

As Tucumán exults in being the cradle of liberty, because the act of independence was drawn up and promul-

gated there, so Mendoza glories in being the city in which that declaration was first given effect. It was here that the first great offensive operations were begun against the mother country, and that, too, at a time when emancipation seemed hopeless; when the United Provinces were divided and when petty jealousies had pitted one against the other; when the power of the central government was impotent to enforce order, or to safeguard life and property; when the foundations of public prosperity were exhausted; when the bonds of social union were snapped; when crime and injustice were rampant throughout the length and breadth of the land; when broods of blatant doctrinaires were everywhere sowing the seeds of discord and paving the way for internecine strife; when the social fabric was upset and the country seemed irretrievably doomed to anarchy and chaos.

And it was at a time, also, when the enemies of independence were stronger and in a better condition than ever to oppose the aspirations of the patriots. The revolution in Cuzco was suppressed; Chile was subjugated; Venezuela was reconquered. The royalists were still continuing the struggle in Quito and New Granada, for they could count on never-failing reinforcements to make the authority of the Spanish monarch respected throughout the entire extent of South America. Their triumphs had given great prestige to their cause. On all sides their forces were augmented by deserters from the rapidly vanishing army of the insurgents. Many believed that all hope of triumph by the patriots was lost, and that the revolution must necessarily collapse before the well-trained and well-equipped legions of the Spanish Crown. They were, accordingly, preparing to lay down their arms and to seek safety in exile from the vengeance of the enemy. The outlook was indeed gloomy, even to the most courageous and optimistic. The Spanish general, Morillo, dominated the north of the continent from the Atlantic to the

Pacific. Bolivar was vanquished and a refugee in Jamaica. To complete the terrible series of disasters which had befallen the champions of liberty, the Spaniards had just won the great victory of Sipe-Sipe in Upper Peru, which, in the words of the Spanish historian, Torrente, "*cortó la cabeza de la revolucion*" [1]—beheaded the revolution. So convinced, indeed, were his countrymen that this was the case that a Te Deum was intoned in all the cathedrals of the Spanish monarchy—something that was unexampled since the battle of St. Quentin. And the King of France, the Czar of Russia, and the other monarchs of the Holy Alliance warmly congratulated Ferdinand VII on the decisive victory of his arms over his insurgent colonies.

But it was just at this critical juncture—when the sacred temple of liberty was draped in mourning, when Spain had an army of a hundred thousand veterans in South America and was preparing to send twenty thousand more to crush out the last vestige of the revolution—it was then, when all was desolation and darkness, that the long-looked-for day of liberty was at hand.

But only one man in South America knew it. He had, for years, been quietly, but effectively, taking measures to secure it. He had gone to Mendoza, as governor of Cuyo, with that object in view. Day and night he labored unceasingly in organizing and equipping an army which he purposed leading to victory. Most of this army was recruited in the poor and sparsely populated province of which he was governor. And it was the people of this same province that supplied him money and munitions. The women of Mendoza despoiled themselves of their jewels to help on the cause of freedom. "Diamonds and pearls," they exclaimed, "are unbecoming in the present

[1] Cf. "Historia Jeneral de Chile," Tom. III, pp. 248, 249, by Diego Barros Arana, Santiago, 1884-1897, and "Historia de la Revolucion Hispano-Americana," Tom. II, p. 145, by D. Mariano Torrente, Madrid, 1830.

critical condition of the fatherland which demands sacrifices from all its sons, and, rather than drag the chains of a new captivity, we offer our jewels on its altar." Little could be hoped for from the central government of the United Provinces. The nation was bankrupt and the few remaining troops, after the disaster of Sipe-Sipe, were needed along the Rio de la Plata and on the southern border of Upper Peru. It, then, had reason to consider itself fortunate if it could prevent the enemy from gaining possession of the capital and undoing all the work that had been accomplished during the previous six years of warfare.

But who was this prophet who thus peered into the future and sighted victory from afar? Who was this military genius who was to strike the chains from his people and drive the legions of Spain from the continent over which the banner of Castile had so proudly floated for more than three centuries?

It was José de San Martin, the liberator of Chile and Peru; the man whom the eminent Chilean writer, Vicuña Mackenna, declares was "*el mas grande de los crillos del Nuevo Mundo*"—the greatest of the creoles of the New World [1]—one of whom it has been said that "he was not a man but a mission."

After the crushing defeat of the patriot forces at Sipe-Sipe, San Martin saw that the road to Lima, by way of Upper Peru, was forever closed to any army operating from the United Provinces of La Plata. It was then that he formulated the plan of campaign whose objective was the crossing of the Andes and the liberation of Chile. But this far-reaching plan San Martin carefully guarded as a profound secret, until he was ready to strike. He said nothing about it, even to his most intimate friends. The first intimation of his purpose was given only after the disastrous battle of Sipe-Sipe, on November 29, 1815, and

[1] "El General D. José de San Martin," p. 11, Santiago, 1902.

then in a manner that was as dramatic as it was characteristic of the man himself.

In the midst of the terror which had taken possession of all minds after the rout of Rondeau's army in Upper Peru—a rout that particularly dispirited the little army of Cuyo, the only nucleus for the time being of a truly organized force—San Martin gave a banquet to which he invited all his officers. Never was he more frank or agreeable than on that occasion. While dessert was being served, he rose and in a ringing voice that was vibrant with conviction he proposed a general toast: viz., "To the first ball that shall be fired against the oppressors of Chile on the other side of the Andes." These words found an echo in the hearts of all present. Confidence was born anew. From that moment the passage of the Andes ceased to be an idea and began to be a visible act. The American revolution then, for the first time, assumed the offensive; and the fortunes of war were thenceforward on the side of the patriots.[1]

In view of these facts, it is no wonder that the people of Mendoza glory in their city as "the nest of the Argentine eagle"; that they regard their province as another Macedonia and San Martin as its Alexander; that they honor their former governor, although born on the opposite side of the Republic, as the greatest of their sons, and that, in addition to the sumptuous memorials which had previously been raised in his honor in Mendoza, as well as throughout the nation, the people should erect as a crowning tribute to his memory—as they have during the past year—one of the most imposing monuments of the kind in the world, a monument worthy to stand beside the colossal memorial of St. Charles Borromeo on Lake Maggiore, and of Dante Aligheiri in Trent; that, when speaking of his marvelous passage of the Andes, they should declare it a far more remarkable achievement

[1] Cf. Mitre, "Historia de San Martin," Tom. I, pp. 462, 463.

than the crossing of the Alps by Hannibal or Bonaparte.

It is not my purpose to enter into details respecting the wonderful campaign which gave San Martin possession of Chile, the part of Spain's possessions which was designated as "the citadel of South America." I must, however, be permitted to direct attention to a few points which exhibit his exceptional genius as a commander and administrator as well as a remarkable judge of character and as one who possessed the faculty of exciting enthusiasm among his soldiers and making them perform prodigies of valor. When San Martin's plan became known outside of Cuyo, it was decried, even by the most experienced military men of the United Provinces, as foolhardy and impossible. Small detachments of the Conquistadores, it is true, had crossed the Andes by the Uspallata Pass on their way from Santiago to the land which was rich in the means of subsistence. They had, during the early period of the revolution, been followed by occasional companies of Chilean and Argentine volunteers who were battling in a common cause. No one, however, had ever dreamed of the possibility of leading a large army across the snow-clad barrier of the cloud-piercing Cordillera. But San Martin had, through trustworthy agents and engineers, made a thorough reconnaissance not only of the historic pass mentioned, but also of several others to the north and to the south of it, over which he purposed sending simultaneously effective bodies of troops who were suddenly to attack the enemy at a designated date.

Let it be said to the credit of San Martin that so great was the confidence of his army in their general's ability and judgment that the criticisms of outsiders and the predictions of disaster made on them no impression whatever. They stood loyally by their commander and eagerly awaited the order to march.

Of the four thousand men who constituted "The Army of the Andes," as this famous expeditionary force was

called, no one, probably, more eagerly awaited the order to advance against the enemy than did a young Franciscan monk who had for a time served as a chaplain to the revolutionary forces. His name was Fray Luis Beltran and he was destined to contribute more towards the success of the passage of the Andes and of the campaign in Chile than any other one person, except the commander-in-chief. He was, according to San Martin himself, *el muelle real*—the mainspring—which gave activity and movement in the hour of his country's direst need.

One of San Martin's greatest difficulties was securing the necessary arms and ammunition for his men. Little could be hoped for from the central government. The general was, therefore, left to his own resources. But these difficulties vanished after he had secured the services of Padre Beltran. Although, in many respects, a self-taught man, he exhibited, in a striking degree, much of the genius and inventive power which long ages before so distinguished his illustrious brother in religion, Friar Roger Bacon. "He was by intuition a mathematician, a physicist and a chemist. As the result of observation and practice he was also an artilleryman, a maker of watches and fireworks. He was a carpenter, an architect, a blacksmith, a draughtsman, a ropemaker and a physician. He was expert in all the manual arts, and what he was ignorant of he readily acquired solely by the exercise of his extraordinary natural faculties. To all this he united a vigorous constitution, a martial bearing, and a kind and sympathetic nature."

He was just the man that the patriot cause then needed, and San Martin no sooner discovered his extraordinary talents than he intrusted to him the establishment of an armory for the manufacture of arms and ammunition. "At the breath of Padre Beltran the forges flamed and the metals that were to be converted into the implements of warfare were melted like wax. Like a Vulcan in a

monk's habit, he forged the arms of the revolution. In the midst of the noise of hammers striking anvils, and the grating of files and saws, he superintended the work of three hundred workmen, each of whom he instructed in the task assigned him. His voice was thus so affected that he remained hoarse until the end of his days. He cast cannon, shot and shell, employing the metal of bells which he lowered from their towers by ingenious apparatus of his own invention. He made gun-carriages, cartridges, saddles, knapsacks and shoes. He forged horseshoes and bayonets and repaired damaged muskets. And with his begrimed hand he drew on the wall of his workshop, with a coal from the forge, designs of the contrivances by which war material was to be transported over the dizzy paths of the Andes and through which liberty was to be conveyed to Chile and to the whole of South America. In fine, he was, as Mitre well observes, "the Archimedes of 'The Army of the Andes.'"[1]

At last, thanks to Padre Beltran's ceaseless activity, the Army of the Andes was fully equipped and ready to begin the farthest-reaching campaign in the war of independence. The departure of the expedition was to be as dramatic as had been San Martin's toast two years before. And it was to be signalized by a religious, as well as by a military, demonstration. For San Martin, following the counsels of his friend, Belgrano, had introduced religious practices into his army as an element of moral discipline.[2]

[1] For further information regarding the achievements of this remarkable soldier-priest, the reader is referred to Mitre, op. cit., Tom. I, p. 534 et seq.; G. Espejo, "El Paso de los Andes," p. 362 et seq., Buenos Aires, 1882; and Vicente G. Quesada, "Revista de Buenos Aires," Tom. I, page 534.

[2] Belgrano, writing to San Martin about the conserving of a religious spirit among his men, bids him have before his mind not only the military leaders of the people of Israel but also those of the Gentiles and the great Julius Cæsar who never failed to invoke the immortal gods and to decree thanksgiving for his victories. Mitre, op. cit., Tom. I, p. 258, 259.

It is gratifying to record that San Martin and Belgrano were united to each other by the strongest bonds of admiration and friendship. "Belgrano

Every night before taps the rosary was said by companies. On Sundays the soldiers heard mass, at which the chaplain preached a sermon in which he dilated on the moral virtues, on heroism in the defense of country, on the love of liberty and on obedience to the higher authorities of the state.

The great function referred to took place on the eve of the departure of the army to the front. The account of it, as given by Mitre,[1] is an interesting commentary on the manners and customs of the time and takes one back to the days of the Crusades. It indicates, too, better than anything else the deeply religious spirit that pervaded the patriot army from the commander-in-chief to the last man in the ranks—a spirit which aroused their enthusiasm as nothing else could, and which actually made them believe that they were invincible.

Following the example of his distinguished friend, Belgrano, San Martin proclaimed Our Lady of Mercy, to whom the people of Mendoza had a particular devotion, the patroness of the Army of the Andes. But in keeping with his grave character as a disciplinarian, he dignified this act with special formalities. He discussed the matter with his chief officers and in concert with them issued the proclamation as the order of the day.

On the day appointed for the imposing function, the army, with the general staff at the head, and all in full parade, moved from its encampment to the city of Mendoza, which was gayly decked with flower-covered triumphal arches, banners, streamers and silk tapestries which adorned the fronts of the buildings. Amid the peals of bells of eight churches and the enthusiastic acclamations of the multitude, the troops formed in the great plaza.

died in the belief that San Martin was the tutelary genius of South America. San Martin always, to the end of his days, honored the memory of his illustrious friend as one of the purest glories of the New World.'' Mitre, ibidem, p. 197.

[1] Op. cit., Tom. I, page 570 et seq. Cf. also ''El Paso de los Andes,'' p. 481 et seq., by G. Espeso, Buenos Aires, 1882.

The statue of the chosen patroness of the army was conveyed from the Church of San Francisco, accompanied by all the clergy, regular and secular, and guarded by the bayonets of her nine soldiers. At the head of the procession marched the captain-general, the governor, the municipal corporation, the civil employees and a vast throng of the city's inhabitants. In the cathedral was deposited the army's banner, a banner which had been embroidered by the ladies of Mendoza and adorned with precious stones. After it, as well as the general's baton of command, had been blessed according to the prescribed ritual, San Martin attached it to its staff, when it was saluted by a salvo of twenty-one guns. He then placed his baton in the right hand of Our Lady of Mercy, as Belgrano had previously done when, after the Battle of Tucumán, he had proclaimed her the general of the army of Peru.[1] San Martin then took the banner and ascended a platform which had been erected in the plaza. The troops all presented arms, the drums beat a march of honor, after which there prevailed a deep religious silence. The general, with uncovered head and sonorous voice, then exclaimed: "Soldiers! This is the first banner of independence which has been blessed in America."[2] After this he waved it three times, which act was greeted by soldiers and people by a thunderous *"Viva la Patria!"* In a still louder voice, he added: "Soldiers! Swear, as I do, to uphold it and die in its defense." "We swear," all replied in unison. A triple discharge of musketry and twenty-five guns then saluted the flag of redemption of half of South America. This was the flag that was to cross the Andes, to wave in triumph along the coast of the Pacific, to float over the foundations of two new republics, to aid in the emancipa-

[1] Some time afterwards, San Martin, in imitation of Belgrano, named Our Lady of Mercy *generala* of the Army of the Andes and placed his baton at her feet.

[2] "Soldados! Esta es la primera bandera independiente que se bendice en America," Mitre, op. cit., I, 571.

tion of still another, and, sixty-four years later, to serve as the funeral pall to the mortal remains of the repatriated liberator of South America, when they were finally deposited in the noble mausoleum in the cathedral of Buenos Aires.[1]

The Army of the Andes crossed the Cordillera at six different points. The two most widely separated passes were thirteen hundred miles from each other. The object of this was to weaken the enemy's forces by separating them. By a skillfully devised spy system, San Martin had deluded the captain-general of Chile into the belief that the invasion would take place by way of the southern passes. His real plan he kept a secret until the last moment, when he gave the generals of divisions pen-and-ink plans of the routes they were to follow, accompanied with notes and written instructions.

The main divisions of the army crossed by the Uspallata and Los Patos passes with orders to meet on the western flank of the Cordillera near the Sierra de Chacabuco. It was here where, according to plans drawn up seven months previously, San Martin had located the strategic point of his whole campaign and where he expected to strike the first blow for the independence of Chile.[2]

[1] Cf. Mitre, op. cit., Tom. I, p. 568 et seq., and Sr. D. Damian Hudson's "Recuerdos Historicos sobre la Provinccia de Cuyo" in *Revista* de Buenos Aires, Tom. V, p. 183 et seq.

The first thing we were taken to see, on our arrival in Mendoza, was this famous flag, which is still reverently preserved in the municipal palace.

[2] The reserve of the army, which crossed the Andes by way of Los Patos, was, it is worthy of note, under the command of a man whose name fills many interesting pages in Chilean annals. This was the famous Irishman, Bernardo O'Higgins, who, after the passage of the Andes, became the virtual dictator of Chile. He was the son of the equally famous Ambrosio O'Higgins, who, from a poor errand boy in Ireland, rose to the highest executive position in the Spanish colonies—that of viceroy of Peru. He was, indeed, the only one of lowly birth who ever attained to such dignity in South America under Spanish rule. San Martin had a great admiration for Bernardo O'Higgins as a commander and entrusted him with the execution of some of the most difficult operations connected with Chilean emancipation. There was also an-

I was glad that our route lay over the Uspallata Pass; for we were thus led among scenes made historic by both San Martin and the Conquistadores. True, San Martin, in going to Chile for the first time, went by the way of Los Patos, but subsequently, during his Chilean campaign, he crossed the Andes several times by way of Uspallata. This pass lies to the south of giant Aconcagua, while the pass of Los Patos is on the northern flank.

It is not my purpose to describe the scenery along this famous pass, for I have elsewhere [1] given accounts of other Andean passes, some of which are much loftier while others are much more celebrated and of greater historical interest than Uspallata. Nor do I purpose to give a topographical account of the route followed by the Army of the Andes, or enumerate the countless difficulties which it encountered and surmounted before reaching its objective on the western versant of the great mountain barrier which separates Argentina from Chile. But I must say that as our train slowly wended its way along the meandering Rio Mendoza, from the western verge of the Pampa to the tunnel which pierces the crest of the Cordillera, I could not help admiring, as I had so often admired

other son of the Emerald Isle, it may here be added, to whom San Martin was deeply attached. That was his favorite aide-de-camp O'Brien, who always proved himself worthy of his illustrious chief's fullest confidence.

The Chilean historian, B. Vicuña Mackenna, gives the reason in characteristic fashion, for San Martin's predilection for his dashing cavalry officer when he declares:

"Tenia esa predileccion mui buenas razones de ser, porque O'Brien era hermoso i corpulento como un titan, valiente como el mas afilado sable de su rejimiento, jinete como un centauro, i mas que todo esto, callado como una piedra, o mas bien, como un enigma, porque, afuera de irlandes, havia olividado el ingles i no habia aprendido el espanol. Fuera de esto, O'Brien era un soldado cumplido, porque en la vida no le gustaron con pasion sino dos cosas; las batallas i las buenas mozas, que, a decir verdad, todo es guerra." "Relacion Historica," in the chapter entitled "El Jeneral San Martin," p. 1, Santiago.

[1] In "Up the Orinoco and Down the Magdalena" and "Along the Andes and Down the Amazon."

before in other parts of South America, the dauntless courage of the Conquistadores in confronting and overcoming obstacles which seemed to be insurmountable. And as we passed through the narrow defiles and along the edges of deep chasms, where there was barely room for a bridle path before the advent of the railway engineers, I marveled at the daring of San Martin in essaying the passage of the Andes with an army of four thousand men, and still more at the wonderful success which crowned his stupendous undertaking in the short space of three weeks.

The distance from Mendoza to Chacabuco by the tortuous Uspallata Pass is nearly three hundred miles. By Los Patos Pass it is considerably greater. For most of the way the Cordillera is quite bare of vegetation. Only here and there are patches of cactus, mosses and thorny shrubs. Near the cloud- and snow-covered crest of the Andes, the only living thing that is visible is an occasional condor wheeling in airy circles above "traces of the world in embryo as it emerged from chaos in the process of creation," where

> "Die unbegreiflich hohen Werke
> Sind herrlich wie am ersten Tag."

For this reason, it was necessary for San Martin to provide food for his men and forage for the thousands of pack animals required for the transportation of guns and stores. But he proved himself equal to the emergency and reached his goal with his army in the best of condition, on the day and almost at the hour predicted before leaving Mendoza.

The *cumbre,* the highest point of the Uspallata Pass attained by the invading army, is nearly thirteen thousand feet high—more than a mile higher than the celebrated pass of the Little St. Bernard, crossed by Hannibal, and nearly a mile higher than the pass of the Great St. Ber-

nard, which was made so famous by the expedition of Bonaparte into Italy.

I must, however, in the interest of historical truth, state that the manner in which both Napoleon and San Martin crossed the Alps and the Andes was not, as is always represented by artists, on splendid white chargers which scented from afar the smoke of battle and "whose burnished caparisons dazzled the eye with their splendor." Both of these great commanders crossed the snow-crowned mountains in question on the backs of the humble, sure-footed mule. In this they exhibited their usual good sense and possibly thus saved themselves from a premature death in a yawning abyss or a roaring torrent.

We all were eager to see the noted statue of "The Christ of the Andes," which stands on the *cumbre* on the boundary line between Argentina and Chile, but the unfavorable condition of the old stage-road, which is little used since the completion of the trans-Andine tunnel, and the limited time we had at our disposition, obliged us to forego what would, for many reasons, have given us the keenest pleasure. The erection of this noble monument to the Prince of Peace, like the proclamation by Belgrano and San Martin of Nuestra Señora de la Merced as the generalissimo of the patriot army, is another of the countless evidences of the remarkable religious sentiment which so distinguishes the people of Spanish origin, and which makes them such models of chivalry and exalted idealism.

Every child in Argentina and Chile is familiar with the story of this superb monument, and the idea it embodies; but, more is the pity, little is known about it outside of these two countries. And still less, to judge by the terrific world-war which is now waging, is there a disposition to imitate the generous spirit of conciliation and the splendid example of amity given the world by those far-off nations under the Southern Cross. For this reason,

a word about the placing of the statue of *Christo Redentor* on the site it now occupies will not be out of place.

From the time of the emancipation of Spanish America, there had been much uncertainty about the boundaries between the various republics. For more than half a century, the inhabitants of these countries were so occupied in organizing their systems of administration, developing commerce and industry and holding the Indians in check, that they had little time or inclination to discuss or determine the extent of jurisdiction of their respective governments. Besides, the centers of population were so few and so widely separated from one another, and the extent of territory of each nation was so immense, that the exact line of demarcation between the divers republics was regarded as a matter of minor importance.

But a time at length arrived when the questions of boundary lines had to be settled once for all. The controversy respecting the line of demarcation between Chile and Argentine—to confine ourselves to these two countries—at one time became so bitter that war seemed inevitable. But when hostilities seemed imminent, the two nations, whose sons had fought side by side in the war of independence, agreed to submit the matter to arbitration. The award of the arbitrator, the late Edward VII, which was announced in 1902, was promptly accepted by the two litigant nations. Bloodshed was thus avoided, armaments were reduced and peace established on a firm basis.

While the two powers were marshaling their armies and preparing their fleets for action, members of the hierarchy of both Chile and Argentina were doing everything possible to avert the impending disaster. The Argentine Bishop of San Juan, a pious Dominican, then conceived the idea of erecting a statue of Christ the Redeemer on one of the lofty peaks of the Andes near the Chilean frontier. Several models were presented, but the one finally accepted was that of a young sculptor of Buenos Aires, Mateo

Alonso. The statue was completed in 1903, after a delay of two years. It was then placed on exhibition in the capital and drew enthusiastic crowds of all classes, who were loud in their praise of the splendid work of the youthful *Porteño*. Among those who went to see this noble work of art were Dr. Terry, the Argentine minister of foreign affairs, and the Chilean minister, Dr. Vergara Donoso. It was these two men who shortly before had written the protocols of peace and disarmament. They were so pleased with the statue that they at once indorsed the plan, which had already been proposed, to make it an international monument on the Argentine-Chilean frontier. The initiator of the monument, Monsignor Beneventi, who happened to be in Buenos Aires at the time, and especially the Association of Christian Mothers, who had collected the funds necessary to pay for the statue, were delighted with the project.

A few days later work was begun on the foundation for the statue. The site chosen was the summit of the Pass of Uspallata, midway between those giant peaks of the Andes—Tupungato and Aconcagua. The statue, which was the first one of its size to be cast in America, is of bronze, made of cannon taken from the enemy during the Paraguayan war. It is nearly thirty feet high and rests on an octagonal column of granite twenty-two feet in height. It holds a cross in the left hand, while the right is raised in the act of benediction. The sweet serenity of the face is admirable; its look is penetrating, while its lips seem ready to speak.[1] The complete monument has a height of nearly sixty feet.

But it was the ceremonies which accompanied the formal unveiling of this splendid monument of international peace which gave the best insight into the deep religious senti-

[1] A reproduction of this beautiful statue, offered by the women of Argentina, has been accepted by the permanent commission of the International Peace Conference for a place in the Peace Palace of the Hague.

ment of the people of the two nations and which showed how sincere they were in their protestations of eternal peace and friendship.

In April, 1904, a large concourse of people from both Chile and Argentina assembled at the summit of Uspallata Pass. Among them were the leading representatives of the Church and the State, of the army and the navy. The Archbishop of Buenos Aires blessed the statue, after which he said mass in presence of the kneeling multitude. Salvos of Argentine artillery on Chilean territory and Chilean guns on Argentine soil sealed the kiss of peace which the archbishop of Buenos Aires gave the representative of the Church of Chile. Medals were struck which bore on one side the Christ of the Andes and on the reverse the symbols of union of the two sister republics. In the Argentine arsenal two bronze tablets were cast, one of which, in front of the statue, bears this truly Christian inscription:

Se Desplomarán Primero Estas Montañas Antes
Que Argentinos Y Chilenos Rompan La Paz
Jurada A Los Pies Del Cristo Redentor.[1]

How sad to think that the all-important lesson taught by these young republics of the Southern Continent has been lost sight of by the jealous and ambitious nations of the Old World, who are now engaged in the greatest struggle in history! Had they more of the idealism and chivalry of the Hispano-American, and had they followed the example of the people of Chile and Argentina in submitting

[1] Sooner shall these mountains crumble into dust than shall Argentines and Chileans break the peace which they have sworn before the feet of Christ, the Redeemer.

On the tablet on the opposite side of the monument is an equally touching sentiment, viz.: "He is our peace who hath made us one." It is worthy of note that these tablets were the gifts of the Workingmen's and Workingwomen's Unions of Buenos Aires.

Cristo Redentor.

Vineyard near Mendoza.

their differences to arbitration, we should not now be forced to witness the greatest of crimes against civilization and to see the progress of the world arrested for generations to come.

The physical and geological features on the Chilean side of the Cordillera are, in many respects, quite different from those on the Argentine versant. As I sat on the front of the locomotive, during the greater part of the passage across the Andes, I was able to enjoy to the utmost the magnificent scenes which defiled before us in rapid succession. The day was ideal. The weather was pleasant and the temperature, even near the *cumbre,* was agreeable. The sky was clear and the dazzling snow-capped giant, Aconcagua, blazed forth in fullest glory among his surrounding satellites like

"The pillar of heaven, the nurse of sharp, eternal snow."

Everywhere, in the broad depressions between them, were extensive glaciers and below them were glacier-born rivers which carried fertility and wealth to the valleys and plains of Chile and Argentina. Along the lateral margins and at the feet of these lofty ice-fields were dark moraines which, after comminution by the action of ice and water, were to supply the abundant alluvial soil of golden wheat-fields and purple vineyards.

The valley of the Rio de Mendoza, below the famous Puente del Inca, on the eastern flank of the range, has all the appearance of the interior of a vast, extinct volcano. Everywhere are beds of lava and tufa—black, brown, yellow and gray—and long streaks of dark sand and gravel which have come from lofty precipices on both sides of the river. At one place there is a group of black pinnacles which are locally known as *Penitentes,* from their fancied resemblance to the notorious sinners in penitential garb.

The west side of the Andes, along the Rio Aconcagua, especially the section below the Laguna del Inca,[1] is mostly of granitic formation. The valleys and glens are deeper and darker and the faces of the bare, somber ridges are steeper and more inaccessible than on the eastern flank. The upper part of the range, it is true, is on both sides of the summit so precipitous that, notwithstanding the numerous curves and tunnels of the railway, it was necessary to have recourse to cog-rails to enable the trains to climb the unusually steep grades. But what impresses everyone who crosses the Andes by the Uspallata Pass is the dizzy precipices and the fathomless depths of the gorges along which the locomotive threads its way amid

> "Crags, nolls and mounds, confusedly hurled,
> The fragments of an earlier world."

It was while contemplating these stupendous exhibitions of mountain grandeur which seemed to present an impassable barrier, even to the most adventurous wayfarer, that I again and again marveled at the wonderful feat accomplished by the Army of the Andes in so quickly and so successfully traversing the Cordillera in the face of seemingly insuperable obstacles. But the one of this famous expedition who was most frequently before me in fancy was the ingenious and resourceful leader who had charge of the artillery—Padre Luis Beltran. To him, after San Martin, belong the laurels of this wonderful military triumph, and to him, next to his illustrious commander, must be attributed the victories which were achieved by the patriot army on the battlefields of Chile and Peru.

The testimony of historians and of everyone in the

[1] There is no evidence that any of the Inca rulers were ever near the bridge and lake named after them. But here, as all along the great Andean plateau from Aconcagua to Cotopaxi, striking natural phenomena are called after them, just as they are frequently named after the devil in Europe and in other parts of the world.

Army of the Andes, from the commander-in-chief down to the youngest muleteer, is unanimous on this point.

In a communication to his friend, Pueyrredon, the supreme director of the United Provinces, San Martin tells us that this energetic monk, who then held the rank of captain of artillery, specially distinguished himself in the organization, increase and conservation of the park of cannon, and that to his knowledge and extraordinary exertions was due the successful transport of the artillery over the craggy and precipitous barrier of the Cordillera. "Nothing could resist the tenacity of this honored official."

The Hispano-American historian, Mantilla, declares that "Beltran, whose tasks were the heaviest, precisely because he towered above all others in talent and inventive faculty, did not know the impossible. Everything yielded to his expert hand. His patriotism made him divine what he never dreamed of in his monastic cell. And thus it was that the Army of the Andes possessed the elements requisite to surmount the Andes and liberate Chile."[1]

About ten hours after leaving Mendoza we arrived at the confluence of the Aconcagua and the Putaendo. Here an Argentine companion at my side, pointing towards the valley of the latter river, exclaimed: "There is the way by which San Martin entered Chile!" And it was near the junction of these two rivers that the Army of the Andes fell on the Spanish forces like a thunderbolt and won the

[1] The same author, writing of this dexterous and energetic Franciscan, after he had crossed the Andes, informs us that "In Santiago Beltran reproduced the achievements of Mendoza and gave to San Martin and to Chile, in the hour of crisis, what was most needed to enable them to conquer and to carry to Lima the victorious banners of Chacabuco and Maipó. How admirable was that monk at the head of the artillery of the independent troops which waged war in Peru! Four large expeditions enlisted, twenty-four cannon cast, myriads of projectiles prepared, arms without number, which he supplied to the troops, speak eloquently of his glory and of that of the patriotic army to which he belonged—a glory not only of abnegation and valor but also a glory of creative intelligence and of active coöperation of the people of Argentina with that of Peru in its political redemption." "Regimiento de la artilleria de la Patria."

great victory of Chacabuco. Less than two months subsequently was fought the decisive battle of Maipó which delivered Chile from the yoke of Spain forever.

The judgment of posterity is unanimous in respect to the importance of the passage of the Andes by San Martin, not only as a great military feat, but also because of the influence it had upon the final result of the struggle for emancipation. Spanish historians speak of it as the turning-point of the contest between Spain and her colonies. In German military schools it is cited as an example of the importance of discipline in an army, and of the value of foresight and attention to details on the part of a general.

"The passage of the Andes by San Martin," asserts Mitre, "was a feat requiring greater strategy and skill than the passage of the Alps by Hannibal and Napoleon. It was unequaled until Bolivar repeated the exploit on the equator. If compared with the two former, it is seen to be a much greater achievement than either of them from its effects on the destinies of the human race. In place of vengeance, greed, or ambition, San Martin was animated by the hope of giving liberty and independence to a new world. The passage of the Andes by San Martin resulted in Maipó; the passage of the Andes by Bolivar resulted in Boyacá—two decisive victories which liberated entire peoples from foreign despotism. The passage of the Alps by Hannibal and Napoleon resulted only in the sterile victories of Trebbia and Marengo." [1]

As to the transcendent importance of the victories of Chacabuco and Maipó the verdict of posterity is equally unanimous. They were the forerunners of the great victory of Bolivar at Boyacá, in New Granada; of the decisive battles of Pichincha in Quito and of Ayacucho in Peru, won by Sucre. Without the victories of Chacabuco and Maipó the banners of the patriot armies would not have floated

[1] Op. cit., Tom. I, pp. 630-632.

triumphantly over the battlefields of Boyacá, Pichincha and Ayacucho, and the emancipation of Spanish America would have been indefinitely postponed. Chacabuco was the revenge for the defeat at Sipe-Sipe. Maipó crushed the spirit of the Spanish army in America and paved the way for all the subsequent achievements of the patriot forces from Lima to the City of Mexico. It was, so far as Argentina and Chile were concerned, the completion of the work begun in the Congress of Tucumán by its formal declaration of independence.

Having in mind the honors showered by a grateful people upon our immortal Washington, one would think that the liberated nations of South America would, in a similar manner, have hastened to show their gratitude to those heroic men who had freed them from a foreign yoke. But it was not so. Quite the contrary. Belgrano, the first champion of Argentine independence and the hero of Salta and Tucumán, was allowed to die in obscurity. O'Higgins, the dashing lieutenant of San Martin in his march across the Andes and in his decisive battles in Chile, ended his days in exile. Sucre, who after San Martin was the ablest, as he was the most modest commander of the war of emancipation, was murdered by his own men when at the height of his fame. Bolivar and San Martin, after giving the best years of their lives to the service of their countrymen, closed their eventful careers in banishment.

The republics of Spanish America have, it is true, endeavored to redeem themselves by honoring after death those heroic sons whom they treated so ignominiously during life. Towns and states and provinces now bear their names. Statues are everywhere erected in their honor. Their praises are sung unceasingly in schools and legislative halls. Their tombs are adorned with wreaths and monuments of all kinds—theaters, museums, colleges, hospitals—keep their memories green. But when one contemplates these tributes to the memory of departed heroes

and recalls their tragic fates one cannot but repeat with Lowell:

> The hooting mob of yesterday
> In silent awe return,
> To glean the scattered ashes
> Into History's golden urn.

CHAPTER XIII

SANTIAGO DEL NUEVO EXTREMO

In the form and physical condition of her territory, Chile is one of the most remarkable countries of the world. Although it is nearly three thousand miles long, its average width is only about a hundred. It is like an immense ribbon which borders more than half of the western part of South America. On the east it is bounded by the Cordillera of the Andes, whose crest is broken by some of the loftiest peaks in the Western Hemisphere. Parallel with this is the lower coast range which seems to rise directly out of the waters of the Pacific. Between these two ranges is a narrow strip of land from twenty to thirty miles wide which constitutes the habitable part of the Republic. In the northern part of this narrow strip is a vast desert, in parts of which rain is almost unknown. In the southern section, on the contrary, the annual rainfall is no less than ten feet. But for the present the greater part of the wealth of the country is in the desert, a desert which is like a vast chemical laboratory in which Nature has, by her mysterious processes, evolved on an immense scale mineral riches of every kind and of untold value. In the southern half, however, lies the wealth of the future, for the nation as well as for the great majority of its inhabitants.

But the form and physical condition of the country are not more remarkable than its history, especially that part of its annals which deals with its conquest and colonization. For Chile, like Peru, New Granada and Mexico, was the theater of the glamouring achievements of the Conquistadores, and, as such, is a land of romance and chivalry.

One realizes this particularly in the nation's capital, where there is so much to remind one of the deeds of those men of indomitable courage and steadfastness of purpose and supreme organizing capacity, who took possession, in the name of the King of Spain, of this remotest part of the South American continent.

It is not easy, even for one who is familiar with the country through which the conquerors had to pass, to realize the difficulties which they had to surmount before attaining their goal. Their route lay through an unexplored territory, where they suffered alternately the extremes of cold and heat. They had to traverse the frigid uplands of Peru, to cross the snowbound Cordillera, to march over interminable sandy wastes, under a blazing sun, where starvation, with all its attendant horrors, was an ever-present menace.

Among those of the Conquistadores whose names will always be identified with the history of Chile, two are particularly conspicuous. These are Diego de Almagro, the associate of Pizarro in the conquest of Peru, and Pedro de Valdivia, the conqueror and first governor of Chile.

When Almagro set out from Cuzco for the conquest of Chile, he expected to find there another Peru, a country in which untold wealth awaited both himself and his intrepid followers. But he had scarcely crossed the Andes when he was disenchanted. For, in lieu of thriving centers of population like Cuzco, Cajamarca and Pachacamac, with their temples overflowing with gold, he found only a vast inhospitable region

> "Scorched by the sun and furnace breath
> Of the red desert's wind of death—"

a region which, to this day, is known as *Pais de la desesperacion y de la muerte,* a country of despair and death.[1]

[1] Ercilla graphically describes this arid desert—without a trace of animal or vegetable life—as a region

> "Do no hay ave, animal, yerba ni rama."

After proceeding as far south as the river Aconcagua, the outlook became so hopeless that the hero in countless adventures concluded to return to Cuzco where, shortly after his arrival, he met with a tragic death at the hands of his rivals and enemies.

But the failure of Almagro's expedition did not cause the Spanish to regard the conquest of Chile as an impossible undertaking. Far from it! The difficulties and hardships which had been encountered by the gallant followers of Almagro seemed but to stimulate others of their countrymen to renewed efforts. For it was less than three years after the return of the first expedition when a second one, under the leadership of Valdivia, had started from Cuzco on the long journey of two thousand miles over the bleak table-lands of Peru and the glowing sands of Atacama and Tarapacá.[1]

[1] It is frequently stated that Almagro, Valdivia and their companions entered Chile by way of the Uspallata Pass. This is an error. Valdivia's route to Santiago, after leaving Cuzco, was by way of Puno, Arequipa, Arica, Tarapacá, Copiapó and Serena. Villagran, Francisco de Riveros, Rodrigo de Quiroga, Juan Bohon and Francisco de Aguirre and other Conquistadores who were among Valdivia's ablest lieutenants and became illustrious in the conquest of Chile crossed the Andes somewhere between latitudes twenty-two and twenty-three and, with their troops, joined their commander, some at Tarapacá and others at Atacama. Aguirre, who was the best lance among the Conquistadores who went to Chile, informs us himself that he crossed the Cordillera by the same route which had been taken by Almagro—*passando el despoblado que pasó Don Diego de Almagro.* Cf. "El Conquistador Francisco de Aguirre," p. 45, note 2, by Padre Luis Silva Lezaeta, Santiago, de Chile, 1904. According to the eminent Chilean historian, Diego Barros Arana, the pass by which Almagro crossed the Andes is that now known as Las Tres Cruces, which is nearly fifteen thousand feet above sea level. Cf. his "Historia Jeneral de Chile," Tom. I, p. 179, Santiago, 1884. One of the first, if not the first, of the Conquistadores to cross the Andes, by way of the Uspallata Pass, was Francisco de Villagra, one of Valdivia's efficient lieutenants. This was in 1551, ten years after the foundation of Santiago. Vid. "Las Antiguas Ciudades de Chile," p. 154, by Tomas Thayer-Ojeda, Santiago de Chile, 1911.

Although comparatively little known, Francisco de Aguirre was second only to Valdivia among the Conquistadores of Chile. As Padre Lezaeta shows in his valuable work, Aguirre was the conqueror and colonizer of all the northern part of Chile, and of a notable part of what is now known as Argentina. He was the founder of Serena, Copiapó and Santiago del Estero. He was,

After frightful hardships and deeds of prowess that are unsurpassed in the annals of American conquest, Valdivia and his heroic band, on the thirteenth of December, the feast of St. Lucy, arrived at the river Mapocho, where the capital of Chile now stands. The country at this point was fertile and beautiful and arrayed in all the glories of springtide. The flowers and foliage of the meadows and forests here were in marked contrast with the rocks and sand-hills of the treeless wastes in which they had spent such long, weary months. Here, then, on the banks of the Rio Mapocho where they could have wood, water and the fruits of the land, and at the foot of a small, picturesque mount of basalt and porphyry, they resolved to found a city which should be the base of their future operations in the land which they had come to conquer and colonize.

The city was founded on the twelfth of February, 1541, with all the formalities usually observed on such occasions by the Conquistadores. The record of the foundation reads as follows: "On the twelfth day of February, in the year one thousand five hundred and forty-one, the very magnificent Señor Pedro de Valdivia, lieutenant-governor and captain-general for the very illustrious Señor Don Francisco Pizarro, governor and captain-general of the provinces of Peru for His Majesty, founded this city in the name of God and of his Blessed Mother and of the Apostle St. James. And he gave to the city the name Santiago del Nuevo Extremo, and to this province and the adjacent territories and to the land which it may please His Majesty to be a government, he gave the name of the province of Nueva Extremadura."[1]

moreover, the ancestor of most of the families of these cities—*el tronco de donde descienden casi todas las familias de estas ciudades.* Ibid., p. 6. See also the Apéndice of Lezaeta's work on "La Descendencià del Conquistador, Francisco de Aguirre."

[1] "Historia de Chile, Pedro de Valdivia," Tom. I, p. 152-53, by Crescente Errazuriz, Santiago de Chile, 1911.

It would have been difficult for Valdivia to have selected a more beautiful site for his nascent city or one which possessed greater strategical value. His choice showed that he had the eye of an artist as well as the skill of a successful commander. In beauty of location and environment, Santiago is surpassed in South America only by matchless Rio de Janeiro. Like Quito, Bogotá and Caracas, it stands at the foot of a lofty mountain range and dominates a broad and fertile plain. But, considering it as a center of defense, as well as a place of magnificent scenic attractions, its site more nearly resembles that of Cuzco, the famous capital of the Inca Empire. Probably it was because this place, with its natural fortress of volcanic rock, possessed many of the advantages of Cuzco, with its impregnable Sacsahuaman, that Valdivia chose it as the site for the capital of the country he purposed to conquer.

The name given the city was that of the patron saint of Spain, a name dear to all Spaniards and one bestowed on many towns and cities in Spanish America. The appellation, Nueva Extremadura, of the country itself was in honor of Valdivia's birthplace, the province of Estremadura in Spain. And the rocky eminence, which was for a long time to serve as a place of refuge during the wars with the Indians, was named Santa Lucia, a name it still bears, because it was on this saint's feast day that Valdivia and his intrepid companions pitched their tents on its protecting summit.[1]

The general plan of Santiago is like that of all Spanish-American cities. The streets cross one another at right angles and all the homes of the people are provided with

[1] "Don Ramon Briseno, en sus efemerides, avanza la idea, mui plausible en verdad, de que los conquistadores debieron llegar al valle del Mapocho el dia 13 de Diciembre, fiesta de Santa Lucia, i que tal vez con el objeto de commemorar tal aniversario erijió Fernandez de Alderete una ermita en honor de aquella Santa, al pie del cerro conocido hasta hoi con ese nombre." "Los Conquistadores de Chile," p. 23, note 2, by Tomas Thayer-Ojeda, Santiago de Chile, 1910.

one or more patios. In spite of the frequency of earthquakes, some of which are quite severe, there are many imposing structures, both public and private. Some of the residences of the aristocracy are very sumptuous and luxuriously furnished. Many of them, indeed, compare favorably with the most superb homes of our millionaires in New York and Philadelphia. Probably one of the most attractive of recent buildings is the Palace of Fine Arts, inaugurated in 1870. It is not too much to say that, in architectural beauty, it far surpasses any similar structure in the United States.

Among other notable edifices is the municipal theater. Although inferior in size and architectural excellence to the Teatro Colon of Buenos Aires and the Teatro Municipal of Rio de Janeiro, it is, nevertheless, quite worthy of the leading metropolis of western South America—a city which will soon count a half-million inhabitants. It was in this commodious building that Colonel Roosevelt gave his chief discourses on Progressive Democracy. Each time he spoke the vast structure was filled with a most enthusiastic audience. But it was in his last address here that he scored his greatest oratorical triumph south of the equator. On this occasion he discussed, among other topics, certain questions connected with the building of the Panama Canal. A combination of circumstances had made it necessary for him to explain his action in a matter which has so frequently been misunderstood, and often grossly misrepresented.

As soon as he began to advert to the subject, everyone was attention, and the silence that prevailed was almost painful. The large auditorium in which he spoke seemed to be surcharged with electricity and everyone appeared to be prepared for a shock or an explosion. Everything—the environment, the speaker, the subject, the great historical event under review—was dramatic to a degree, and everyone felt that it was dramatic. The audience felt, too,

that it was listening to the man who, more than any other, had made history in Panama and who could, in a few words, tell them a story of compelling interest. And he did not disappoint them. Speaking deliberately, but certain of his ground, he soon had his audience under the spell of his burning eloquence. And, as he proceeded with his statement of the case, he was greeted with round after round of applause. Those who were at first only mildly interested were soon thoroughly convinced of the uprightness of his position, while those who had been wont to denounce were heard to commend and indorse.

Then came a burst of eloquence such as I have rarely, if ever, heard equaled.

Vibrating with suppressed emotion, the orator declared with impassioned word, gesture and intonation that thrilled everyone in the vast audience: "I love peace, but it is because I love justice and not because I am afraid of war. I took the action I did in Panama because to have acted otherwise would have been both weak and wicked. I would have taken that action no matter what power had stood in the way. What I did was in the interest of all the world, and was particularly in the interests of Chile and of certain other South American countries. It was in accordance with the highest and strictest dictates of justice. If it were a matter to do over again, I would act precisely and exactly as I in very fact did act."

The effect was electrical, and the last statement, particularly, brought the audience to its feet. They felt, as never before, the power, the intrepidity, the determination of the man who was addressing them; and they felt, too, that this power and intrepidity and determination were based on equity and justice. If among those who heard this masterly speech there were still any who had misgivings about the legality or the equity of the Panama proceedings, they were not to be found. The Colonel had appealed to their judgment and their sense of fairness, and

his words extorted not only admiration, but also conviction and approval.

Some of the avenues of the city are quite beautiful, while two of its parks are really superb. Of all the thoroughfares, the most attractive by far is the one which rejoices in the charming and sonorous designation, Avenida de las Delicias. It is more than three hundred feet wide and runs from one end of the city to the other. It is liberally provided with shade trees and adorned with statues, some of which have considerable artistic merit. On both sides there are magnificent public and private buildings, among which are many of the palatial homes of the leading families of the city. Here one will find superb mansions of Florentine and Venetian architecture beside structures which are of Moorish or French Renaissance.

The two parks, which one will always return to with renewed pleasure, are the Quinta Normal and the Parque Cousiño. In the first named there is a museum and a botanical garden, both of which are well worth visiting. The Parque Cousiño, consisting of several hundred acres, is due to the munificence of the late multi-millionaire, Don Luis Cousiño, whose wife, Señora Isadora Cousiño, was the richest woman in Chile, if not in South America. Before her marriage she possessed immense wealth, but after marrying one of the richest men in the Republic, who at his death willed her all his millions, her fortune was colossal. She had immense interests in real estate, mines, herds, railroads and steamships, and was reputed by her countrymen to be the wealthiest woman in the world. Her palatial home in Santiago and her gorgeous château in Lota excite the admiration of every visitor to Chile. Unlike our thrifty Hetty Green, Señora Cousiño was noted for her extravagance and the pleasure she seemed to find in disposing of her enormous income.

Cousiño Park is a delightful pleasure-ground lavishly adorned with flowers, shrubs and trees of all kinds. In

Santa Lucia.

Art Gallery. Santiago.

the afternoon its splendid avenues are crowded with the smart equipages of the wealth and fashion of the city, while its greenswards and inviting groves are musical with bright and happy children. The Parque Cousiño is to Santiago what Palermo is to Buenos Aires, and what Central Park is to New York.

But by far the most fascinating spot in the metropolis is the famous Cerrito de Santa Lucia. From its summit one has views that are surpassed in magnificence only by those which greet the vision from the lofty peaks which stand as sentinels around the matchless bay of Rio de Janeiro. The historian, Padre Alonzo de Ovalle, writing, nearly three centuries ago, of the valley of Mapocho and the hill of Santa Lucia, says:

"In this valley, two leagues from the Cordillera, by the side of the river Mapocho, God has planted a mountain of beautiful aspect and proportion which is like a watchtower, from which the whole plain is disclosed to view with its attractive meadows and cultivated fields."[1]

This singular hill, of volcanic origin, somewhat resembles in form and size the Acropolis of Athens. Before the arrival of the Conquistadores, it was to the Indians who lived in its vicinity an object of veneration. To them it was known under the name of Huelen. Valdivia converted it into a stronghold and here his brave little band was able to withstand the countless attacks of savage hordes until reënforcements from Peru came to their relief.

It is now, however, quite different in appearance from what it was in the days of the conquerors. From a fortress of bare, somber rock it has been converted into an exquisite pleasance, gay with flowers, adorned with shrubs, trees, statues, and provided with terraces, balconies, belvederes, winding pathways, Swiss restaurants, summer theaters, and everything that can contribute to the pleasure and com-

[1] "Historica Relacion del Reyno de Chile," p. 152, Rome, 1646.

fort of the multitudes who frequent this most popular and delightful of trysting-places.

Among the statues there were two that specially arrested our attention. One, in white marble, exhibited Valdivia in a standing posture and apparently buried in deep thought. On the base of the statue is an inscription which tells the passerby that on this spot the captain and first governor of Chile encamped his troop of one hundred and fifty men and founded the city of Santiago in 1541. No more appropriate place could have been found for a monument to the memory of the illustrious Conquistador. He was more fortunate than his famous chief, Francisco Pizarro, for, as yet, Peru has not decreed a statue to the conqueror of the Incas, although there are not a few who think that the founder of the great Peruvian vice-royalty and "the personification of an entire epopee" is justly entitled to this and even to a greater honor.[1]

Another statue, in bronze, the work of the Chilean sculptor, Don Nicanor Plaza, is a strikingly dramatic representation of Valdivia's famous antagonist, the Araucanian chief, Caupolican, who has been immortalized in Ercilla's noted epic, "La Araucana."[2] As I contemplated this noble creation, I realized, as never before, how well deserved were the Sr. Plaza's triumphs in the Paris Salon where his productions have long occupied a conspicuous position among the great *chef-d'œuvres* of contemporary art. One could fancy that the poet Campbell had this statue of the dauntless Indian warrior before him when he indited in his "Gertrude of Wyoming" the forceful, graphic lines:

> As monumental bronze, unchanged his look;
> A soul that pity touch'd, but never shook;

[1] See the author's "Along the Andes and Down the Amazon," p. 248 et seq.

[2] It may surprise most people of New York to learn that the much admired bronze statue of *The Last of the Mohicans* in Central Park is but a replica of the one on the Cerrito of Santa Lucia.

Train'd from his tree-rock'd cradle to his bier,
The fierce extreme of good and ill to brook,
Impassive—fearing but the shame of fear—
A stoic of the woods—a man without a tear.[1]

The view from the pavilion on the summit of Santa Lucia is one of rare beauty and grandeur. Immediately surrounding the Cerrito is the city with its checkerboard streets, its palaces of the rich, its homes of the poor, its schools, its convents, its churches from whose towers are wafted the sounds of melodious, chiming bells calling to prayer. Farther afield are smiling gardens and vineyards and broad acres of wheat and maize and barley, while beyond all these are green meadows dotted with flocks of sheep, herds of cattle and troops of horses, the joy of their vigilant caretakers and the pride of some stock-loving hacendado. Near the foothills of the Andes is the lofty conical peak of San Christobal surmounted by a colossal statue of the Immaculate Conception modeled after the much smaller one that graces the noble column in the Piazza d'Espagna in Rome. The Virgin Mother seems, on her exalted pinnacle, to be in the attitude of imploring blessings on the city beneath her, as the Christo Redentor on the summit of the Cordillera appears to be in the act of blessing the peoples of the two adjacent Republics. Then many leagues to the eastward—although, in the marvelously clear atmosphere, it seems but a stone's throw away—is the cloud-cleaving, snow-covered crest of the Andes—from

[1] Ercilla in "La Araucana," in his pen-picture of Caupolican, tells us

This noble youth was of the highest state;
His actions honor'd and his words of weight;
Prompt and resolv'd in every generous cause,
A friend to justice and her sternest laws;
Fashion'd for sudden feats, or toils of length,
His limbs possess'd both suppleness and strength;
Dauntless his mind, determin'd and adroit
In every quick and hazardous exploit.

—*Canto II.*

which, in all his majesty, rises giant Aconcagua like a watch-tower of the universe.

But if one would see at its best the sublime panorama which unfolds itself before one's gaze while standing on the summit of Santa Lucia, one must ascend the Cerrito near the hour of sunset. Then the view of the vast mountain range is incomparable. Then the scintillating, snow-clad peaks rise heavenwards like pinnacles of burnished gold. But soon the gold shades into ruby and topaz, chrysoprase and sapphire. At the same time the foothills, with their bare masses of gray granite, black basalt and reddish-brown porphyry, with all the sculpturesque beauty and sublimity of mountain structure, have cast over them, by an unseen hand, delicate veils of gauze and gossamer with ever-changing tints of mauve and lilac, emerald-green and Tyrian purple. The tutelary genii of Mercedario, Aconcagua and Tupungato seemed bent on making me forget all past mountain glories from those of Misti and Sorata, Cotopaxi and Chimborazo to those of the cloud-piercing peaks of arctic Alaska and of the coral-girt islands of the Southern Sea.

As I bade adieu to this magnificent landscape—bathed in the mountain air and the fabulous dyes of the setting sun—with its immeasurable distances painted in turquoise and amethyst; with the snowy crest of the Cordillera touched with the softest roseate flush; with the emerald plain at its foot veiled in a delicate, aërial fabric of azure; with the towers and domes of the city suffused with a vaporous radiance exquisitely ethereal and translucent; with the stately palms of Santa Lucia tossing their graceful fronds in the fading twilight and vibrating to the bewitching symphony of perfectly modulated light and color, it was easy to imagine the picturesque old fortress—where Valdivia in the long-ago planted the glorious banner of Castile—to be "a fancy-thralling work of wonder, like some castle reared by Atlante's magic for the imprison-

ment of Ruggiero, or palace sought in fairyland by Astolf winding his enchanted horn."

I must hasten, however, to state that, notwithstanding its attractive palaces and parks and alamedas and the scenic marvels of mountain and plain, as seen from beautiful Santa Lucia, my chief interest in Santiago, aside from her courteous, cultured and hospitable people, centered in her admirable educational and philanthropic institutions. I was prepared to find in them much of the highest order of excellence, but the reality far exceeded all my preconceived notions respecting them and the splendid work which they accomplish.

During colonial times education in Chile, as in other parts of Spanish America, was chiefly in the hands of the hierarchy and the various religious orders. The results achieved by the institutions under their control may be gauged by the achievements of the universities of Mexico, Lima, Cordoba and Chuquisaca, by the scholars they sent into the world, by the countless volumes on science, literature, history and archæology which are due to the pens of their learned alumni and, still more, by the exalted position in church and state which was attained by their students after they had left the classic halls of their *alma mater*.

I have already spoken of Dean Funes, first rector, after its reorganization, of the University of Cordoba—the man who as a scholar, an ecclesiastic, a statesman, holds a unique position of eminence in South America, if not in the Western Hemisphere. I wish now to say a few words about another distinguished scholar and educator who was the reorganizer and rector of the national University of Santiago, which he modeled after those of Great Britain.

This was Don Andres Bello, who was born in Caracas, Venezuela, and who, after completing a thorough course of studies in the institutions of his native city, became

the teacher and associate of Bolivar in the war of independence. He was the friend of Humboldt, whom he accompanied in several of the scientific expeditions of the noted savant. Shortly after the declaration of the war of independence, he was sent as a representative of the patriots to England, where he remained in the service of his country for nearly twenty years. Here he was celebrated as a poet as well as a man of vast and varied erudition. From London he went to Chile, which became thenceforth his adopted country. Not long after his arrival in Santiago he entered upon the career for which his previous labors had so well prepared him, that of an educator. After reorganizing the University of Chile, he became, in 1843, its first rector, a position which he held for many years. He was the author of learned and valuable works on many subjects: on literature, philosophy and jurisprudence. He practically wrote the "Codigo Civil Chileno," which subsequently became the model of the civil codes of various other countries of Spanish America. So great was his reputation for knowledge and rectitude that he was, in his later years, chosen as an arbitrator in international questions, as, for instance, in the controversy between Ecuador and the United States in 1864, and also between Colombia and Peru in 1865. "The development of Chilean civilization," declares the noted Spanish scholar, M. Menendez y Pelayo, "is in great part his work. And when he died in 1865," continues the same author, "he left behind him the most venerable name in American history."[1] His death was mourned by the whole Chilean people. In 1872, the Chilean government authorized the publication of the great scholar's works, comprising twelve volumes, at the national expense. In 1881, the centennial anniversary of

[1] El desarollo de la civilizacion chilena es en gran parte obra suya. Falleció el 15 de Octubre, 1865, dejando el nombro mas venerable en la historia Americana. "Antologia de Poetas Hispano-Americanas," Tom. II, p. CXIX, Madrid, 1893.

his birth was celebrated in Santiago with a splendor that did credit to the grateful and appreciative people of his adopted country.

As I stood before the statue of this remarkable man, which greets the visitor as he enters the national library of Santiago, and recalled his achievements as a poet, a critic, a philosopher, an educator, a statesman, a jurisconsult, I asked myself if our own country had yet produced anyone who had his marvelous versatility and who had won undying fame in so many spheres of intellectual effort. The United States can point to many of her sons who have been distinguished in several branches of knowledge, but I doubt whether a single one can be named who was really eminent in so many and so diverse things of the mind as was Andres Bello y Lopez.

And yet he, like his illustrious contemporary, Dean Funes, is practically unknown outside of South America. Cyclopædias that give long accounts of comparative nonentities do not even mention his name. And to think that a man who has rendered such great services to humanity—a man about whom a literature is already beginning to form in Spanish America, as one began to form about the illustrious Goethe a century ago—should be ignored in a country like ours, which should be in closer *rapport* with the scholarship of Latin America than any other nation in the world![1]

To say that the University of Chile has developed along the lines indicated by its virtual founder is not only a tribute to the memory of Andres Bello, but also a tribute to the enterprise and zeal of the people of Chile in the cause of higher education. One of the best evidences of the ability of its teaching staff is the fact that the uni-

[1] Among the many biographies of Andres Bello, which have already appeared, the "Vida de D. Andres Bello," by one of his pupils, D. Miguel Luis Amunategui, published in Santiago, in 1882, is by far the best. It ranks with the best English biographies.

versity is frequented by students from the most distant republics of the South American continent.

But the National University is not the only institution for higher education in Chile that deserves special notice. I should ignore one of Chile's noblest homes of learning if I did not bear witness to the splendid work being done in the great *Universidad Catolica* which, thanks to the munificence of a number of wealthy Chileans, was founded in 1888 by the late Archbishop of Santiago, Don Mariano Casanova. Its magnificent buildings, which are unsurpassed by any of the numerous and superb educational structures in South America, are among the most imposing edifices in the national capital. Its teaching corps is composed of eminent men in every department. Many of them are distinguished professors from Europe. Others, especially in the faculty of law, are leading members of the senate and of the chamber of deputies. Its industrial and agricultural schools are admirably conducted, and, when the present program of its regents is fully carried out, its medical school will be a credit both to the university and to the nation. The people of Santiago are justly proud of this latest addition to their institutions of higher education, and well they may be, for it is not only an ornament to their city, but also an honor to the entire republic.

Lack of space precludes my speaking of many other splendid institutions of learning which it was my privilege to visit. I may, however, be permitted to express my admiration of the admirable work done in the convent schools, especially those conducted by the Ladies of the Sacred Heart. This well-known community has nowhere in the world more zealous, more competent, or more enthusiastic teachers than those in charge of the two excellent academies of the *Sagrado Corazon* in Santiago. They are patronized by the best families of the city. Among the pupils I had the pleasure of meeting were many whose ancestors have left their mark in history as Conquistadores and heroes

of the war of independence. And brighter and more earnest students I have never met anywhere. They were delighted to have me examine their work in art, literature and history, and, in truth, I was agreeably surprised at its quality and thoroughness.

But I must say that the institution which I examined with most pleasure was the ecclesiastical seminary. The building, which is very large, is surrounded by enchanting beds of flowers and inviting groves of umbrageous trees and is an ideal place of study for young aspirants to the priesthood. And the course of study in this institution is not only thorough, but is admirably adapted to equip the young priests for their divers and important duties in the world as parish priests, missionaries and educators.

The beneficent results of the thorough training which these young Levites receive in the seminary are manifested in the most striking manner in the present religious and social condition of the people. The churches are crowded on Sunday, with men as well as women. The throngs that fill the streets, from early morning until midday, on their way to church, have been likened to a *romeria*—a pilgrimage. And these multitudes frequent the places of worship not to see and to be seen, but as a religious duty which they never think of neglecting.

The traditional garb for women in Santiago, as in Lima, is the *manto*. This is *de rigueur* for all, irrespective of wealth or rank, when attending church. It is a large, square black shawl, which is worn over the head and shoulders and is gathered in graceful draperies about the body. Usually it is of plain alpaca, or cashmere, but not infrequently it is beautifully embroidered silk, or *crêpe de chine*. Nothing is more becoming, or more appropriate in church, and I am sure my readers will agree with a recent writer in regarding it as "a pleasing idea that all classes should thus appear garbed alike in the House of God, the Court of Heaven." The same writer playfully remarks that "To

see some five or six of these black ladies gossiping in the street gives one quite a curious idea, as of nuns broken loose."

But in nothing is the influence of the Church on the masses more manifest than in the success of her efforts in the preservation of peace and in composing the differences between the aristocracy and the proletariat—between the *roto*—the half-caste laboring man, a descendant of the Spaniard and the Indian—and the great landed proprietor.

Many people in our country imagine that Chile, like Haiti, is constantly in the throes of revolution. The fact is that there has been only one revolution in nearly sixty years. Indeed, there are few other countries that have been so free from internecine strife as Chile. This is due, in great measure, to the far-reaching influence of the clergy, which is always exerted in behalf of peace. Their untiring efforts, a few years ago, to prevent a threatened war between their own country and Argentine were, to a great extent, instrumental in securing that peace which was cemented by the erection of that noble statue of Christ the Redeemer on the summit of the Andes.

It is only recently that socialism—especially in the great mining and industrial centers—has become a menace. The failure of socialistic agitation thus far is, in some measure, due to the absence in Chile of a bourgeois class; for such a class would bridge over the wide chasm that separates the *rotos,* or peons, from the aristocrats. The quasi-feudal system, on which Chilean politics for a century has been based, is daily becoming less adapted to modern social and economic conditions; and the patriarchal habits of life, which have so long prevailed on the great haciendas, are sure, at no distant day, to undergo important changes. The problem confronting the statesmen of Chile is to have these changes effected without exposing the country to the convulsions of a social revolution. The question of capital

and labor is also demanding attention, as is also that of trade-unionism, which has only recently begun to assert its power.

Fortunately, the influence of the clergy on the laboring classes is so potent and so far-reaching that there is, at least for the present, but little to be apprehended from the propaganda of socialistic agitators. The priests of Chile, under the leadership of the venerable archbishop of Santiago, Monsignor Ignacio Gonzalez Eyzaguire, make the study of social questions, and the instruction and relief of the poor and the laboring classes, an important part of their ministry. Through the agency of *La Federacion Nacional de las Obras Sociales Catolicas,* they have already accomplished wonders for the elevation of the submerged tenth and for the amelioration of their condition. In order that the clergy may be properly prepared for intelligent action in dealing with all social problems which may demand solution, special chairs of sociology have been established in the seminaries of Santiago and Concepcion, as well as in the Catholic University. Might not some of our ecclesiastical institutions in other countries do well to imitate the example of Chile in this respect?

Through the courtesy of the venerable Archbishop of Santiago, who gave a breakfast in our honor, I was able to meet many of the priests and laymen who coöperate with him in all matters of social progress among the laboring classes; and truth compels me to say that I have never met anywhere a more earnest or intelligent body of men, or men more devoted to the uplifting of the poor and the lowly. While conversing with these learned and self-sacrificing men regarding their various activities as educators, missionaries and social workers, I could not but recall the splendid tribute paid to them some years ago in the Chilean Congress by one of its ablest and most eloquent representatives. In a stirring discourse, which still thrills every true Chilean, the gifted orator declares

that: "the clergy are the honor of our country," and that "no other nation possesses a similar body of men who are more enlightened, more virtuous and more respectable."[1] This judgment is ratified by Prince Louis d'Orléans-Bragance, the grandson of the late Emperor Dom Pedro, of Brazil, who, in speaking of the Church in Chile, asserts that "The Church has never been more flourishing nor more powerful than in our day."[2]

Under the guidance of such learned and saintly prelates as the late Archbishop of Santiago, Monsignor Mariano Casanova, who was the founder of the Catholic University, and the present metropolitan who is affectionately spoken of among his people as "The Father and the Apostle of Workingmen," the Chilean clergy could not be other than a dominant force in all that makes for the progress of religion and knowledge. In his zeal for the welfare of his people, in his interest in higher education, in his initiative and enterprise, in his broad spirit of charity, irrespective of color or creed, Archbishop Gonzalez is the same type of man as our Archbishop Ireland, or as the late Cardinal Manning. He has always been an ardent champion of the press and places a high value on its apostolate. He is the founder of *La Union* which, with *El Mercurio,* is the most important newspaper in Chile. It is a daily paper and is published not only in Santiago, but also in Valparaiso and Concepcion. To give an idea of the Archbishop's appreciation of the value and influence of the press, which he calls the pride of his country, it suffices to relate a characteristic incident. The thirteenth of February, 1812, was the centenary of the foundation of *La Aurora,* the first journal printed on Chilean soil. In a truly noble letter he calls on his people to prepare to solemnize in a worthy manner "an anniversary which is

[1] Don Carlos Walker Martinez, whose notable discourse has been published under the title *El Liberalismo ante los Principios Religiosos en Chile.*

[2] "Sous La Croix de Sud," p. 191, Paris, 1912.

a glory for national thought." He asks the pastors of parishes to address their flocks on the importance of the press and prescribes that at the exact hour, half-past six in the morning, when *La Aurora* first appeared, there should be a general ringing of bells in all the churches within his jurisdiction.[1]

In connection with the educational work of Chile, I should like to say something regarding the art and the literature of this progressive country. But a large volume would be required to do even partial justice to these interesting subjects. I must, however, advert to the charming classic of the soldier-poet, Ercilla, which led Andres Bello to declare: "Chile is the only one of modern nations whose foundations have been immortalized by an epic poem"—a poem which Cervantes, in his Don Quixote, declared to be "one of the choicest treasures of the Castilian Muse." Several similar poems were written in Spanish America during the colonial period, but they are valuable rather as history than as poetry. Among them are the "Elegias de Varones Ilustres de Indias," by the poet-priest, Juan de Castellanos; "La Argentina," by Padre Barco Centenera; "Lima Fundada ó Conquista del Peru," by Peralta Barnuevo, not to speak of a number of others of far less merit.

Not only is Chile unique, among modern nations, in having its foundation glorified by a great epic, but it is also unique among the nations of the New World in having its literary genesis signalized by so excellent a work as "La Araucana." Although it is a product of Spanish genius, it is nevertheless so identified with the soil which the author trod as a Conquistador, and with the intrepid natives whom he admired and sympathized with, that it would be a grave omission not to salute the noble figure of Ercilla, especially

[1] It is interesting to know that *La Aurora* was founded by a religious, Padre Camilo Henriquez, who through its columns rendered yeoman service to the patriot cause during the war of emancipation.

when his poem served as the type of all those historical poems which were written in America or on America during the period of Spanish domination.[1]

Ercilla's great historical poem was the beginning of that traditional love in Chile for historical researches which was never more pronounced than it is today. For, outside of Peru, whose long line of historians is headed by such distinguished names as the Inca Garcillasso de la Vega and Cieza de Leon, there is no country in South America which can count more active and intelligent workers in the fields of history and archeology than Chile. Aside from such noted historians as Molina, Rosales, Ovalle and Olivares, all missionaries, whose productions belong to the colonial period, we have among recent and contemporary historians such eminent investigators as B. Vicuña Mackenna, R. Barros Arana, M. L. Amunategui, Crescente Errazuriz, T. Thayer-Ojeda, Carlos Morla Vicuña, Valdez Vergara and Toribio Medina, the last of whom is doing for his native land what the late D. J. Garcia Icazbalceta accomplished for Mexico. It was this tireless and fruitful activity of Chilean historians that impelled the learned Spanish author, M. Menendez y Pelayo, to declare: "That there is not a corner in their history that the Chileans have not scrutinized, not a paper in their archives or in ours that they do not print and annotate. Chile, a colony of the second order during Spanish domination, has more extended histories than that of Rome by Mommsen, than that of Greece by Curtius or by Grote."[2] The imposing "Coleccion de Historiadores de Chile y Documentos Relativos a la Historia Nacional" and similar collections which have recently been published by the Chilean Government show that this statement is in no wise exaggerated.

The *Chilena,* like her sisters in other parts of Spanish America, is noted for her great interest in all works of

[1] Cf. M. Menendez y Pelayo, op. cit., Tom. IV, p. vi.
[2] Op. cit., Tom. IV, p. LXXXVI.

charity. In hospitals and orphan asylums, in homes for the aged and in institutions for the blind, the deaf and the dumb, the Chilean woman shows herself indefatigable. She is ever ready to give her time and money for the relief of the poor and the suffering and is never happier than when looking after the helpless and the neglected. "Whose magnificent residence is that?" I asked my chauffeur one day, when we were passing along the *Avenida de las Delicias*. "That, señor, is the home of the lady who is the great friend of the poor. I do not know her name. We call her simply *La amiga de los pobres.*" A few squares further on, he pointed out another palatial structure and remarked: "That, señor, is the home of *La Madre de los Huerfanos*—the mother of the orphans. She takes care of them as if they were her own children. I have never heard her spoken of by any other name." And so it is everywhere. The charming matron whom we met at a banquet, or a reception, in the evening, arrayed in the latest creation of Paquin or Redfern, and adorned with jewels beyond price, had spent the afternoon in her somber manto, in succoring the poorest of the poor in their wretched hovels, or in visiting the sick and the friendless in the hospital, or in the asylum for the aged. The following morning, if you rise early enough, you will find her in her manto, like a tanagra in mourning, prostrated before the altar in one of the many churches of the city; or it may be you will see her in her own private chapel, surrounded by the members of her family, preparatory to spending another day among the sick and the helpless, or to bringing sunshine and happiness into the abodes of poverty and misfortune. Is it any wonder that these angels of charity are known to the multitude not by their family names, but simply as "The Friend of the Poor" and "The Mother of the Orphan"?

There is a marked contrast between Santiago and Buenos Aires. The capital on the La Plata is cosmopol-

itan. The metropolis of Chile is national and its inhabitants are thoroughly Chilean. In Buenos Aires it is difficult to find a typical Argentine. In Santiago it is almost equally difficult to find one who is not a Chilean. There are, of course, a certain number of foreigners in Santiago, but their proportion to the native population is far smaller than in the Argentine capital.

But in one notable respect both countries are alike. In theory they are democracies; in reality they are oligarchies. A few hundred families descended from the Conquistadores and from the heroes of foreign birth who achieved distinction in the war of independence are the rulers of the Republic as well as the owners of the greater part of the land. The great world of employees, functionaries and small tradespeople are little more than dependents, or clients in the old Roman sense of the word. As to the poor *rotos,* who live in miserable *conventillos,* they are no higher in the social scale than the Mexican peon and have no more than Mexico's peasant class to say in the administration of the affairs of the government. The absence of a third estate is a great drawback. And, until a bourgeoisie shall have been developed, the aristocracy in Chile, as in other South American republics, will continue, as at present, to be the dominant class and to control the major portion of the great resources of the nation. Large landed estates in Chile are as great a bar to true democratic progress as are the vast *latifundia* in Argentina.

No account of Santiago would be complete without some reference to its port, Valparaiso. The two cities, in reality, constitute but a single organism. The same may be said of Lima and its port Callao; of Quito and its port Guayaquil. The *puerto* in each case is but the complement of the *pueblo,* or capital. In each case, also, it is the seaport which is the chief emporium of commerce, while the capitals are the chief centers of politics, of letters and of culture.

As seen from the Pacific, Valparaiso resembles a vast

amphitheater. A semicircular mountain range seems to rise almost from the deep waters of the South Sea. There is, in fact, but little level ground between the ocean's shore and the foot of the long chain of *cerros*—rocky eminences—whose sides and summits are covered with buildings of all kinds. Aside from its charming suburb, Viña del Mar, there is little in the appearance of the city to justify its name, Valley of Paradise. But to the Conquistadores who had seen little but bare rocks and arid deserts on their long journey from Callao to where Chile's great seaport now stands, the clumps of trees and beautiful groves which they found on and about the present site of Valparaiso were quite enough, in their judgment, to warrant them in bestowing on the place the beautiful name it has since borne.[1]

Next to San Francisco, Valparaiso is, in wealth and importance, the leading port of entry on the Pacific coast. Most of Chile's import and export trade passes through this flourishing entrepôt. And yet few cities have suffered more reverses and disasters than Valparaiso. During colonial times it was frequently attacked and plundered by English and Dutch pirates. Among these were Sir Francis Drake, Sir Richard Hawkins, and Oliver Van Noort. It has many times been devastated by fires and earthquakes. In the appalling seismic convulsion of 1906, an untold number of lives were lost, while the property loss, at a conservative estimate, was not less than a hundred million dollars. But we could discern little trace of the last terrible disaster. Most of the ruins of the old buildings have been removed and their sites are now occupied by large and commodious structures. The march of progress was re-

[1] Although many reasons have been assigned for the beautiful name given to Chile's chief seaport, both the origin of the name and the date of the foundation of Valparaiso are still in doubt. "Tan pobre," writes Thayer-Ojeda in "Las Antiguas Ciudades de Chile," p. 61, "fue este puerto en sus primeros tiempos, como oscuros son hasta hoi el origen de nombre i la fecha de su fundacion."

tarded for only a very short time. To judge from the present aspect of the city, from the throbbing life and feverish activity of its inhabitants, Valparaiso is now more vigorous and more enterprising than ever.

An object of special interest to all North Americans who visit Valparaiso is a monument erected in honor of one of their countrymen, William Wheelwright. He was the father of the Chilean railway and steamship lines. The first railroad in South America was built by him. This was in 1857. It extended from Caldera to Copiapó. He also constructed the line that was to connect Valparaiso with Santiago, but, through lack of funds, it was completed only as far as Lai Lai. He was likewise the originator of the Pacific Steam Navigation Company, which, after its organization in 1835, was for a long time the most important steamship company on the west coast of South America.

Even more famous as a railroad builder was Henry Meiggs, born in Catskill, New York. He completed the road between Valparaiso and Santiago which Wheelwright had been able to build only as far as Lai Lai. He erected a magnificent home in Santiago, where he and his Chilean wife entertained with lavish hospitality. But Meiggs is more famous for his railway achievements in Peru. For it was he who built the road from Mollendo to Arequipa and from Lima to Oroya. The last named is the highest railroad in the world. Meiggs, like Wheelwright, was, at first, on account of his daring and seemingly impossible projects, spoken of in South America as a dreamer, but he was one of those dreamers who was able to convert his dreams into realities.

Like Buenos Aires, Valparaiso is a very cosmopolitan city. Many of the most prominent business men are foreigners. Chief among these are the English, the French and the Germans. Until a few decades ago, the English had almost a monopoly of Chilean trade, and Valparaiso was spoken of as "A commercial adjunct of Liverpool."

But this is no longer the case. A large part of Chilean trade has recently fallen into the hands of the energetic and progressive Germans.

The reason of this is not far to seek, and I shall give it in the words of an English writer who deplores Britain's rapid decrease of commerce on the west coast of South America and who does not hesitate to declare that, "unless England wakes up and wakes up rapidly, the lion's share of it will undoubtedly fall to Germany and the United States."

"The difference," he avers, "between English and German commercial houses in Valparaiso and the other cities in Chile is marked. The English employees do their work well and conscientiously, it is true, but they are prone to manifest a species of insular superiority, and they rather pride themselves, as a rule, in being profoundly ignorant of the people, the country and the language. Cricket, lawn tennis, polo and racing occupy their energies! They never trouble to learn Spanish, unless compelled, because they only wish to make friends with their own countrymen! Germans, on the contrary, mix with the people, acquire a knowledge of the country, its history and social conditions and set to work to master Spanish. The principals, too, frequently visit Chile and personally settle terms in a manner that subordinates cannot. Is it any wonder that they are gradually acquiring control of Chilean trade? 'Made in Germany,' I find, is a phrase that has been an excellent advertisement for German merchandise. Traders now go direct to Germany for goods which they formerly bought through British intermediaries."[1]

[1] "Chile: Its Land and People," p. 152, by Francis J. Maitland, London, 1914. Mr. G. F. Scott Elliott in his recent work on "Chile, Its History and Development," p. 272 et seq., London, 1911, makes substantially the same statement, as do all other writers who have made a study of the question. Another Englishman, W. Anderson Smith, is even more severe on his countrymen in Chile, when he declares that "They have carried to the west coast of South America that spirit of miserable snobbery that all Thackeray's subtle analysis

To counteract this "German invasion" where for years there was "practically an English monopoly of trade"—I use Mr. Scott Elliott's own words—Mr. Maitland makes a suggestion which, if not novel, is at least interesting.

"A plea," he writes, "has been made for the better advertisement of England by more frequent visits of first-class British battleships to Chile. This is an excellent idea, for, although the government and the governing class in Chile are well aware of Britain's overwhelming mastery of the sea, it is well for the officials at home to remember that trade follows the flag, and that there is nothing that brings home to the mind the superiority of British products so much as an inspection of that marvel of skill and manufacturing ingenuity, an English dreadnaught." [1]

In view of the intense and unceasing industrial rivalry and trade competition in South America during the last twenty years, this suggestion, if not original, seems to be extremely chimerical. For experience in Chile, as well as in other Latin-American republics, has fully demonstrated that trade follows the loan; that it follows the quality of goods offered for sale; that it follows the efficiency and courtesy of the salesman; that it follows a system of credits

fails to make them appreciate, and that seems to be inseparable from the race and ineradicable." "Temperate Chile," p. 334, London, 1899.

[1] Ibid., p. 151.

The French writer, C. de Cordemoy, in referring to the preponderance of English commerce in Valparaiso, declares:

"Il n'y a qu'un point noir dans cette omnipotence britannique. C'est l' Allemande. Les maisons allemandes remplacent peu à peu les anglaises. C' est un phénomène qui se reproduit partout à l'étranger. Si l'invasion continue avec l'intensité de ces dernières années, Valparaiso sera bientôt un autre, un grand Valdivia, la colonie allemande du sud du Chile; Pour qui a beaucoup voyagé le véritable vaincu de 1870, sur le terrain commercial, c'est l'Angleterre. La prépondérance politique de l'Allemagne lui a permis le développement de sa puissance mercantile sur tous les marchés du globe, et pour prendre le premier rang elle a évincé les Anglais. Encore vint-cinq ans de ce régime, et la prépondérance commerciale de la Grande Bretagne aura vécu." "Au Chili," pp. 23, 24. Paris, 1809.

which is satisfactory to the purchaser; that it follows proper banking facilities; that it follows the flag not of the dreadnaught, but the flag of the rapid, well-equipped, well-managed merchantman.

Recent commercial developments in South America show that these observations are true of trade with the United States as well as with Germany. Mr. Charles M. Schwab, the brilliant and enterprising head of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation, has just completed two super-dreadnaughts for Argentina, the contract for the building of which was awarded him in the face of the most resolute competition on the part of English shipbuilders. He is now manufacturing the big guns for Chile's coast defenses. This contract, also, he secured notwithstanding the determined efforts made by his competitors to obtain it for the ordnance factories of Old England. But these two important contracts do not, by any means, represent Mr. Schwab's greatest trade and industrial triumphs in South America. Hearing of a mountain in Chile—near Coquimbo—which was said to be composed of the best iron ore in the world, he immediately sent a corps of mining engineers to investigate and report. Finding that the ore was in quality and amount all that it had been represented to be, he immediately determined to buy the entire mountain and, shortly afterwards, it became the property of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation. Mr. Schwab is now having a fleet of large cargo boats built for the transportation of ore from Coquimbo to New York. A few years hence the amount of ore in transit from his Chilean mine through the Panama Canal to Bethlehem will aggregate no less than two million tons a year.

How much this latest achievement of Mr. Schwab will contribute toward developing closer trade relations between the United States and Chile is manifest to all. It alone will demonstrate, as probably nothing else, the supreme value of the Panama Canal and its great function in bringing

nearer to each other the republics of South America and the great Republic of the north. It will not only shorten time and distance between the two continents, but will also give the United States an advantage in commercial relations which it never before possessed.

And Mr. Schwab is sure to be followed by others who are seeking for profitable investments in our sister continent. The natural resources of the republics of the west coast of South America are beyond calculation, and there is no reason why American capital should not take a leading part in their development. The experience of W. R. Grace and Company, whose enterprise has been rewarded by fame and fortune, should stimulate many of our countrymen to follow in their footsteps. With the exception of the great American company just named, the English, Germans and French have so far had almost a monopoly in the commerce of Chile and Peru. The Panama Canal has put it in our power to control a greater part of the trade which has so long been in the hands of our European competitors. Never before were conditions for the expansion of our commerce, not in Chile only but also in the whole of the Southern Continent, so favorable as now. Shall we take advantage of them? This is a question which our legislators and business men should make haste to answer while the prize is within our reach, and almost within our grasp.

CHAPTER XIV

IN FAMED ARAUCANIA

Shortly after our arrival in Santiago we learned that the government, whose guests we were, had planned an excursion for us, in a special cruiser, to Punta Arenas and return. This would have given us an opportunity to see the marvelous scenery of Smyth Channel and the historic Strait of Magellan. But much as we wished to avail ourselves of this splendid opportunity offered by our generous hosts to view the scenery of one of the most picturesque coastlines in the world, we were, through lack of time, obliged to forego what would have been to all of us a fortnight of unalloyed pleasure. I call special attention to this part of the program of our munificent entertainers as it gives a good idea of the lavish hospitality for which the people of Chile are so famous.

When our hosts were informed that the limited time at our disposal precluded our taking the long voyage which they had mapped out for us, they were determined that our journey through the great central valley of temperate Chile should, in some measure, compensate us for what we should lose by our inability to sail that part of the great South Sea which was first traversed by the illustrious Portuguese navigator, Fernão de Magalhães, after he had so successfully solved "the mystery of the strait" that had so preoccupied Columbus.

Our first objective after leaving Santiago was Talcahuano, the chief naval station of Chile. We were escorted by a number of distinguished Chileans who were to accompany

us to the Argentine frontier, and who left nothing undone to make our journey pleasant and profitable.

We had scarcely left the suburbs of Chile's fair capital when we found ourselves in a broad and fertile valley, not unlike that of San Joaquin in California. It was during the last bright, balmy month of spring. The meadows were carpeted with green and flowered with blue and yellow, white and red, of the most brilliant hues. Herds of blooded cattle from England and Holland, flocks of fine merino sheep, troops of splendid horses with a strain of the Arabian, gave life to the flourishing haciendas which spread out on both sides of the railway. Here were long avenues of poplar and eucalyptus leading to the home of a prosperous hacendado; there were groups of thatched houses of the *inquilinos* who acted as herdsmen, or cultivators of the soil. Most of them were half-castes, descendants of Conquistadores and of Mapuche and Araucanian Indians. They are a hardy race, these mestizos, and, when properly managed and cared for, make excellent workmen. Their value to Chile will be realized when it is known that laborers of the black and yellow races are not permitted in the country. For this reason all the work on farms and in mines—outside of that done by immigrants—is performed by the *roto,* the peasant native of the soil.

Besides extensive fields of wheat, maize and alfalfa, there were everywhere immense vineyards devoted to the production of almost every variety of grape. Although the cultivation of the vine dates back to the time of the Conquistadores, little attention was given to the development of the wine industry until a few decades ago. During colonial times the making of wine and olive oil in Spanish America was strictly interdicted by the home government as interfering with the long-established industries of Murcia and Valencia. Now the product of Chile's vineyards is surpassed in quantity in South America only by that of Argentina. But the quality of the best Chilean wines is

far superior to anything found in the colossal *bodegas* of Mendoza. Some of the Chilean clarets are rapidly approaching in excellence many of the famous vintages of Bordeaux, while not a few of the ports and sherries will bear favorable comparison with the generous wines of Spain and Portugal.

There were also numerous plots devoted to the cultivation of the potato. These had a special interest for me from the fact that Chile, as botanists are now generally agreed, was the original home of this important tuber. So far, in spite of the most careful investigations, it has been discovered wild in no part of South America outside of Chile. In the southern part of the Republic Darwin found it growing wild in great abundance and exhibiting remarkable vigor. But whether future research shall confirm the present opinion of botanists that Chile is the original habitat of the *solanum tuberosum,* there is one fact which does not admit of dispute and that is that there are nowhere in Chile the large, mealy, delicious tubers which we have in the United States.

The immense areas occupied by many of the haciendas of the central valley of Chile cannot fail to impress even the most casual observer. Most of them were the lands which were granted to the Conquistadores by Valdivia as a reward for their services during the conquest. To the lands were attached a certain number of Indians. This was the origin of the noted *encomienda* system which has provoked so much adverse criticism, and which, from much misunderstanding as to its true nature, has called forth undeserved strictures on the Conquistadores and their successors. It was essentially the Inca system of land tenure as modified by Spanish feudalism—a system which prevailed in Chile until it was abolished by the celebrated Irish governor, Ambrosio O'Higgins, a system which was the forerunner of the present *inquilino* system that now obtains to so great an extent in the Chilean Republic. The

encomienda was in reality a trust, or fief, and the *encomendero,* in return for the labor and tribute of his dependent Indians, was bound to protect them and provide them with Christian instruction. The *encomenderos* were intended to form a knightly class whose duty it was "to defend, enrich and ennoble the kingdom and to care for the Indians."[1]

Most of the denunciations of this system proceed from lack of knowledge of the time when it was introduced and ignorance of the methods of government in Europe during the same period.

It is unreasonable to demand that the Conquistadores in America should have adopted a different system from that with which they were familiar in Europe and which they had every reason to consider the best. They were soldiers and not philosophers. And soldiers are accustomed to transplant the institutions of their own country without instituting reforms.

In the Old World, at the time of the conquest, feudalism still held sway, although in a more mitigated form in Spain than in other countries. The seignor exercised jurisdiction over the inhabitants within his dominions, but with the obligation to defend the country against its enemies, to supply a certain number of troops at his own expense and to provide for all the costs of public administration of his own seignoralty. The vassal retained the

[1] The grants of *encomiendas* made by Valdivia to his followers terminated with these words:

"Con tanto que seais obligado á sustentar armas y caballos é aderezar los caminos reales y puentes que hubiere en los terminos de los dichos nuestros caciques ó cercanos como os conviniese é os cupiere en suerte, é que dejeis á los caciques principales sus mujeres é hijos é los otros indios de su servicio, é los adoctrineis é los enseñeis en los cosas de nuestra Santa Fe Catolica, é habiendo religiosos en la ciudad traigais ante ellos los hijos del cacique para que sean asi mismo instruidos en las cosas de nuestra religion cristiana, é si asi no lo hiciéredes, cargue sobre vuestra conciencia y no sobre la de S. M. é mia; que en su real nombre vos los encomiendo." Quoted in Lezaeta's "Francisco de Aguirre," p 67.

ownership of his land, but with the obligation of tribute either in money or in kind to his overlord, and an acknowledgment of his jurisdiction.

This was the form of government which the Conquistadores strove to introduce into America. Valdivia prided himself on his paternal treatment of the conquered race and had a care not to deprive the Indians of the lands which they actually occupied. For the *encomienda* did not give the *encomendero* a right to such lands. They were, however, frequently purchased from the Indians at a good price. When awarding *encomiendas* to his soldiers, Valdivia gave them only *terrenos vacos,* that is, lands without an owner. As the indigenous population was small in comparison to the great extent of territory, and as the lands actually cultivated by the natives were of very restricted area, there was a surplus of vacant lands for the Spaniards, without appropriating those which were occupied by the aborigines.

Considering, then, the dominant ideas in Spain, as well as in other parts of Europe during the sixteenth century, respecting feudalism, it is difficult to see how the Spaniards could have improved on the form of government which they introduced into South America. To the credit of Valdivia and his successors, it must be said that they were always interested in the perpetuation of the indigenous races, and devised suitable measures for the attainment of so worthy an object. These measures were approved by the viceroy of Peru and by the Kings of Spain, who left nothing undone to protect the lives and property of the Indians, and this at a time, be it remembered, when our New England colonists were doing everything in their power to exterminate the red man in the most brutal manner.

The Indians of the *encomiendas* were, it is true, obliged to work. Women, however, boys under eighteen and men over fifty were excused from enforced labor. More than this, those who labored received some salary, and they were

allowed, moreover, the necessary time for planting and cultivating their own fields. Even those engaged in the placer mines had, by special regulation, the right to retain for their own use all the gold which they might find during one day of each week.[1]

Nor is this all. Not only were the *encomiendas* far from being the diabolical institutions they are so frequently pictured to have been, but the *encomenderos* themselves were not, as a class, the ignorant and heartless men that so many writers represent them to have been. I refer now particularly to the *encomenderos* among the early Conquistadores of Chile. Thanks to the indefatigable labors of recent investigators—especially in Chile—and their bringing to light precious documents, long buried and forgotten in old archives in Spain and in her former dependencies in America, we are now able to rectify numerous errors respecting both men and institutions of early colonial times. Many of these errors, it is now discovered, were due to misleading, verbal reports, or to local passions and jealousies against which certain of the early chroniclers were not sufficiently guarded.

As a result of these exhaustive and conscientious researches, it is now possible to rewrite, with more approximation to truth, the lives of some of the most illustrious of the Conquistadores, about whom, until recently, but little was known outside of their participation in some of the more notable events of the conquest. We find that many of the Conquistadores, whom we have been wont to regard as simple adventurers—as ignorant as they were vicious—were, in reality, men of noble qualities, both intellectual and moral. We learn that they were skillful captains in the wars of Italy and Flanders, in which they served under the banners of the most renowned generals of their century; that, far from being the offscourings of society, and refugees from justice, as were not a few of

[1] Cf. "El Conquistador, Francisco de Aguirre," p. 68, ut. sup.

those who made their way to Cuba, Española and the Spanish Main, during the time of Columbus, the companions of Valdivia, not to speak of Conquistadores in other parts of the New World, were scions of some of the most illustrious families of Spain, men who had disposed of their inherited possessions in the land of their birth in order to seek fortune and glory beyond the seas. In view of this recently acquired knowledge, a distinguished Chilean writer does not hesitate to declare that nearly all the Conquistadores of Chile were not only men of good family, but also men of some education—*"los Conquistadores de Chile casi todos al par que hidalgos, (eran) hombres de alguna instruccion."* [1]

On our way to Talcahuano we crossed, among other rivers, one which is quite famous in Chilean history. This was the Rio Maule. It marked the extreme southern boundary of the great Inca empire.[2] I was particularly glad to see this river, for I then felt that, after many and long peregrinations, I had, at last, reached the southernmost border of Inca territory, as I had years before attained its extreme limits in the plateau of northern Ecuador and in the *Montaña* of eastern Peru. I was then able to realize, as never before, the vast extent of the dominions of the Children of the Sun, and their wonderful capacity for governing countless tribes, as different in language and cus-

[1] Don Joaquin Santa Cruz, "Problemas Historicos de la Conquista de Chile," in *Anales de la Universidad,* Tom. CX., p. 13, Santiago de Chile.

[2] The Conquest of Chile by the Incas is a matter of legend rather than of sober history. Nothing certain is known about it. It is generally believed that the Inca, Tupac Yupanqui invaded Chile and, at the head of his troops, reached the valley of Aconcagua. This invasion, it is supposed, took place about the middle of the fifteenth century. It thus preceded the arrival of the Conquistadores by about a hundred years. Huayna Capac, Yupanqui's son and successor, continued the work of his father, and, it is believed, extended the Inca Empire as far south as the Maule. According to Clements R. Markham, "The Inca Yupanqui was the greatest man the American race has ever produced." Huayna Capac was almost his equal, both as conqueror and as an administrator.

toms as they were widely separated from one another. From the Maule to northern Ecuador is as far as from Philadelphia to Salt Lake. How the rulers in Cuzco were able to impose their will on the heterogeneous population which tenanted the vast area over which the Incas bore rule has always been one of the marvels of early South American annals. And when we remember that these diverse peoples, although separated by snow-clad mountains and trackless deserts and devoid of all those means of transportation and communication which we now deem so essential for stable government, were, nevertheless, welded into a single body politic, the wonder grows, and we are compelled to regard these semi-barbarians with admiration bordering on amazement. No other government in the New World, during pre-Columbian times, at all approached that of the Incas in extent, or exhibited rulers who were at the same time so brave, so wise, so progressive and so humane.

The port of Talcahuano, which we reached after a pleasant journey from Santiago, is the finest natural harbor on the Chilean coast. It is well protected and commodious and the site of the progressive naval station of the Republic. It is provided with an adequate arsenal and dockyard, near which is a well equipped and well conducted naval school. Through the courtesy of the naval authorities we were able to visit all these institutions. We were deeply impressed with the order and system everywhere manifest and with the capacity and efficiency of those in charge of this important branch of the nation's defense. From the time of Captain George O'Brien, who commanded the *Lautaro*—the first of Chile's warships—and who was the father and the first hero of the Chilean navy, as was his distinguished countryman, Commodore John Barry, the father and first hero of the American navy, the people of Chile have always been proud of their marine military force and love to proclaim its achievements. For its popu-

lation Chile has now the largest and best-manned navy in the world. But Chile is not satisfied with her present naval power. She purposes to augment it by the addition of a number of submarines, destroyers and dreadnaughts. When these are completed, Chile's navy will be the strongest and best-manned in South America.

The Chilean naval officers whom we met at Talcahuano and elsewhere are a splendid body of men and, like those of the army, are intensely patriotic. The navy of Chile is modeled after that of England, while the army is thoroughly German, even in uniform and equipment. The reason of this is that Chile had German officers for its military instructors. And so thorough was the work of the Kaiser's war experts, that the Chilean army is now considered by military men to be by far the best in South America. Not only this, but in such high esteem have Chilean officers been held, since the German system was introduced into their country, that they have been called on to assist in the reorganization of the armies of several of the South and Central American republics. Among these are Bolivia, Paraguay, Ecuador and Colombia.

"Why," I inquired of a prominent Colombian in Bogotá, "do you engage Chilean officers as instructors for your army?" "Because," was the immediate reply, "they are the best military teachers in South America. They have been so well trained by the Kaiser's men that they are now the equals of their teachers. Is not that a good reason for securing their services?"

In most countries men are soldiers as the result of long and special training. The Chilean, on the contrary, is a soldier born, as the Gaucho is a born horseman, or as the inhabitants of the Pacific Islands are born swimmers and boatmen. His warlike character is an atavistic instinct which, apparently, is as strong as it was in the time of the Conquistadores. This, however, is only what might be expected of a people in whose veins flows the blood both

of the warlike Araucanian and of the bellicose conqueror of the Moors.

And yet these natural warriors of Chile are capable of a self-restraint that would scarcely be expected of them. This was well shown at the time of the strained relations between Chile and Argentina over the boundary question. A plan of campaign had been elaborated by the German General Kœrner, the brilliant reorganizer of the Chilean army, and the troops were mobilized and ready to cross the southern passes of the Cordillera preparatory to a dash against Bahia Blanca on the east coast of Argentina. At the critical moment, when the victorious veterans of the campaign of the Pacific were clamoring for action, the advocates of peace, headed by the leading prelates of the war-menaced countries, intervened with results that were little short of miraculous. Instead of devastated countries, ruined cities, countless widows and orphans—all of which seemed inevitable—there arose on the summit of the Andes a symbol of love and harmony, a statue of the Prince of Peace and a solemn engagement on the part of the two sister Republics that war between them was to be taboo forevermore.

The deep religious sentiment which was so instrumental in averting an imminent war between two neighboring republics is a distinguishing characteristic of the soldiers of Chile, as well as those of Argentina during the war of independence. We have seen how the gallant and chivalrous men under Belgrano and San Martin chose Our Lady of Mercy as the generalissimo of the army of emancipation. In a similar manner the Chilean army, during the war with the mother country, consecrated their arms to Our Lady of Carmel and, at the same time, proclaimed her the general-in-chief of the Chilean forces. It is a matter of record that before the decisive battle of Maipó they made a vow to their patroness, in the event of victory, to erect a temple in her honor on the field of combat.

During the war with Peru and Bolivia—1879-1883—an image of *La Virgen del Carmen* held the place of honor on the admiral's flagship. And the veterans of this war still relate how, before engagements on land, the battle cry of *Viva Chile* was always followed by a fervent *Viva la Virgen del Carmen, Patrona del Ejercito.* It is not, therefore, astonishing to find the troops of Chile forming an escort of honor around the statue of Our Lady of Carmel, as it is carried each year in solemn procession through the principal streets of Santiago. Nor is it surprising to the pilgrim to the Holy Land, when approaching the town of Haifa, to behold, on the summit of Mt. Carmel, a monument erected by the people of Chile to their patroness as an enduring testimony of their gratitude. What Santiago is to Spain, what Nuestra Señora de la Merced is to Argentina, what Jeanne d'Arc is to France, that is *La Virgen del Carmen* to Chile, the nation's patron, the inspirer of deeds of chivalry and patriotism, a protector and helper in the hour of battle.

As in Spain and Germany, the spiritual wants of the army and navy of Chile are looked after by a special ecclesiastical organization known as a military vicariate. It was established quite recently, and Chile is the only country in America which enjoys this privilege. It is independent of the episcopate and has charge of the religious services not only of the soldiers, but also of the functionaries and employees of the Chilean government. I had the pleasure of meeting several of these chaplains of the *Vicariato Castrense* and I found them all men of exceptional zeal and intelligence, priests who enjoyed the confidence and respect of both officers and men, and whose influence and ministration have contributed much towards making the Chilean army one of the best disciplined and most efficient in the world.

The bravery and patriotism of the Chileans are proverbial. As they are all soldiers by hereditary vocation,

so are they all, from the humblest *roto* to the most illustrious señor of the nation's aristocracy, animated by a patriotic ardor which neither party spirit, nor local jealousies, nor individual interest can affect in the slightest degree. For this reason their spirit of nationality is marvelous, superb.

During the riots in Santiago in 1890, one of the insurgent *rotos* was shot twice by the police and severely wounded. By a strange good fortune he managed to escape to Valparaiso, where he sought refuge on a North American cargo-boat. While still infuriated at his treatment by the police, he told his story to one of the crew, who expressed his sympathy with the poor fellow and referred to Chile, in which he had been so harshly dealt with, as "a dirty country" and "a rascally government." The sympathizing sailor had scarcely uttered these words when the *roto* had him by the throat, threatening to choke him for daring to calumniate dear, noble Chile. The spectators tried to calm him, but to no purpose. He demanded that he be allowed to land immediately, when he was at once arrested and barely escaped being executed. He was a typical Chilean, whose motto, like that of his country's navy, was *La Patria ante de todo y todo por la Patria*—Our country before everything and everything for our country. Is it strange that such people should love "the panoply and glory of war, the stirring march and the midnight bivouac," and that they constitute a nation of patriots of unflinching bravery and indomitable courage?

At a spot near Talcahuano, named Penco, Valdivia founded the city of Concepcion del Nuevo Extremo, which occupies almost as large a page in early colonial history as Santiago. No place, probably, in the whole of Chile has suffered so many disasters and witnessed so many vicissitudes. Frequently attacked by the Araucanians and devastated by earthquakes and tidal waves, it was in the terrible seismic convulsion of 1751 completely wiped out

of existence. After this awful catastrophe the new city of Nuestra Señora de la Concepcion was built on the present site, which is about ten miles from Talcahuano. It is now a flourishing place and is spoken of as "the capital of Southern Chile." Like Santiago, Imperial, Villa Rica and Valdivia, it was founded by the Conqueror of Chile. Indeed, as a founder of cities, Valdivia almost rivaled his chief, Francisco Pizarro, who laid the foundations of the principal cities of Peru.

At Concepcion we crossed the most famous river in Chilean history. This is the Biobio, which was for more than three centuries after the conquest the northern frontier of Araucania. The Incas extended their conquests as far south as the Maule, but there is no satisfactory evidence that they colonized the country so far southward as this river. Similarly Valdivia and his gallant lieutenants carried the banner of Spain full three hundred miles south of the Biobio, and even founded cities in various parts of the land which they fondly imagined they had securely placed under the dominion of the Spanish Crown. But they were mistaken. Their success was only ephemeral. For the Araucanians, under the leadership of their famous chiefs, Caupolican and Lautaro, rose in their might and so completely razed seven of Valdivia's cities that for three centuries they were little more than a memory. Of the seven cities founded by the illustrious Conquistador, La Imperial was the only one which saw the beginning of the seventeenth century without having been destroyed by the dread Mapuches.[1]

The Araucanians have well deserved the name of the rebellious or unconquered race. For the Spaniards had scarcely entered upon their career of conquest in the fertile

[1] The name the indigenes of Chile gave themselves. It means simply the people or the natives of the country. The epithet Araucanian, so long applied to the indomitable race of southern Chile, is derived from the Quichua word *aucca*—rebel. The Peruvians designated as Araucanians, Indians with whom they were at war, or Indians who had not been conquered.

valley south of Santiago when they found themselves confronted by the most hostile and warlike people they had ever met in the New World. The Aztecs, Muiscas and Incas were almost pacific and timid in comparison with them. The brave and hardy inhabitants of Chile proudly proclaimed themselves as *Dueños de la tierra y de las aguas*—the owners of the land and the sea. They rose against the invader as one man, and even in the time of the Conquistadores they were known as *gente indomable*—an invincible race. They were, without doubt, better natural fighters than any native race in history. They were well described by the Spaniards as a people "with bodies of iron and souls of tigers." They might be defeated, but they never would surrender. With them, as with the Chilean soldier of today, their device was *Vencer ó morir*—Conquer or die.

"Had I a thousand lives," exclaimed an Araucanian *toqui*—chief—who died fighting a vastly superior force, "I would gladly give them all for my country and liberty." This was characteristic of the entire people. No race of men were ever greater lovers of liberty or made greater sacrifices for the land of their birth. Not content with fighting the Spaniards during their lifetime, they wished to continue the contest with them after their death. Before the great Araucanian chieftain, Millalelmo, died in 1570, he expressed a wish for the election of his successor who would continue the war against the invaders. He then ordered his body to be burned, that he might rise to the clouds and keep up, in another world, the war against the dead Spaniards whom he expected to find there.

And these expressed wishes of the dying chief were in strict conformity with the belief of his countrymen respecting the conditions of existence beyond the tomb. For, according to their view, as Padre Molina informs us, "The soul, notwithstanding its new condition of life, never loses its original attachments and when the spirits of their countrymen return, as they frequently do, they fight furiously

with those of their enemies, whenever they meet with them in the air, and these combats are the origin of tempests, thunder and lightning. Not a storm rages on the Andes, or on the ocean, but they ascribe it to a battle between the souls of their fellow-countrymen and those of the Spaniards. They say that the roaring of the wind is the trampling of their horses, the noise of the thunder that of their drums, and the flashes of lightning the fire of the artillery. If the storm takes its course towards the Spanish territory, they affirm that the spirits have put to flight those of the Spaniards and exclaim triumphantly, 'Pursue them, friends! Pursue them! Kill them!' If the contrary happens, they are greatly afflicted and call out in consternation, 'Courage, friends! Be firm!' "[1]

This is not the place to tell of the interminable struggle of the Araucanians with the Spaniards and of the brilliant achievements of these children of the forest when battling against the best-trained veterans of Europe; but a reference must be made, in passing, to the two chief heroes of the race, who have been immortalized in the pages of Ercilla's great epic, "La Araucana." These were Caupolican and Lautaro. For Ercilla there was, in reality, but one chief—one supreme leader of the brave Mapuches—and that was Caupolican. Lautaro is the lieutenant who always acts under the orders of his great commander-in-chief. Even when Lautaro is on the point of bringing to a successful issue his daring campaign against the proud city of Santiago, the reader always discerns in the distance the imposing figure of Caupolican directing the movements of the hazardous expedition. The reason of this is that Ercilla never knew or saw Lautaro. The battles in which the poet himself fought, and which he has so graphically depicted, were against troops which were led by Caupolican. Hence all the resistance of the Araucanians

[1] "The Geographical, Natural and Civil History of Chile," Vol. II, p. 82, Middletown, Connecticut, 1808.

is pictured as being incarnate in this valiant chieftain. The poet adulterates nothing. He tells what he saw with his own eyes, and in so doing he tells the truth.[1]

According to Ercilla, and his poem is the basis of nearly all we know of the two great heroes, Lautaro began his meteoric career as a warrior when he was only a mere youth. He had been a *palafrenero*—horse-boy—of Valdivia, but, escaping from his master, he joined his countrymen who were fighting the Spaniards. He was a born military genius and was only eighteen years of age—the age of Alexander the Great, when he took part in the battle of Chæronea—when he began to display tactical skill and fertility of resource worthy of an old and experienced commander. Although pitted against the best soldiers of Europe, veterans in the wars of Italy and Flanders, he was so successful in his brilliant campaign against the Spaniards that he threatened to drive them out of Chile. Although a mere stripling and entirely untutored in the science of war, he successfully employed the crescent line of battle formation which gave the English so much trouble in their conflict with the Kafirs. And, like Bruce at Bannockburn, he resorted to the ruse of having a large number of women and boys with poles near the battlefield, as

[1] "In reality," declares Ticknor, "the 'Araucana' is a history in verse. The first division of the 'Araucana' is, in fact, a versified history of the early part of the war. It is geographically and statistically accurate. It is a poem, thus far, that should be read with a map, and one whose connecting principle is merely the succession of events. Of this rigid accuracy he [Ercilla] more than once boasts; and, to observe it, he begins with a description of Arauco and its people, amidst whom he lays his scene, and then goes on through fifteen cantos of consecutive battles, negotiations, conspiracies, and adventures, just as they occurred. He composed this part of his poem, he tells us, in the wilderness, where he fought and suffered; taking the night to describe what the day had brought to pass, and writing his verses on fragments of paper, or, when these failed, on scraps of skins; so that it is, in truth, a poetical journal, in octave rhymes, of the expedition in which he was engaged. These fifteen cantos, written between 1555 and 1563, constitute the first part, which ends abruptly in the midst of a violent tempest, and which was printed by itself in 1569." "History of Spanish Literature," Vol. II, p. 549. Boston, 1872.

if they were an army in reserve. It was this youthful warrior who was the conqueror of Valdivia[1] who was reputed to be the ablest warrior of his time in America—*el mejor hombre de guerra que hubiese en America.*

North America can point to many notable Indian chieftains, but to no one who was so distinguished for a long series of brilliant victories as was the youthful hero of Araucania, Lautaro. Until, at the age of twenty-two, he fell at Mataquito, while fighting for his country, he never lost a battle. With truth has it been said that he was "the most valiant, steadfast and determined of all the defenders of American soil, from California to Chiloe." A town and a department have been named after him by the Chilean government, and the story of the young hero and his ladylove, Guacolda, as sung by Ercilla, is one of the epic glories not only of Araucania, but also of the whole of Chile. Poetic justice seems to require that he, too, like his illustrious compatriot, Caupolican, should have a statue on Santa Lucia in the nation's capital. The sculptors of Chile will not easily find a nobler or a more inspir-

[1] Many stories have long passed current respecting the manner of Valdivia's death. According to one account, the illustrious Conquistador met death at the hands of Lautaro. According to another, one of the *toquis* dispatched him with a war club. Many have credited the tale invented by Mariño de Lobera, that the Indians caused the death of their victim by pouring molten gold into his mouth, at the same time mockingly telling him, "Have now your fill of that gold which you have eagerly sought." Others still, elaborating the invention of Góngora Marmolejo, tell us that, after Valdivia was brained by a club in the presence of a large concourse of Araucanian braves, "his heart was cut out, the points of their arrows were colored with the blood, and then, being divided into fragments, it was eaten by the assembled caciques so that they might all have one heart in the struggle against the Spaniards." The last two versions of the conqueror's death can be dismissed as fables. Sr. Crescente Errazuriz in his masterly work, "Pedro de Valdivia," Tom. II, p. 591, Santiago de Chile, 1911, arrives at the conclusion that "Valdivia met death in battle, or at the termination of it, like any other combatant, unaccompanied by any special circumstance—*fué muerto ó en medio del combate ó á la terminacion de el, como otro cualquiera, sin circumstancia especial, brevemente.*"

ing subject for their chisel, or one that should have a stronger appeal to their countrymen.

As to the place occupied by Caupolican in Chile's Valhalla, the opinion of the learned commentator of "La Araucana," A. Koenig, may be accepted as authoritative:

"Historical criticism essays in vain to diminish, even slightly, the importance of Caupolican. Its arguments, however specious, always collapse before the power of public opinion. The figure modeled in 'La Araucana' has become a part of the patriotic beliefs which are the patrimony of all Chileans. If Lautaro represents the graces of youth and the impetuosity of juvenile years, Caupolican is the type of the grave and prudent general who is skillful and energetic in the conduct of war and affairs. The Republic has baptized with his name one of its richest departments. Historic or legendary, created by Ercilla or by tradition, Caupolican is a man who lives in our hearts and in our affections as one of the founders of the Fatherland." [1]

A word, too, must be said about the Araucanian women, especially those who figure so prominently in the pages of Ercilla's great epic. Their prowess was no less remarkable than that of the men, and they sought death rather than submit to defeat or servitude.

The striking episode in "La Araucana," which depicts the last interview between Caupolican and his wife, Fresia, reveals in the most vivid manner the character of the Araucanian woman, as she has ever exhibited herself in the face of the enemy. The heroic leader had been betrayed into the hands of the Spaniards, and when Fresia meets him, a fettered prisoner of the hated invader, she assails him with fierce invective and withering scorn unrivaled in literature.

[1] "Historico o lejendaro, creado por Ercilla o por la tradicion, ello es que Caupolican es un hombre que vive en nuestros corazones i en nuestro cariño como una de los fundadores de la patria." "La Araucana de don Alonso de Ercilla i Zuñiga." Edicion para uso de los Chilenos con noticias Historicas, Biograficas i Etimolojicas, p. 181, Santiago de Chile, 1888.

When the unhappy wife beheld her lord,
His strong arms bound with a disgraceful cord,
Stript of each ensign of his past command,
And led the pris'ner of our shouting band;
Her anguish burst not into vain complaint,
No female terrors her firm soul attaint;
But, breathing fierce disdain, and anger wild,
Thus she exclaim'd, advancing with her child:

"The stronger arm that in this shameful band
Has tied thy weak effeminated hand,
Had nobler pity to thy state exprest
If it had bravely pierc'd that coward breast.
Wert thou the warrior whose heroic worth
So swiftly flew around the spacious earth,
Whose name alone, unaided by thy arm,
Shook the remotest clime with fear's alarm?
Wert thou the victor whose triumphant strain
Promis'd with rapid sword to vanquish Spain;
To make new realms Arauco's power revere,
And spread her empire o'er the arctic sphere?
Wretch that I am! how was my heart deceiv'd,
In all the noble pride with which it heav'd,
When through the world my boasted title ran,
Fresia, the wife of great Caupolican!
Now, plung'd in misery from the heights of fame,
My glories end in this detested shame,
To see thee captive in a lonely spot,
When death and honor might have been thy lot?

What now avail thy scenes of happier strife,
So dearly bought by many a nobler life;
The wond'rous feats, that valor scarce believ'd,
By thee with hazard and with toil achiev'd?
Where are the vaunted fruits of thy command,
The laurels gather'd by this fetter'd hand?
All sunk! all turn'd to this abhorr'd disgrace,
To live the slave of this ignoble race!
Say, had thy soul no strength, thy hand no lance,
To triumph o'er the fickle power of chance?
Dost thou not know, that, to the warrior's name,

A gallant exit gives immortal fame?
Behold the burden which my breast contains,
Since of thy love no other pledge remains!
Had'st thou in glory's arms resign'd thy breath,
We both had follow'd thee in joyous death:
Take, take thy son! he was a tie most dear,
Which spotless love once made my heart revere;
Take him!—by generous pain and wounded pride,
The currents of this fruitful breast are dried:
Rear him thyself, for thy gigantic frame,
To woman turn'd, a woman's charge may claim:
A mother's title I no more desire,
Or shameful children from a shameful sire!"
As thus she spoke, with growing madness stung,
The tender nursling from her arms she flung
With savage fury, hast'ning from our sight,
While anguish seem'd to aid her rapid flight.
Vain were our efforts; nor indignant cries,
Nor gentle prayers, nor angry threats, suffice
To make her breast, where cruel frenzy burn'd,
Receive the little innocent she spurn'd.[1]

The Chilean navy, with a rare sense of chivalry and poetic justice, has named its torpedo-boats after the heroines who have been immortalized by the soldier-poet who fought against their brothers, husbands and sweethearts. Among these names are the dauntless Fresia; Guacolda, the ladylove of Lautaro; Tegualda, the loyal spouse of the gallant young chieftain, Crepino; and Janequeo, who, to avenge her husband's death, put herself at the head of a company of soldiers, captured the fort of Candelaria, and, with her own hand, slew the captain of the garrison.

It is worthy of note that not only Ercilla, but also the chroniclers and historians who have written of the conquest of Chile, are one in presenting the Araucanian women as models of valor and conjugal devotion.

[1] Canto XXXIII.

Such was the valor and steadfastness of the Araucanians —the women as well as the men—that Valdivia was constrained, in a letter to Charles V, to declare: "It is now thirty years that I serve your majesty. I have fought against many nations, but I have never witnessed such tenacity as these Indians, in Chile, exhibit against us. . . . Each inch of territory I have conquered cost me a hundred drops of blood and two hundred drops of sweat."

And so great were the losses sustained by the Spanish forces in Chile that Philip II complained that the poorest of his American colonies cost him the élite of his captains—*la mas pobre de sus colonias americanas le consumia la flor de sus guzmanes.*[1] "This narrow strip of Chile," writes Señor Menendez y Pelayo, "cost more to conquer and to hold than all the rest of the American continent."[2] With fewer soldiers than Spain lost in Chile, Alexander, it has been estimated, made himself master of the Orient.

When, therefore, Ercilla wrote of the Araucanians as a race:

> Tan soberbia, gallarda y bellicosa,
> Que no ha sido por rey jamas regida
> Ni á estrangero dominio sometida—

a people so proud, brave and warlike that they have never been ruled by a king nor submitted to foreign domination—he described them not only as the Conquistadores had found them, but as they continued to be for more than three hundred years after the death of their famous heroes, Lautaro and Caupolican. During this long period they were able to preserve their independence and to keep the Spaniards and Chileans of European descent to the north of the Biobio. And during all this time there was in Chile

[1] Cf. Cordoba y Figueroa, "Coleccion de Historiadores de Chile y Documentos Relatives a la Historia Nacional," Tom. II, p. 29, Santiago, 1898-1907.

[2] Op. cit., Tom. IV, p. 5.

the strange spectacle of an *imperium in imperio*. Indeed, it was not until the last quarter of the nineteenth century that the white man was able to secure a permanent foothold in Araucania, and then only through the acquiescence, not the subjugation, of its indomitable inhabitants.

Since 1884 Araucania has been open to colonists from all parts of Europe. The majority of these are Germans. So numerous are they in the two southern provinces of Valdivia and Llanquihue that this part of Chile is often regarded as a colony of the German Empire. Here they are as well represented, in proportion to the rest of the population, as are their countrymen in the three southern states of Brazil. But, although they speak the language and retain the manners and customs of the Fatherland, they are as patriotic Chileans as are the Germans in Brazil patriotic Brazilians. In Chile, as in Brazil, the German pioneers had to pass through long years of privation and suffering. But now, thanks to their industry and thrift, most of them have comfortable, albeit modest, homes, and constitute the best and most progressive element of the population. Many of them have become wealthy and control the largest and most important industries of the two provinces just named. They are contented with the country of their adoption and no more desire to become subjects of the Kaiser than do our German fellow-citizens of Chicago or Milwaukee.

The number of Araucanians in Chile is variously estimated to be from fifty to one hundred thousand. They still retain much of the land. Part of this is under cultivation; a part, also, is devoted to pasturage. Their *rucas* [1]

[1] The *ruca* is usually a primitive wattled structure with a thatched roof extending to the ground. It has but one door and is devoid of both windows and chimneys. The smoke from the rude fireplaces, where the cooking is done, escapes from openings in the roof. Even in the southern part of Chile, where the rainfall is exceptionally heavy, the only floor is the bare earth. There is, indeed, but little difference between the Araucanian *rucas* and the *bohios* of certain Indian tribes inhabiting the basins of the Amazon and the Orinoco.

Araucanian Village.

Araucanian Mother and Child.

Araucanian Woman Carrying Child in Papoose Frame.

are, for the most part, like the thatched huts of their ancestors. They adhere tenaciously to many of their old customs and polygamy is still prevalent. But alcohol is doing among these brave people what neither the legions of Spain nor those of Chile were able to achieve. Contact with the whites is beginning to exhibit the same disastrous consequences as in the United States and Canada. Schools and missions have been established among them, it is true, but the results so far obtained have not been commensurate with the labor and sacrifices which have been made in their behalf. The Franciscans, especially, deserve credit for their efforts to civilize and Christianize these people of a heroic past, and, though they have great difficulty in overcoming the prejudices and animosities engendered by centuries of injustice and warfare, they are not without hope of eventually seeing their labors crowned with success. The Araucanians are as refractory to external influences as they are brave in battle, and this characteristic, coupled with their deep attachment to their manners and customs and traditions, will make a radical change in their mode of life and superstitious beliefs a slow and arduous process. But theirs is a race worth preserving. A people through whose veins courses the blood of a Lautaro and a Caupolica; who have been so instrumental in modifying the character of the Chilean of today and in making him unsurpassed as a soldier and a patriot, is a people that should be preserved and perpetuated at any cost. If modern Chile stands unrivaled in South America for the spirit and gallantry of her sons, she is probably as much indebted for these characteristics to the heroic inhabitants of Araucania as she is to the chivalrous people of Spain.

By a special arrangement of our kind and thoughtful hosts, a large delegation of Araucanians, several thousand, it was said, were to greet us on our arrival at one of the towns in the southern part of the Republic. But our train, unfortunately, did not arrive until long after nightfall

and we were thus deprived of the pleasure which was prepared for us. As we drew near the town we saw a large number of fires on a hillside, some distance from the town in question. "That," said one of our hosts sitting next to me, "is the encampment of the Indians. I fear we shall not see them, as we expected, for they never remain in town over night. They always return to their homes immediately after sunset." My informant was right. When we reached the town we learned that a large number of Araucanians had been waiting for us for hours, but hearing that our train was behind time, and would not arrive until long after sunset, they all returned to their encampment, except a small committee of chiefs who watched to greet us in the name of their people.

We all regretted that it was impossible to carry out the program as planned. For, although we saw many Araucanians during our journeying through Chile, we had never had an opportunity to see so great a multitude as had assembled at the place in question. They were, we were informed, in gala attire and prepared to welcome us in their own tongue. "You will hear some interesting speeches," a Chilean in our party told me, "for many of the Araucanians are born orators. Besides this, nothing affords them more pleasure than to be given an opportunity of displaying their powers of oratory."

I was aware of their ability as public speakers, and my disappointment in not meeting the Indians was enhanced by the thought that we should not again have such an opportunity of enjoying a type of eloquence which has been famous since the time of the Conquistadores. To compensate for this loss I afterwards took up my copy of "La Araucana" and read Colocolo's famous speech to the chieftains who had assembled to elect a commander-in-chief in the war which they were then waging against the Spanish invaders. Nothing gives a truer picture of the Araucanian warrior than this harangue which Voltaire preferred

to a similar one of Nestor's in the second book of the Iliad. As this noble discourse is not so well known in English as it should be, I feel I am doing the reader a favor in reproducing it as the conclusion of this chapter:

Assembled chiefs! ye guardians of the land!
Think not I mourn from thirst of lost command,
To find your rival spirits thus pursue
A post of honor which I deem my due.
These marks of age, you see, such thoughts disown
In me, departing for the world unknown;
But my warm love, which ye have long possest,
Now prompts that counsel which you'll find the best.
Why should we now for marks of glory jar?
Why wish to spread our martial name afar?
Crush'd as we are by fortune's cruel stroke,
And bent beneath an ignominious yoke,
Ill can our minds such noble pride maintain,
While the fierce Spaniard holds our galling chain.
Your generous fury here ye vainly show;
Ah! rather pour it on th' embattled foe!
What frenzy has your souls of sense bereav'd?
Ye rush to self-perdition, unperceiv'd.
'Gainst your own vitals would ye lift those hands,
Whose vigor ought to burst oppression's bands?

If a desire of death this rage create,
O die not yet in this disgraceful state!
Turn your keen arms, and this indignant flame,
Against the breast of those who sink your fame,
Who made the world a witness of your shame.
Haste ye to cast these hated bonds away,
In this the vigor of your soul's display;
Nor blindly lavish, from your country's veins,
Blood that may yet redeem her from her chains.

E'en while I thus lament, I still admire
The fervor of your souls; they give me fire:
But justly trembling at their fatal bent,

I dread some dire calamitous event;
Lest in your rage Dissension's frantic hand
Should cut the sinews of our native land.
If such its doom, my thread of being burst,
And let your old compeer expire the first!
Shall this shrunk frame, thus bow'd by age's weight,
Live the weak witness of a nation's fate?
No: let some friendly sword, with kind relief,
Forbid its sinking in that scene of grief.
Happy whose eyes in timely darkness close,
Sav'd from the worst of sights, his country's woes!
Yet, while I can, I make your weal my care,
And for the public good my thoughts declare.
Equal ye are in courage and in worth;
Heaven has assign'd to all an equal birth;
In wealth, in power, and majesty of soul,
Each chief seems worthy of the world's control.
These gracious gifts, not gratefully beheld,
To this dire strife your daring minds impell'd.

But on your generous valor I depend,
That all our country's woes will swiftly end.
A leader still our present state demands,
To guide to vengeance our impatient bands;
Fit for this hardy task that chief I deem,
Who longest may sustain a massive beam:
Your rank is equal, let your force be try'd
And for the strongest let his strength decide.

—Canto II.

CHAPTER XV

MYTHS AND MARVELS OF MOUNTAIN, LAKE AND PLAIN

In its physical aspects no country in the world exhibits such striking contrasts as Chile. In the north it is an arid desert, where not even a blade of grass is visible and where for years at a time rain is unknown. In the south the vegetation is of tropical exuberance and there is a saying among the inhabitants that it rains thirteen months in the year. North of the province of Tarapacá, we are assured, the last rain fell in 1819—nearly a century ago.[1] In Valdivia the annual precipitation amounts to nearly fourteen feet—more than a foot for each month in the year.

The contrast between the inhabitants of the northern and the southern parts of the Republic is equally marked. In the north the population is composed almost exclusively of those who labor in the nitrate fields. Most of these are hard-working *rotos,* who have been allured from their southern homes by the high wages paid by the English and German nitrate kings. In the south—especially in the two provinces of Valdivia and Llanquihue—the dominating element of the population is German. There are now about thirty thousand Germans in the two provinces named, two-thirds of whom have been born in Chile.

When the first German immigrants in 1850 arrived at the old town of Valdivia, the surrounding country was a wilderness. The government in Santiago knew practically nothing about it, and the official immigration agent,

[1] "A Short Description of the Republic of Chile According to Official Data," p. 41, Leipsic, 1903.

Don Vicente Perez Rosales, was obliged personally to explore the country before he could supply the German colonists with the information they desired before settling in the country. Although three centuries had elapsed since the conqueror of Chile had laid the foundation of Valdivia, it was, at the time of the arrival of the Germans, little more than a small aggregation of low, isolated, moss-covered hovels. The condition of their occupants was scarcely better than that of their Araucanian neighbors. The women cultivated small plots of ground with plows and other implements which were fashioned out of wood whose working points had been hardened in the fire. Aside from a little wheat, the chief products of their toil were beans and potatoes. Wild apples supplied them with chicha, while the sea provided them with an abundance of seafood. Roads, there were none. The inhabitants lived from hand to mouth, and such a thing as the development of trade and industry was far from their minds.[1]

But no sooner had the thrifty and industrious sons of the Fatherland arrived on the scene than everything was transformed, as if by magic. Neat and comfortable houses were erected, trees were felled, land was prepared for cultivation on a large scale, all kinds of industries were established, trade was developed, and Valdivia, from a miserable, neglected village, soon became one of the most prosperous commercial centers in the Republic.

The subjects of the Kaiser love to call southern Chile *ein zweites Deutschland*—a second Germany. It is certainly more deserving of this appellation than is the southern part of Brazil, which, as we have seen, counts so many thousands of people of either German birth or German origin. Indeed, it is sometimes difficult, when traveling through the provinces of Valdivia and Llanquihue, to convince oneself that one is not actually journeying in the

[1] Cf. "Recuerdos del Pasado," 317 et seq., by V. P. Rosales, Santiago de Chile, 1886.

dominions of the Kaiser. The language is German. Often it is the only language which the people one meets are able to speak. The manners and customs of the inhabitants are German. The homes are German, not only in form and structure, but also in furniture, decoration, and, above all, in the immaculate cleanliness which is so characteristic of the German *hausfrau*. The children are well-bred, neatly clad, and as active and industrious as their parents. They spend a good part of their youth in school and, when they attain manhood and womanhood, they are almost as well equipped for the duties of life as are their kinsfolk in the valleys of the Rhine and the Oder.

Even as we speed through the country on the railway train, we find everywhere reminders of the fact that we are in a land that is virtually German. At the larger stations men and boys, carrying large glasses of cool, foaming beer from the great brewery in Valdivia, cry out, "*Glas Bier, gefällig?*" Should they address a Chilean, they will probably put the question in Spanish, and politely inquire, "*Una cerveza?*" at the same time holding the fresh, tempting beverage up to the thirsty passenger at the window of the car.

I say this part of Chile is virtually German. This is not an exaggeration. The Germans own nearly three-fourths of the land, and the amount falling under their control is constantly increasing. Everywhere one sees their well-cultivated farms and the large tracts of land where they have felled and burnt myriads of forest trees preparatory to the work of the plow and the reaper. There is no better wheatland in Chile than that which has recently been brought under cultivation by the enterprising and tireless sons of the Fatherland. The soil is equally adapted to the raising of fruits of all kinds. Nowhere will one see finer peaches, plums, cherries and strawberries. And nowhere will one find blackberries in greater abundance.

The blackberry bush, which was introduced into the

country some decades ago by the Germans, is so luxuriant that it threatens to become as much of a plague as are the rabbits of California and Australia. They are found everywhere—along the roads, in the fields, invading the yards and gardens. Nowhere have I seen them so large, so vigorous, so determined to take possession of all unoccupied ground. How to control the spread of this sturdy and prolific intruder has recently become a serious problem for the farmers of southern Chile.

But not only do the Germans control the greater part of the small farmlands, but they have also gotten possession of many of the large *latifundia* which were for generations the property of old Chilean families who were descended from the Conquistadores. Some of these vast estates embrace more than a hundred thousand acres, a great part of which is made up of valuable timber lands. Until recently the lumber used in a great part of Chile was imported from Norway, Sweden, Vancouver and Puget Sound, but since the Germans have gotten possession of the large forestlands of Valdivia and Llanquihue, they have developed the lumber industry like every other to which they have put their hands. Sawmills have been established all along the railroad and, at almost every station, one will see large piles of lumber ready for shipment. Before the advent of the Germans in Valdivia, boards and planks were so rare and valuable that they were used in place of coin as a medium of exchange. Now, owing to the rapid exploitation of the great forests of the country occupied by the Teutonic colonists, the lumber industry is becoming one of the most flourishing and profitable of this part of the Republic.

A half century ago the activities of the Germans in Chile were confined almost entirely to agriculture, and the sphere of their operations was limited to but a small section of the country. Now they are found in all parts of the Republic and their influence is felt in the social and

political as well as in the industrial and commercial world. Nor have the Chileans any reason to be dissatisfied with the prosperity and ever-increasing influence of the Teutonic element of their population. Far from it. They are the first to rejoice in the success and prominence of their German colonists and the German men of affairs who have contributed so materially towards making Chile what she is today.

The following extract from a Chilean paper, published about the time of our visit, tells of the dominating position of the Germans in many spheres of activity. "Our system of education," declares the writer of the article, "is German. Our most distinguished teachers are German. Our electric works are German. Our military system is German. Almost the entire saltpeter zone of Tolo and Taltal is German. Most of our largest and best banks are German. Our gold reserves are deposited in German banks. When our people go abroad, they travel in German steamers. Necessary commodities of all kinds come to us in German ships. Our children play with German toys. German products predominate in our markets. Our periodicals are printed on German paper, or, at least, on paper which is brought to us by German merchants. I have, therefore, said that when the day comes that another nation knocks at our door, it will find inscribed on it the word 'Occupied.' "

In Chile, as in Brazil and as in the United States, the Germans are not only among the best and the most industrious citizens, but also the most loyal citizens of the land of their adoption. They retain, it is true, the manners and customs of the Fatherland. They are proud of its traditions, its art, its literature, its science, its contributions to social and economic progress, its great poets and statesmen and heroes; but they are as thoroughly and devotedly Chilean as are their countrymen in the United States thoroughly and devotedly Americans. They may, indeed, cling

to the language of their fathers, and their children, even, may be unable to speak any other in certain colonies in the southern part of the Republic, but they are, nevertheless, as wholly and unreservedly Chilean as the German-speaking inhabitants of Southern Brazil are wholly and unreservedly Brazilian. All talk about the Germans of Valdivia and Llanquihue, as all talk about the Germans in Rio Grande do Sul and Santa Catharina and Paraná, being in any way subjects of the Kaiser, or disposed to aid and abet any alleged schemes of German conquest in South America, is as wild and as fantastic as would be similar talk respecting our fellow-citizens of German origin in the United States. The people of German descent in Chile who have their homes and families there are, it can be positively asserted, as much attached to their adopted country as are the descendants of the Conquistadores.

The end of our railway journey in Chile was at Puerto Varas, at which we arrived at eight o'clock on a delightful morning of the last month of spring. Puerto Varas is a bustling little German town on the western shore of Llanquihue and looks much like one of the picturesque burgs which adorn the green slopes around Lake Constance or Lake Neuchâtel. Everybody in town was at the station to meet us on our arrival. There was, of course, the inevitable brass band, which discoursed various national airs, including "Die Wacht am Rhein," as we exchanged greetings with the courteous committee which had come to extend to us the hospitality of Puerto Varas.

But, although we were in a Spanish-American country, the language spoken by almost everyone around us was German. Many of the people whom we met could not speak any other tongue. On all sides we heard the cordial "*Willkommen*" of young and old and could easily fancy ourselves among old friends in the Harz or Schwarzwald. Like Valdivia, Union and Osorno, Puerto Varas, although named after a distinguished Chilean statesman, is in every

way distinctively German. Not only is the language of the people German, but German also are their dress, their habits of life, the structure and appearance of their homes. Their cozy and roomy frame cottages were in marked contrast to the narrow, wattle hovels of the *roto,* or the smoky, thatched *rucas* of the Araucanian. Each cottage was surrounded by a green grass plot adorned with trim shrubbery, well-kept flower-beds and a number of fruit trees. Roses and geraniums and fuchsias were everywhere—along the pathways, around the doors, on the window-sills. Order and cleanliness were observable in everything, from the tidily dressed children, whose bright, smiling faces greeted us on all sides, to the immaculate lace curtains which decked the windows of their neat and cheerful homes. Everything revealed the deft hand of the *hausfrau,* as well as her innate love of order and cleanliness.

A sumptuous breakfast was served us in the leading hotel of the place. All the dishes were served in German style, while many of them, like Westphalian ham and Strasburg pâté, were to the hungry members of our party not unpleasant reminders of the Fatherland. There were, too, for those who desired it at that early hour, beer from the huge German brewery in Valdivia and choice vintages from the cellars of the Rhine and the Moselle. And our portly and good-natured German host did the honors in a way that would have reflected credit on the most accomplished *Gastwirt* in the land of his fathers.

To be thus suddenly landed in the heart of Germany, while traveling in a Spanish-American republic, seemed almost uncanny. But there was another surprise awaiting us. There had to be, as in every other place which we had visited, a formal address of welcome. Among the reception committee were four German Jesuits who were engaged in missionary work in this part of the world. It was the superior of these missionaries who had been selected as spokesman for the people of Puerto Varas. His

address, however, was not in German, but in English, and very correct English it was. It was he, also, who, at the end of the speech-making and exchange of compliments, called for three cheers for the guests of the hour, and led in the cheering by a vigorous "Hip! Hip! Hurrah!"

On leaving the hotel in which we had been so royally entertained, we found a large number of charming school-girls, dressed in white and bearing bouquets of roses, waiting to greet us. They came from a convent school, nearby, conducted by nuns who a few years previously had been driven from their homes in France by the notorious *Lois d'Associations*. But this is only one of many instances which might be cited of homes of learning and charity in Chile which are in the hands of *religieuses* who have been exiled from France by those who should have most appreciated the value of their services in school, asylum and hospital.

A radical member of the Chilean Congress, Señor Pleiteado, proclaimed to the world, a short time before our arrival, the measure of the hospitality which his country accords the exiled religious of Europe when he declared in a noted discourse: "Chile is not only a land of promise, but also a new Thebaid, where the exiled religious from all corners of the world find an asylum. They land on our shores and the government at once makes due provision to enable them to carry on their works of instruction and charity. They arrive without a cent and establish themselves without authorization, for none is required." They are cordially received everywhere, for the Chileans have long since learned their worth and know that the services which they render to rich and poor alike are such as can be secured only through those who have vowed themselves to lives of beneficence and mercy.

But Chile is not alone in this generous attitude towards the exiled sisters of France. I have seen them in the valleys of Venezuela, on the llanos of Colombia, in the wilds

of Brazil. And everywhere, as in Chile, they are engaged in the instruction of youth and in the care of the sick and the helpless and the orphan—everywhere venerated as angels of mercy and the noblest of God's creatures on earth.

After enjoying the hospitality of the good people of Puerto Varas, we prepared to start on the next lap of our journey, which was to take us to Bahia Blanca on the eastern side of the continent. As the crow flies, the distance across South America is some hundreds of miles less in the latitude of Puerto Varas than it is in that of Buenos Aires. But as the projected transcontinental railroad from Bahia Blanca to Puerto Varas is only about half completed, the time required to go from the Pacific to the Atlantic is, even under the most favorable conditions, more than twice as long by the southern route as that demanded on the railway which connects Buenos Aires with Valparaiso.

All of our party looked forward to this trip across the continent with almost jubilant anticipation. The country traversed was practically a *terra incognita* until a few decades ago, and even now the number who have visited it in recent years are extremely limited. And yet for points of interest and magnificent scenery the Andean portion of it is unsurpassed by anything similar on the entire globe.

Accompanied by our kind hosts and a greater portion of the population of Puerto Varas, we proceeded to the landing-place on the shore of Lake Llanquihue, where we found a small steamer, about the size of one of the *vaporini* which ply along the canals of Venice, waiting for us. This steamer was to convey us to the opposite side of the lake, whence we were to continue our journey by alternate excursions on land and water until we reached the western terminus of the railroad which was to take us to the Atlantic seaboard.

Lake Llanquihue is the largest body of water in temperate South America. It has an area of about five hundred square miles and a maximum depth of several hundred feet. It is one of several lakes which we traversed during our peregrinations in Southern Chile and Argentina. Discovered by Valdivia, it long bore his name. Students of Chilean history and geography cannot but regret that this designation was not retained. The waters of this superb body of water, like those of Lake Geneva and of many Alpine lakes, exhibit an exquisite blue color and are in marked contrast with the emerald-green fields by which it is surrounded, and the dazzling snow-capped mountain peaks which rise almost from the edge of the crystal reservoir at their feet.

The first things to attract our attention, after our little steamer has fairly started on her course, are several towering mountains whose summits are covered with perpetual snow. But here the line of perpetual snow is only about five thousand feet above sea level, whereas in the region of the equator it is fully three times as high.

Two of these snow-capped mountains, Calbuco and Osorno, are active volcanoes, and they at times eject a vast amount of steam, ashes and lava. Osorno is more than seven thousand feet high and is a most conspicuous and beautiful object from every point of view. Its perfectly formed cone, while not so large as those of Misti and Cotopaxi, is equally imposing. And although Cotopaxi, which is the highest active volcano in the world, is nearly three times as high as Osorno, it does not seem to exceed it in height. This is because the famous Ecuadorean volcano rises from a lofty plateau more than two miles above sea-level, while the base of Osorno is but a little more than a hundred feet above the surface of the Pacific. As I contemplated the glittering cone of majestic Osorno, clad in eternal snow, I recalled Ercilla's description of the neighboring volcano of Villa Rica:

Gran volcan vecino,
Fragüe segun afirman de Vulcano,
Que regoldando fuego esta continuo—

the great volcano nearby, said to be the forge of Vulcan, which is continually belching fire. Had the old forger of Jupiter's thunderbolts known of Osorno, he would, I fancy, have selected it for his smithy rather than Ætna. And his adjutant Cyclopes, supposing, of course, that they were not insensible to the beauty of their surroundings, would, I am sure, have approved of his choice.

Our first view of Osorno was entrancing. The landscape round about us was suffused with the glorious radiance of vernal sunshine. All nature was pulsing with the rapture of spring. A slight pearly mist hung over the placid waters of the lake. The balmy air was opaline in its transparency. Filmy, white clouds, like laces, diapered the blue sky. Masses of feathery vapor rose from the crater of the volcano and slowly floated away into space. The lower slopes of the majestically grand mountain were panoplied with shrubs and trees of rare beauty and luxuriance. As I contemplated the glory of this immense jewel of the Creator, the charm of its incomparably noble outline amid its lofty silence and supreme calm, I felt myself completely carried away by the enchantment of its irresistible spell. And I recalled the thoughtful words of Kant, who declares that, "In the midst of a beautiful scene of nature, invaded by a full but calm sense of well-being, when his spirit is most open to moral instincts, there seizes man an imperious need to be thankful to someone." And to whom should our gratitude go out but to Him who has fashioned all these wonders of loveliness and sublimity?

After the marvels of the mountains, that which next arrested our attention was the cheerful and gayly fascinating houses which were embowered in the woods and gardens along the shores of the lake and on the flanks and

bases of the mountains. These were the homes of the German farmers who have here converted what was once an impenetrable forest into a veritable Eden. Broad acres of wheat and maize and flax; green meadows dotted with happy flocks and herds; lovely woodlands with towering oaks and pines and cedars, harmonized perfectly with the foam-flecked wavelets breaking on the shore and the verdant slopes of the sun-kissed hills.

But these homes of peace and comfort were not won without long years of labor and sacrifice. The pioneers here, as in most other countries, had many and protracted struggles against hunger and poverty before the reward of their toil was in sight. But, nothing daunted by their trying experience in a strange land, both men and women continued to labor bravely and unremittingly until they had comfortable homes for themselves and their children, and were finally in their old age able to enjoy the success of toil under their own vine and fig tree.

Three hours after leaving Puerto Varas, we arrived at the eastern extremity of the lake, where we disembarked at the very foot of what, during our passage eastwards, had been the cynosure of all eyes—majestic Osorno. Here a troop of saddle horses was in waiting to take our party across the narrow stretch of land which separates Lake Llanquihue from another charming body of water known as Lago de Todos los Santos. In addition to the horses, there was also a four-wheeled vehicle which was a cross between an express wagon and a jaunting-car. Dr. Francisco Moreno, the noted Argentine savant, and I chose this mode of locomotion. I was glad I did so, for Dr. Moreno had spent many years in exploring the region we were about to traverse, and no one, either in Chile or in Argentina, was more familiar with the marvelous scenes along our route, or more competent to interpret the many extraordinary phenomena which presented themselves to our admiring gaze.

Both Llanquihue and Todos los Santos were originally a single body of water that owed its origin to the immense glaciers which covered this region when the whole of Patagonia was covered with a vast mantle of ice and snow. The isthmus which now separates the two lakes was formed by huge deposits of lava and ashes from the crater of Osorno which, ages ago, was far more active than it is at present. The last eruption of any importance occurred towards the middle of the nineteenth century. Calbuco, however, which is only a few miles to the southwest, was quite active as late as 1893.

The width of the isthmus between Lakes Llanquihue and Todos los Santos is about eight miles. The road from one end to the other is over lava and volcanic sand. Owing, however, to the long-continued action of the elements, these Plutonic deposits have been converted into a rich soil which is now covered with luxuriant vegetation. Not far from the road is a large formation composed of basaltic columns like those found in many places along the Andean and Rocky Mountain axes all the way from southern Chile to northern Alaska. Among the many notable trees and shrubs along the wayside, that which particularly attracted my attention was the superb *Fuchsia macrostemma,* the parent of most of the cultivated varieties of the fuchsia so prized in our gardens and greenhouses. The people of California and Oregon pride themselves on the size of their fuchsias, but theirs are quite dwarfish beside some of the truly arboreal specimens found wild in the luxuriant forests which border the lakes of southern Chile.

After a delightful drive of nearly two hours along the foot of mighty Osorno, we arrived at Petrohue, a small trading-post on the west shore of Lago Todos los Santos. We stopped here long enough to take a much relished cup of tea, when we embarked in a small launch for the little hamlet of Peulla, at the opposite end of the lake. The water of Lake Todos los Santos, in marked contrast to

the deep blue of Lake Llanquihue, is of an exquisite green color. It was for this reason that a modern explorer, ignorant of the work of his predecessors and fancying that he had discovered a new lake, gave it the name Laguna de la Esmeralda—Emerald Lake. Although this designation perfectly describes the appearance of this magnificent body of water, it is to be hoped that the name by which it was known to the early missionary explorers will be retained.

Of all the lakes I have seen in the New or the Old World, I think this Lake of All Saints is the most enchanting. Although its area is less than half of that of Lake Llanquihue, its setting is far more attractive. It is surrounded by an escarpment of varied height and character. Here are lofty forest-clad hills; there colossal masses of granite, bare and jagged. Ever and anon there is a narrow ravine through which rushes a white-foamed torrent, or a lofty shelf from which leaps the loveliest of waterfalls into the dark and deep gulf below, or a series of terraces over which pass musical cascades of rarest beauty, or tree-fringed glens and coves and silver streams like those one is wont to picture in fairyland. Then surmounting these fascinating creations of Nature's handicraft are majestic Osorno and Calbuco, Techado and Puntiagudo—majestic white-mantled mountains which are the homes of glaciers and the sources of countless crystalline streams and rivers. Still towering above all these and rising into the empyreal realms of the condor is imperial Tronador—the Thunderer—whose vast ice sheets have, since the Glacial Period, been unceasingly active in polishing mountains and carving out basins for the chains of lakes and lakelets with which this region of marvels is everywhere adorned.

On every side there is the fairest of prospects over peaceful glens, wooded islands, opalescent waterfalls. Whether we fix our gaze on the lowlands that border the emerald waters, or lift our eyes towards the radiant moun-

tain heights, our vision rests on a panorama that delights the soul and wakes the intellect to unwonted activity. And this is true, no matter what the hour of the day. It is especially true when the mountains and hills are draped in the white mists of the morning; when, at noonday, the emerald isles of the lake sleep under a rapture of blue; when, at the approach of twilight, mountain and lake and island are drowned in the golden vapors of the west. Then the colors of the aquamarine lake and its forest-fringed shores are quite magical in their variety and depth, while the play of light and shadow over the enchanting scene is almost mystical. But it is, above all, in the gathering shadows of the evening, when the green of the woodland melts into somber brown, and the mountains seem slowly to retire in the distance, folding softly their tenuous veils about them, that the golden hours flit away on stealthiest wings. Then silence hovers over the magic expanse, peace reigns supreme and all nature seems to lie under a hand lifted in benediction.

I was finally roused from my reverie by the shrill whistle of the launch announcing our approach to our destination for the night. Looking landwards, I descried on the distant, gloom-enveloped shore a number of lights that looked like earth-bound stars. Shortly afterwards we were in the charming hamlet of Peulla, under the hospitable roof of a comfortable German inn, where we were the recipients of the same courteous attention which had been extended to us in the morning in the delightful *Gasthaus* of Puerto Varas.

We were up at four o'clock the following morning and, after a cup of coffee and a biscuit, were in the saddle on the way to Puerto Blest, on Lago Frio. The first part of our journey was along the impetuous, silt-bearing Rio Peulla, which has its source in one of the great glaciers of giant Tronador. During the Glacial Period this same icefield, which now terminates on the flank of Thunder

Mountain, filled the valley of the Peulla to the height of many hundred feet and extended far into the bed of distant Lake Llanquihue. All along its former path one finds evidence of its resistless eroding power, besides countless moraines of immense rocks which it brought from the heights of Tronador and deposited in its course, before the advent of a milder climate converted the sluggish ice-chute into a tumultuous mountain torrent.

At an attractive cottage, called Casa Prangue, near the head-waters of the Peulla, we saw a number of most luxuriant rose-bushes bending under a load of the most exquisite blooms. They contrasted in a most striking manner with the great ice-terminal of Tronador which seemed but a stone's throw distant. From the porch of Casa Prangue we were afforded our nearest views of Tronador. But the impression produced by this monarch of the southern Andes was far inferior to that which was made on me the preceding evening by picturesque Cerro Techado. We were standing on the deck of our launch, enjoying the superb and radiant scenery of Todos los Santos, when all at once the snow-covered summit of Techado[1] appeared flanked by two dusky peaks in the foreground. Silhouetted against the dark-blue sky, it looked like the Duomo of Milan on a colossal scale. Then, as if by magic, it was suddenly lit up by the fires of the setting sun and glowed like a temple of burnished gold. Slowly the gold melted into crimson and rose, and then, as our boat changed its course, the vision vanished as quickly as it had appeared.

After leaving Casa Prangue, we immediately struck into the upper reaches of the forest-clad Cordillera. In about an hour, our horses traveling at an ordinary gait, we were on the summit of the Andes and examining the simple landmark which has the words "Chile" on one side and "Argentine" on the other. We were at the boundary line

[1] The explorer Steffen so named this mountain from the fancied resemblance of its summit to the roof—*techo*—of a house.

Mount Osorno with Lake Llanquihue in the Foreground.

Lago Frio with Tronador in the Distance.

of the two republics, the same line which, prolonged northward, passes under the base of *El Christo de los Andes*—The Prince of Peace.

"Viva Chile!" shouted Colonel Roosevelt, as we took our last look at the monument from Chilean soil. *"Viva Chile!"* was echoed by our entire party. Then, after crossing the boundary, the Colonel's voice was again heard in a vigorous *"Viva Argentina!"* a *viva* which was repeated by all present. And our cheers were heartfelt, for nowhere could we have been more courteously treated, or more royally entertained than we had been both in Chile and in Argentina.

The pass by which we crossed the Andes is known as Paso Perez Rosales and is but little more than three thousand feet above sea-level. From Aconcagua to the Straits of Magellan the height of the Cordillera gradually decreases as the altitude of the same chain also becomes gradually less north of lofty Tolima until it reaches its lowest depression in Panama. But what interested me more than its slight elevation was the knowledge of the fact that this remarkable pass had been crossed by the Conquistadores. Until recently not only the pass itself, but all the surrounding country was practically unknown and supposed to offer an absolutely new field for explorers. Now, however, thanks to the researches of historians and antiquarians, it is a matter of common knowledge that the entire region from Llanquihue to Nahuelhuapi was familiar ground for a century and a half following the conquest when, for a number of reasons, it lapsed into oblivion.

The first of the Conquistadores to cross the Andes by the Paso Perez Rosales was Diego Flores de Leon, whose family was descended from the kings of France and Leon. Accompanied by forty-six men, he traversed the country from a point near the volcano Calbuco by practically the same route as we ourselves followed. The Spanish drama-

tist, Perez de Montalvan, refers to this distinguished Conquistador as the

> Maese de campo a quien dan
> En las regiones australes
> Alabanzas immortales.[1]

Regarding the object of this expedition of Diego Flores, I shall have something to say in subsequent pages.

A little more than two hours after leaving Casa Prangue, we were on our way across a third lake. This was the beautiful Lago Frio, so called by the Franciscan explorer, Menendez, because of its cold water from the melting snows and glaciers of the adjacent mountains. Lago Frio is much smaller than Lake Todos los Santos, but its scenery is no less superb. It is almost surrounded by a lofty rampart of gneiss and granite with heavy, gray battlements towering high above the whitish-green waters of the lake which, as we glided over its mirror-like surface, gently quivered beneath the noonday sun. The air was balmy, gentle and caressing. Vistas of green and gold, rendered doubly beauteous by the magical play of sunlight and shadow, delighted the eye and elevated the soul. And as we slowly moved over the green waters in the shadows of the towering cliffs, a delicate and drowsy languor seemed to creep over one and to make one the willing captive of the *genius loci.*

Lago Frio is connected with Puerto Blest on an arm of Nahuelhuapi by a narrow wooden railroad about four miles in length. A sturdy old ox is employed as the motive-power for conveying passengers and freight over this primitive track. But the ox seemed to be on a strike the day our party required his services. For, after drawing the cart forward a few rods and cajoling some of us into believing that we were going to have the most romantic

[1] The commander who, in the regions of the south, received undying glory.

ride of our lives, he suddenly left the track, pulling the cart and passengers with him, and started back to his stable. As nothing could induce him to proceed towards our destination, and as he was the only animal available for the service required, all of our party, except one, who fortunately had been provided with a good saddle horse, were forced to journey to Puerto Blest on foot.

In the dense forest which separates the two lakes we saw some immense specimens of the alerce, the Chilean arbor vitæ. In no part of South America, except possibly on the eastern slope of the Peruvian Andes, have I ever seen such forest colossi. While they have not the dimensions of the famous Sequoias of California, they are probably the nearest approach to them of the world's great trees. Many of them have a diameter of fifteen feet and an altitude of two hundred and fifty. According to the estimates of the distinguished botanist, Dr. R. A. Philippi, some of the largest trees have the stupendous age of two thousand five hundred years. There are, no doubt, some exceptional specimens in the great Chilean woodlands whose birth was contemporary with the foundation of Rome. When we remember that the oldest trees in Europe cannot, probably, claim an antiquity of more than a thousand years, at most, we can realize what forest Methuselahs these marvelous Chilean conifers really are. The learned historian, Diego de Rosales, called the alerce *"el principe de los arboles de Chile"*—the prince of Chilean trees. For a long time the boards made from this tree were used in Southern Chile instead of money. It is unsurpassed as building material, and the great *alerzales*—forests of alerce—in the southern part of the Republic constitute one of the country's richest natural resources.

It was nearly noon when we reached Puerto Blest. Here, after a short stop, we boarded a small steamer for the modern town of Bariloche, nearly fifty miles distant. The lake is named from an island in its center called by

the Indians Nahuelhuapi—Island of the Tiger. Why it was so called is unknown. The learned Chileno-German savant, Francisco Fonck, who thoroughly explored this region sixty years ago, renamed the island, calling it Isla Menendez, in honor of the eminent Franciscan explorer, Fray Francisco Menendez. By this name, it is to be hoped, it will hereafter be known.

In many respects the scenery around Lake Nahuelhuapi is like that of the other lakes which we saw on our way from Puerto Varas. The view, however, of the snow-capped mountains around Nahuelhuapi is more like that of the Bolivian and Peruvian Cordilleras as seen from Lake Titicaca. They are grandiose and impressive in the extreme. This is particularly true of towering Tronador and a group of mountain peaks to which, from their resemblance to the well-known mountain in Switzerland, Fonck has given the name Pilatus.

The first Spaniards to visit the lake were, as we have seen, the Conquistador Diego Flores de Leon and his companions. This was in the first quarter of the sixteenth century. About thirty years later he was followed by the missionary and historian, Padre Diego de Rosales. Two decades after the expedition of Rosales, the Jesuit, Padre Nicolas Mascardi, established a mission on the shores of Nahuelhuapi, which, after passing through many vicissitudes, came to a tragic end at the hands of the Indians about 1717, after forty years of uninterrupted existence.[1]

After the destruction of the mission, the entire region

[1] It is worthy of note that the Franciscans had a mission on the shores of Lake Nahuelhuapi during the conquest. Even at that early period, the lake in question was known as "*la famosa laguna de Nahuelhuapi.*" This long-forgotten mission met with the same fate, at the hands of the Indians, as that which afterwards befell the mission established by Mascardi. Cf. the elaborate work by the Chilean author, M. L. Amunategui, entitled "Question de Limites entre Chile i la Republica Argentina," Tom. III, p. 340, Santiago, 1879-80. See also 'Historia Fisica y Politica de Chile, Documentos," Tom. I, p. 313 et seq., by Sr. D. Claudio Gay, Paris, 1846.

between Lake Llanquihue and Lake Nahuelhuapi was virtually forgotten until the end of the eighteenth century. It was then again thoroughly explored several times by the Franciscan missionary, Fray Francisco Menendez. But, by a strange fatality, his wonderful achievements as an explorer were practically lost sight of for nearly a century. Then his remarkable *Diarios,* in which he gives an account of his numerous expeditions, were published with annotations in two most interesting volumes,[1] by Francisco Fonck, who, having himself thoroughly explored the country traversed by the tireless friar, was the one best qualified to appreciate his work and make it known to the world.[2]

No part of South America, it may safely be asserted, has possessed a greater fascination for explorers than has that strip of territory which lies between Lake Llanquihue and Lake Nahuelhuapi. During the last half-century, particularly, men of science from many lands have flocked to this region of enchanting lakes, snow-capped peaks and sleeping volcanoes. Among them were botanists, geologists, ethnologists, geographers. There were men who were in search of gold and silver mines; men whose object was the development of trade between Chile and Argentina, or the location of the shortest and best railway route at this latitude between the Pacific and the Atlantic. To stu-

[1] "Viajes de Fray Francisco Menendez á la Cordillera." Publicados y Comentados por Francisco Fonck, Valparaiso, 1896.

"Viajes de Fray Francisco Menendez á Nahuelhuapi." Publicados y Comentados por Francisco Fonck, Valparaiso, 1900.

[2] As an evidence of how completely the achievements of the early explorers were forgotten, until a few decades ago, it suffices to state that Fonck, at the time of his exploration of Nahuelhuapi, was utterly ignorant of the fact that he had been preceded by Menendez and that the distinguished Franciscan had given in his *Diario* a graphic description of the lake and the surrounding country. This accounts for Fonck's renaming many places which the monk-explorer had named in the preceding century. The same may be said of other recent explorers, who, in traversing the region between Llanquihue and Nahuelhuapi, which was so familiar to the missionaries of two and a half centuries ago, imagined that they were making known to the world a veritable *terra incognita.*

dents of orography and hydrography no country in the world offers more attractions or problems of greater interest. The list of those who have distinguished themselves by their researches in this rich field is a large one and their names have an honored place in the annals of science. Among these are Francisco Fonck, whose works on the illustrious explorer-monk, Menendez, have commanded the admiration and the gratitude of all students of South American history and geography. Comparing the explorations of Menendez with those of explorers of more recent date, Fonck does not hesitate to declare that the long-forgotten Franciscan carried away the palm from all of them—*llevaba aun la palma á todos ellos.*[1] There were also R. A. and Bernardo Philippi, Rohde, Fischer, Hess, Steffen, Geiss, Stange, Domeyko, Mumm, Brænner, O'Connor, Christie, Schiörbeck, Dusen and Wiederhold and our learned *compagnon de voyage,* Dr. Francisco Moreno.

The purpose of the explorations of those last named was the advancement of science and the furtherance of the welfare of the two sister republics, Chile and Argentina. But the earlier explorers, beginning with Diego Flores de Leon, had quite a different object in view. What they hoped to achieve surpassed even the legendary exploits of Ruy Diaz de Bivar and exceeded the wildest dreams of the deluded seekers for El Dorado. Nothing, indeed, in the entire history of Spanish conquest and colonization is more romantic or fantastic than the long series of remarkable expeditions which were inaugurated by the Conquistador Diego de Flores and continued, with little interruption, for nearly two and a half centuries. As very little is to be found about these expeditions, outside of certain little known works in Spanish, and as many of them are closely con-

[1] Las exploraciones de Darwin i Fitzroy, de Cox i Musters, de Moreno. Fontana, Mayano i Lista del lado del Atlantico, i de Hudson, Vidal Gomez i Simpson desde el Pacifico, habian dejado, todavia un vacio considerable en casi todo el trajecto de la Cordillera de modo que nuestro Menendez lleva aun la palma á todos ellos.'' Op. cit., Tom. II, p. 451.

nected with the region which we are now considering, a brief account of them will not be out of place.

Conquest had been the mainspring of action in all the preceding expeditions of the Spaniards in Chile and La Plata. From the time of Diego de Flores, however, their energies and ambitions were stimulated by the reported existence of a fabulous city somewhere in the southern part of the continent. It is known in history as *La Ciudad Encantada de los Cesares*—The Enchanted City of the Cæsars. Many accounts were given of its origin, but the one which appealed most strongly to popular fancy was that which attributed its existence to the passengers and crew of a Spanish vessel belonging to the bishop of Palancia, which had been shipwrecked in the Straits of Magellan before Valdivia left Cuzco for the conquest of Chile. These unfortunates were on their way to the Moluccas, when their vessel was driven by a furious storm upon the desolate shore of southern Patagonia. The victims numbered one hundred and ninety-eight soldiers and mariners, thirty adventurers and twenty-three married women. There were also three aged priests, who had embarked to minister to the spiritual wants of their countrymen.

The plight of these unfortunates, far away from the nearest of their compatriots, was almost desperate. But their valiant captain, Don Sebastian de Arguello, was not the type of man to be overcome by what one less brave and resourceful would have deemed an irremediable catastrophe. After remaining for a short time in the vicinity of the scene of disaster, he started with his people towards the north, and after numerous conflicts with the hostile natives, finally reached a stretch of country in which there were delightful lakes surrounded by smiling meadows. Here the gallant captain pitched his tents, made from the sails of his ship, and resolved to make this charming place his permanent abode. Nay more! He would establish here an independent kingdom, where he and his companions

might live in peace and far away from the strifes and the tumults of the rest of the world.

They had been preceded to this part of the world, so report had it, by a colony of native Peruvians, who, to escape the fate of their countrymen in Cajamarca, had emigrated far to the southward. Attracted by the beautiful lakes and the fertile lands surrounding them, which so fascinated the Spaniards, the Children of the Sun had here established a city which, according to the sworn statements of those who pretended to have been in it, was as vast and as rich as Nineveh of old and greater in area than London or Pekin. The houses were of cut stone, with roofs of reddish material that shone like gold. The furniture of these houses—the beds, chairs, tables—were all of silver and gold of the finest quality. In the immediate vicinity of the enchanted city there was one mountain of gold and another of diamonds. Pearls were almost as abundant as the precious metals. The climate was so healthful that disease was unknown, and the inhabitants died only of old age. The church was a sumptuous edifice, and its roof of burnished silver shone like a red-hot coal. The festivals of the ecclesiastical year were celebrated with extraordinary pomp and rejoicings. The people were so happy in their isolation and so unwilling to have their whereabouts known by their countrymen that they had an understanding with the neighboring Indians that the secret of the location of their city was to be inviolably preserved. According to the accounts of those who testified under oath only to what they had "seen with their own eyes and touched with their own hands," the Enchanted City of the Cæsars held within its carefully fortified walls all the delights of Eden, and all the wonders of the New Jerusalem.

This marvelous city which was built by Sebastian de Arguello and his shipwrecked companions and their descendants was called *La Ciudad de los Cesares,* because its

founders were the subjects of Charles V, who on account of his world-wide power was called "The Cæsar." It was spoken of as *Encantada* not only because of the prodigies which were related of it, but also because of its being located on the shores of lakes of enchanting beauty. It was this picturesque and grandiose name, as the graceful writer, B. Vicuña Mackenna,[1] well observes, which contributed not a little to invest the legend of the city of the Cæsars with the prestige which it so long enjoyed.

The first to make known to the world the existence of the Cæsars, as the people of the Enchanted City were called, were two Spaniards who pretended to have been among the number of those who had been shipwrecked with Don Sebastian de Arguello and his companions and to have lived with them seventeen years after the date of the shipwreck in 1540. They made their appearance in Concepcion, Chile, in 1557, and, after they had told the story of their adventures and of the marvels of the City of the Cæsars, they were treated with the greatest consideration. A written copy of their narrative was made, to which the adventurers subscribed under oath. A copy of this document was sent to Philip II and its truth was vouched for by the authorities of Concepcion. Soon everybody was talking about *La Ciudad Encantada.* Its marvels were the subjects of discussion from Spain to the Philippines and from Mexico to Tierra del Fuego. Everywhere expeditions were hastily organized for the discovery of the wonderful city and the chiefs of the divers expeditions vied with one another in being the first to reach their long-isolated countrymen. Many of the expeditions were organized by private initiative, but most of them owed their existence to the governments of Chile, La Plata and Peru. Some of them, even, were favored by royal cedulas from the mother country.

Nobody doubted for a moment the existence of the

[1] "Relaciones Historicas," Santiago de Chile, 1877.

Cæsars. How could one harbor doubt in the face of so many eye-witnesses who swore in the most solemn manner that what they had related was absolute truth, and were ready to submit to any punishment if what they had asserted of the Cæsars was not Gospel truth? As an evidence of the unshaken belief which everywhere prevailed respecting the existence of the Cæsars, men were found in every walk of life who were prepared to sacrifice time and money and even to risk their lives in the quest of the Enchanted City. Among these were some of the most noted and the most sane of the Conquistadores. Carefully equipped expeditions, with the same goal in view, started almost simultaneously from Buenos Aires, from Cordoba, from Valdivia, from Chiloe, all of them with the knowledge and approval of the King of Spain, the viceroy of Peru and the governors of Chile and Rio de la Plata. Long marches over arid deserts and unexplored mountains, through dense and trackless forests and lands jealously guarded by hostile savages, had no terrors for them. They rather gave zest to an enterprise which appealed so strongly to Spanish chivalry and love of adventure and which promised so much glory to those who should have part in the undertaking. Even priests and monks were carried away by the dominant enthusiasm of the multitude. Not doubting the existence of the Cæsars, they considered it their bounden duty to look after the spiritual welfare of those who had so long been separated from Christian association and influence. The Jesuit historian, Rosales, expressed the general sentiment of his brethren in religion when he wrote: "May the Divine Majesty have pity on the descendants of the shipwrecked Spaniards who are in danger of losing not only the faith of their fathers, but also of becoming as barbarous as the Indians among whom they live." [1]

[1] "Quiera la divina Majestad compadecerse de destos Españoles—en quienes estará apagada la luz de la fee, que sus Padres les comunicarian ya

Of the *Cesaristas*—the epithet applied to those who went in search of the Cæsars—who crossed the Cordillera by the same route which we ourselves followed nearly three centuries later, we have already mentioned the noble and intrepid Diego de Leon. But he had scarcely reached the shores of Nahuelhuapi when he found the prosecution of his enterprise blocked by hordes of belligerent savages who, he was informed, stood between him and the object of his quest.

About half a century afterwards, he was followed by Padre Nicolas Mascardi, a zealous Jesuit missionary, who conceived it to be his duty to discover the whereabouts of the Cæsars and bring to them anew the gospel of Christ. Mascardi was a particular friend of Rosales, who then occupied the position of vice-provincial of the Society in Chile. Both men were agreed about the necessity of discovering the whereabouts of the Cæsars and carrying to them the message of salvation. It seemed clear to both of them that, after being separated from civilization for more than a century, the denizens of the Enchanted City had lost not only their faith, but also the language of their fathers. How then was one to communicate with them? This was a problem which gave them much thought. After a thorough discussion, it was resolved that Mascardi should formulate a letter to the Cæsars which should be written in several languages, in the hope that they might be able to understand at least one of these missives.

Having secured the approbation of his superior and the authorization of the governor of Chile and of the viceroy of Peru for his great undertaking, Mascardi started without delay for Lake Nahuelhuapi, on the shore of which he established a mission for the Indians. This was to be the base of operations in his search for the City of the

humeando, y con la mezcla de los indios estarán tan barbaros como ellos.'' ''Historia General de el Reyno de Chile,'' Tom. I, Lib. I, Cap. XVII, Valparaiso, 1877.

Cæsars. From this point it probably was that he dispatched by an Indian courier the polyglot letters as conceived by him and his friend, Rosales. They were written in no fewer than seven languages—Latin, Spanish, Italian, Greek, Chilean, Puelche and Poya. He felt sure that the lost Christians whom he so eagerly sought would understand at least one of these tongues, in case they had forgotten that of their forefathers.[1]

While waiting for an answer to his letter to the people of the Enchanted City, Mascardi received information from certain Indians which led him to believe that the Cæsars, instead of living south of Nahuelhuapi, had their home somewhere on the Atlantic Coast. Following the indications thus furnished him, he crossed the continent and eventually found himself near the present Port St. Julian, in southeastern Patagonia. But nowhere on his long and trying journey across the continent did he find the slightest trace of the mysterious Cæsars. This, however, did not convince him of their nonexistence. Relying on other Indian tales, he was ready, after making three long journeys in quest of the ever-vanishing will-o'-the-wisp, to undertake a fourth, which he was sure would give him a solution of the problem on which he had so long labored. He started again towards the Straits of Magellan, but when he had nearly reached his goal, as he fondly imagined, he met, according to Olivares, a cruel death at the hands of ruthless savages, in 1673.

[1] This was only the first of many letters that were afterwards addressed to the Cæsars not only by Mascardi but also by the organizers and leaders of subsequent expeditions. More than a century after Mascardi's time—in 1793—another ardent *Cesarista*, Jose de Moraleda, was the bearer, by the order of the governor of Chiloe, of a special sealed letter with the superscription: Por el rei a los senores españoles establecidos al sur de la laguna de Nahuelhuapi—For the King, to the Spaniards established at the south of Lake Nahuelhuapi. Moraleda, "Esploraciones Jeograficas y Hidrograficas," p. 389, Santiago, 1888.

For an interesting account of Padre Mascardi's numerous attempts to discover the City of the Cæsars the reader is referred to Sr. Amunátegué's "Question de Limites," Tom. III, p. 76 et seq.

Nearly a century and a quarter had elapsed after the death of Mascardi, but the belief in the existence of the Cæsars was still so strong that the viceroy of Peru, Francisco Gil y Lemus, did not hesitate to send the Franciscan explorer, Friar Menendez, on an expedition to Lake Nahuelhuapi, whose object, as had been that of so many previous expeditions from the time of the conquest, was the discovery of the City of the Cæsars, which the viceroy was led to believe was not far from this famous body of water at the eastern foot of the sierra.

But Menendez was the last explorer to receive a commission to search for the Cæsars. Thenceforward their existence was definitely recognized by those in authority as a fiction and all attempts at their discovery were forever abandoned. The Cæsars, after having preoccupied the minds of Spain and her colonies for two and a half centuries, were finally recognized as a ridiculous invention, whose origin was as incomprehensible as their character was extravagant. But, strange as it may appear, Charles III, who died in 1788, was until the day of his death a firm believer in *La Ciudad Encantada.* He was referred to as *"El hijo de los Cesares de España y el ultimo que dejó de creer en los Cesares de Chile"*—The son of the Cæsars of Spain and the last one who ceased to believe in the Cæsars of Chile.

But, although the Cæsars were completely discredited after the expeditions of Menendez in so far as the government officials of Spain and her colonies were concerned, the common people of Chile and Argentina did not lose faith in them. But opinion differed as to the location of the Enchanted City. Some averred that the old mission of Nahuelhuapi was a suburb of the capital of the Cæsars. Others declared that the mysterious city was situated on an island in Lake Pueyhue, a short distance to the north of Todos los Santos. The streams of lava and volcanic sand which we saw at the foot of the volcano of Osorno

are even today considered by some of the neighboring inhabitants as roads which were built by the Cæsars, and the thundering noise made by the rush of avalanches—Byron's "thunderbolts of ice and snow"—down the sides of Tronador are regarded by them as the reports of their artillery.[1]

As we read of these countless expeditions of the Spaniards in pursuit of a phantom, we are inclined to regard them as a nation of fantastic adventurers of the type of Don Quixote. But we forget that they were confronted with a world of marvels, where nothing was considered impossible. The reports which had reached them concerning the Enchanted City of the Cæsars seemed to them more reliable than were those which led Columbus to the discovery of the New World. In that age of illusions in which many things which had been realized which before had been deemed impossible, the unbridled imagination wandered in an interminable region of chimeras; and, in the midst of privations and dangers, men sustained themselves on that which most harmonized with their ideas, or most flattered their hopes. The unexpected spectacle of the vast treasures found in the temples and palaces of the Incas inflamed the desires and perverted the judgment of these lucky adventurers, who, not content with the rich fruits of their victories, promised themselves to multiply them by extending the sphere of their conquests.

"There are," observes Pedro de Angelis, "epochs in which the reason is bewildered by the contemplation of new and unusual objects. And even the most clear-sighted man, when exposed to a continuous series of violent impressions, ceases to analyze them and descends to the level of common intelligences which exaggerate and marvel at everything. To comply with the precept of the sage, *nil admirari*, one must be in the full exercise of his faculties and have acquired a certain dominion over his senses which are al-

[1] Fonck, op. cit., Tom. II, pp. 438, 439.

ways prone to bewitch and deceive him. How far were the Conquistadores of America from this state of intellectual calm? For them everything was matter for surprise. The spectacle of a new world, new peoples, new customs, and, more than all else, those inexhaustible fountains of riches which gushed forth everywhere with greater rapidity than their desire to possess them, maintained men in a sweet and perpetual ecstasy. Without taking opium, like the Mussulmans, they experienced the same sensations from which they could not free themselves without great effort."[1]

If it is urged that most of the Cesarists were the dupes of lying Indians, whose tales respecting the Cæsars should never have been given the slightest credence, we must remember that it was the assertion of an Indian which enabled Balboa to make his epochal discovery of the great South Sea. It was an Indian who told Pizarro of the vast nation of the Incas and of the fabulous treasures of Cuzco. It was information furnished by Indians, respecting the wealth of the Aztecs and the Muiscas, that guided Cortes to the rich capital of Montezuma, and Quesada to the opulent plateau of Cundinamarca.

It is true that the lust of gold often made them the dupes of the Indians who, in order to get rid of their unwelcome guests, regaled them with stories of powerful cities and exhaustless supplies of the precious metals in the depths of the tropical forests and in lands far distant from their own. It was thus that they sent the Spaniards on a wild-goose chase after the Gran Quivira, a flourishing empire in New Mexico, which, it was averred, had been established there by one of the heirs of Montezuma. It was thus that they started hosts of adventurers in search of the Gran

[1] "Colleccion de Obras y Documentos Relativos á la Historia Antigua y Moderna de las Provincias del Rio de la Plata." In his "Discurso Preliminar á las Noticias y Derroteros de la Ciudad de los Cesares," Tom. I, p. v, Buenos Aires, 1836.

Paytiti, somewhere between Peru and Brazil, where it was said the Incas, with a large number of followers and untold treasures, had fled after the conquest of Cuzco by Pizarro. It was thus, too, that they were able to trick the most distinguished of the Conquistadores into organizing expedition after expedition to scour the whole continent from the Pacific to the Atlantic and from the Amazon to the Caribbean in search of the mythical El Dorado. This illusory being of fancy was at first declared by the Indians to be a gilded man, but in the course of years was, in the imagination of the eager and credulous Spaniards, transformed into a city and then into a country whose treasures of gold were beyond the dreams of Oriental fable.

But the labors of the expeditions which went in search of such *ignes fatui* as El Dorado and the Enchanted City of the Cæsars were not in vain. Thanks to them, the whole of Spanish America, from the Strait of Magellan to the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, was thoroughly explored almost two centuries before Lewis and Clark made their memorable journey from the Mississippi to the mouth of the Colombia, and more than two centuries before the veil of mystery was lifted from that portion of our country which was so long known as the Great American Desert. Of the journeys of Mascardi, who traversed Patagonia in every direction in quest of the Cæsars, the Chilean historian, Barros Arana, declares "they exhibit something of the prodigious." Full two hundred years elapsed before the intrepid English explorer, George C. Musters, followed the indefatigable missionary whose footprints had long been effaced by the winds of the desert.

Some writers love to dwell on a fancied analogy between the knights errant of the Middle Ages, who sought a miraculous jewel in a mystical castle, and the Spanish adventurers of the New World, who were fascinated by the lure of El Dorado and *La Ciudad Encantada*. Francisco Fonck[1] sees

[1] Op. cit., Tom. II, p. 497.

a more striking analogy between the Holy Grail and the Enchanted City. To him the City of the Cæsars is the American correlative of the Castle of Monsalvat, and the famous Sebastian de Arguello is another Parsifal who governs his kingdom with paternal solicitude and, like the sublime creation of Chrestien de Troyes and Wolfran von Eschenbach, symbolizes Christian and chivalrous virtues such as were so assiduously cultivated during the Ages of Faith.

B. Vicuña Mackenna, in concluding his interesting study on *La Ciudad Encantada de los Cesares,*[1] declares with truth that the whole subject is more appropriate for "a drama of palpitating emotion than for sober history." Since the distinguished Chilean *littérateur* made this statement, the romantic episode of the Cæsars has been dramatized by Don Jorge Klinckman in his notable production, *La Ciudad Encantada de Chile.* His manner of treatment is conclusive evidence, if any were needed, that no theme furnishes a better motif for any work of the imagination, be it epic, romance or opera.

As we fared on our way from Puerto Varas to Bariloche, ravished by the gorgeous scenes which were everywhere presented to our delighted vision by lake, forest and mountain, and recalled the countless legends woven around these picturesque spots and felt the glamour which was cast over everything by fantastic Cæsarist and adventurous Conquistador, I yearned for the "vision and faculty divine" of some consummate word-artist that I might give adequate expression to the sensations and impressions which I then experienced. Nowhere in South America is there a more promising field for poet, painter or romancist, than is that which it was our privilege to survey during our rapturous journey from Chile to Patagonia. The scenery, the atmosphere, the storied past make a special appeal to their love of nature and legendary lore. If such literary craftsmen

[1] In "Relaciones Historicas," p. 80, ut sup.

as Robert Hichens and Pierre Loti could be induced to visit this enchanting and romantic region they would, I am sure, find their imaginations stirred quite as strongly as they were when under the spell of the Nile and the Bosphorus. For, as I felt at the time of our visit, and feel now when recalling my first impressions, there are few, if any regions on the globe which exhibit within so small compass more of the beautiful and sublime in nature than does that marvelous stretch of country which is transmuted and glorified by the roseate glow of the morning and the evening sun on the silver crowns of Osorno and Tronador.

CHAPTER XVI

MOTORING IN PATAGONIA

The snow-crowned summits of Pilatus and El Tronador were gleaming under the fires of the setting sun as our small craft crept slowly towards the small landing-place of Bariloche. Our journey over the enchanting Cordillera had been a succession of delights and raptures. The weather was ideal, and on the unruffled surface of Lago Frio and Lake Nahuelhuapi were gathered all the marvels of color of all the southern seas.

All this was a most agreeable surprise to us. For, before leaving Santiago, we had been told to prepare for heavy rains on the mountains and squally weather on the lakes. We were also warned to travel light and to be prepared to spend the night *à la belle étoile*. "You cannot," we were told, "be always sure of finding shelter in a land that is almost uninhabited and where rainstorms are so frequent and so prolonged as they are in the country you are about to traverse." The early missionaries had described the region we were to visit as subject to downpours for weeks without cessation and the lakes, at times, as almost impassable because of the terrific *temporales* and *borrascas*—storms and tempests—which are there of such frequent occurrence.

As we were congratulating ourselves on our good fortune during the first part of our journey across the continent and wondering whether we should be equally favored during the rest of it, conversation was suddenly arrested by the music of a brass band on the landing-place, a short distance in front of us. All the inhabitants, young

and old, of the surrounding country had come to greet us, and this they did in the most kindly manner possible. There was the usual address of welcome by the official representative of Bariloche and the usual response by the spokesman of our party. We were then escorted to a modest inn, where special arrangements had been made for our comfort and entertainment.

I was not long in this unpretentious hostelry until I met a charming gentleman from sunny Italy, who invited me to take a walk through the town. I gladly accepted his invitation, as it gave me an opportunity to see the people of this frontier pueblo. Although but recently founded, it now numbers nearly twelve hundred inhabitants. Most of the buildings are small frame structures, not unlike those of Puerto Varas. Among those we met during our promenade was a young Irish stockman, whose hacienda was near the road which we were to take on our way to Neuquen. He had come to ask us to be his guests at luncheon the following day. Our plans, much to our regret, made it impossible to accept the hospitality of this warm-hearted son of Erin. Like others of his countrymen, he had but a few years previously come to this far-western border of Argentina and, according to his friends, had been favored by fortune in a special manner. He was a worthy type of the ubiquitous Irishman whose brilliant achievements in Argentina and Chile are an honor to his race as well as to the country of his adoption.

After a hasty view of the town, my Italian companion graciously invited me to his home. It proved to be the coziest and most beautiful house in the place. It was not unlike a Swiss châlet and was located on an eminence from which one had a splendid view of the lake and the adjoining country. Surrounded by fruit and shade trees and flanked by vegetable and flower gardens, it was, indeed, a most attractive abode. As I was entering the house, I was surprised to find myself surrounded by a number of light-

haired, blue-eyed, rosy-cheeked boys and girls, whom the swarthy Italian introduced to me as his children. Their features were so un-Italian that I was at first quite puzzled by what I saw. But it was only for a moment, for when the mother appeared the mystery was cleared up at once. She was a light-haired, blue-eyed woman from Bavaria, who cordially greeted me in German. The husband, who was from the province of Venice, spoke German fluently, but the wife spoke Italian only with difficulty. The older children chattered away not only in the two languages of their parents, but also in Spanish, which was the tongue of their companions and school-fellows. Everything in and about the house bore the impress of the careful housewife, from the tidily dressed children to the trellised rose-bushes that adorned the spacious front porch which overlooked beautiful, mountain-girt Nahuelhuapi whose tranquil surface, under the beams of the setting sun, was like an immense reservoir of molten gold. Rarely have I seen anywhere a happier family than this one with which I was thus unexpectedly brought into contact on the outskirts of civilization. And nowhere have I ever seen parents more devoted to their children than were that Italian father and German mother, whose home nestled at the foothills of the southern Cordillera.

As we sat on the flower-decked porch, talking of the lands of Dante and Goethe, I was reminded that we were on historic ground. For it was from this spot, or from one hard by, that Diego Flores de Leon and Mascardi started southwards in their quest of the Enchanted City of the Cæsars. On our right, a short distance towards the east, was the Rio Limai, which carries the waters of Lake Nahuelhuapi to the great Rio Negro, which in turn delivers them to the far-off Atlantic. Both of these rivers have been made famous by the achievements of early and modern explorers. Among them was our accomplished traveling companion, Dr. Moreno, who loves to tell of his adven-

tures in this part of the world during the last quarter of the nineteenth century. A few years hence, if the dreams of the enthusiastic denizens of Bariloche are realized, these two fertile valleys will be traversed by the iron horse on its way from the Atlantic to the Pacific, crossing the Andes by the route used by the missionaries nearly three centuries ago. When that day shall arrive, Bariloche, we were assured, will become an important commercial center, as well as a resort for tourists on their way from Buenos Aires to Santiago.

The region between Bariloche and the Chilean frontier has already been designated by the Argentine government as a national park, and there is every reason to believe that the area between the Chilean boundary and Puerto Varas will ultimately be set aside for a similar purpose. The people of the two republics will then have one of the most beautiful national parks in the world, and all travelers to South America's Southland, who have leisure and means, will wish to cross the continent by what will then be recognized as the chief scenic route across the Andes. The people of Chile and Argentina love to call this park region "The Switzerland of South America," and no one who has visited this part of the continent would regard their view as exaggerated.[1]

[1] The hopes and ambitions of the people of Bariloche regarding the future of their charming little town are well indicated in a recent work entitled "Modern Patagonia," issued by the Argentina Ministry of Public Works, in which we read "As Nahuelhuapi compares with Lake Lucerne so may Bariloche compare with the city of Lucerne as a tourist resort." P. 416.

More than this. The government of Argentina has already made plans for a city of a hundred thousand inhabitants, which is to be located on Lake Nahuelhuapi, a few miles to the northeast of Bariloche. According to its projectors, this city of the future is to be reached by the new transcontinental railroad, already begun, which is to connect San Antonio on the Atlantic with Valdivia on the Pacific. It is, if present plans be realized, to be made a great industrial center and to take its place, a few decades hence, among the great cities of the Republic. Nahuelhuapi City, as this new metropolis is already named, will certainly not be without attractions. It will be "situated at the entrance to the national park, in a region of delightful summer climate," and

Bariloche and Lake Nahuelhuapi.

Transporting Merchandise in Patagonia.

On the opposite shore of the lake, almost directly west of the outlet of Rio Limai, is probably the most notable spot in this land of fascinating legends and sublime achievements. For here was located the mission which was for nearly half a century the center of so many noble deeds and heroic sacrifices. It was here that the accomplished Sardinian missionary, Padre Guillelmo, devoted his leisure time to the preparation of books on the languages of the Puelches and the Poyas—the Indian tribes which he made such strenuous efforts to civilize and evangelize. In this important work he was emulated by his zealous disciple and associate, Padre Gaspar Lopez. But besides the more serious work of the mission, these scholarly ministers of the Gospel continued to find time for the cultivation of letters. Padre Guillelmo, in particular, was the author of a number of works in prose and verse, but these, unfortunately, were destroyed by the fire, said to have been started by the treacherous Puelches, which left the mission in ashes.

One is surprised to find that a nascent literary center existed in this isolated and unknown spot of Patagonia where everything—the enmity of ruthless savages and the rigors of untoward nature—seemed to conspire against not only the cultivation of the Muses, but also against any successful attempt at the development of even the simplest elements of culture. But the intellectual work begun here under such unfavorable auspices was no more remarkable than similar achievements in other parts of Spanish America. For wherever the flag of Castile was unfurled—from California to the Straits of Magellan—there was the mis-

should, therefore, so we are assured, "become not only a center of manufacture and traffic but also an attractive resort for tourists." Ibid., p. 206.

There can be little doubt, once the San Antonio and Nahuelhuapi Railway will have been completed, that the park region between Bariloche and Puerto Varas will become the most popular tourist resort in South America. It will be within easy reach of most of the continent south of the tropic of Capricorn and, besides offering most of the scenic attractions of Colorado, of the Yosemite and the Yellowstone parks, will also exhibit numerous other interesting features which our famous western resorts do not possess.

sionary occupied not only in making known the truths of the Gospel to the untutored aborigines, but also in writing the histories of the tribes which they evangelized and in describing the marvels of Nature which everywhere surrounded them.

After the Conquistadores of the sword had completed their vast undertaking of annexing a new world to the already powerful dominion of the Spanish monarch, it was the Conquistadores of the Cross who set forth to win to the Church the newly-made subjects of the Crown of Castile. With an intrepidity which commanded the admiration of the world, they penetrated into the depths of the trackless wilderness, seeking the children of the forest and bearing to them the teachings of the Master. In accomplishing their mission of charity, there was not a nook or corner of the continent which they did not explore. From the Grand Cañon of the Colorado to Tierra del Fuego, everything was an open book to them. The geography and ethnography of this vast territory, with its untold riches and exuberant flora, were better known to them than to the Spanish government. As for the rest of the world, it knew next to nothing respecting Spain's colonial possessions in America, for the simple reason that all, except Spanish subjects, were barred admittance to these jealously guarded territories. It was only when the learned works of the missionaries began to issue from the presses of Europe that the veil of mystery which had so long hung over the greater part of the New World was finally lifted. Then, for the first time, was it possible to have anything like reliable information respecting the geography, the fauna and the flora of the Spanish colonies, or exact knowledge respecting the languages, manners and customs of their countless and diverse tribes.[1]

[1] For further information respecting this interesting topic see the chapter on "The Battlegrounds and the Achievements of the Conquistadores of the Cross," in the author's "Along the Andes and Down the Amazon."

But, although many of the works of these scholarly soldiers of the cross were published shortly after they were written, a very large number of them were allowed to remain in manuscript for centuries. Thus the great "Historia de las Indias," of Las Casas, was not given to the press until more than three centuries after it had left the hands of its immortal author. In a similar manner the manuscript of the important "Historia General de el Reyno de Chile," by Padre Rosales, did not find a publisher until more than two centuries after it was penned by the indefatigable missionary. We have seen that the "Diarios" of Friar Menendez were so completely lost sight of for more than a century that the noted explorer, Francisco Fonck, who followed in the footsteps of the eminent Franciscan, and who eventually became the commentator of these precious documents, was, during the time of his explorations, entirely unaware of their existence. How much more light will eventually be thrown on Spanish America during colonial times when the manuscripts which are still lying in the dust-laden archives of Europe and America will have given to the world through the agency of the press it is impossible even to divine. Judging by the immense number of volumes which have been published for the first time during the last few decades, the amount will be very great indeed. And we shall then find, as in the case of the Nahuelhuapi region, that many parts of South America, which are now thought to have been traversed for the first time by modern explorers, were in reality familiar to and fully described by learned missionaries two or three centuries ago.

The work achieved by Padre Guillelmo in the little thatched hut on the shore of Lake Nahuelhuapi was but in keeping with that accomplished by early missionaries throughout the length and breadth of Spanish America. Similar work under like trying conditions was performed by Padre Rivero on the Casanare and the Meta, by Padre

Sobreviela on the Ucayli, and by Padre Falkner in Patagonia. The book on Patagonia, by the last-named missionary, is declared by such an authority as Señor Fonck to be "a veritable treasure." "Few new countries," continues this distinguished author and explorer, "can glory, like Patagonia, in possessing a fundamental work of such merit on their primitive condition. The memory of the learned English missionary will remain engraved with indelible letters in the history of South America's Southland."[1]

To realize fully our obligations to the early missionary explorers, we must not lose sight of the difficulties under which they were obliged to labor. Besides traversing lands which were absolutely unknown and pushing their way through dense forests where their lives might, at any moment, be cut short by the poisoned arrow of a concealed savage, they had frequently to suffer from lack of shelter and from the almost total want of provisions. Thus, for weeks at a time, Menendez and his companions were forced to subsist on cornmeal and water and to continue their marches through swamps and over mountains with little or no cover during the rainstorms which frequently lasted weeks at a time. How different is it with our modern explorers who are so abundantly provided with all kinds of canned goods, with water-proof garments, and sleeping-bags, portable canvas boats, and specially devised tents which insure protection from rain and the insect pests of the tropics! With all the marvels of equipment now available, the undertakings of present-day explorers are as picnics in comparison with those of their predecessors of two or three centuries ago.

The dinner which was given by our hosts on the even-

[1] Op. cit., p. 120. The reader who is interested in the explorations of Father Falkner, will read with profit his work entitled "A Description of Patagonia and the Adjoining Parts of South America," Hereford, 1774, and "Thomas Falkner's Nachricht von der Moluchisen Sprache," by Julius Platzmann, Leipsic, 1899.

ing of our arrival at Bariloche was in many respects quite a remarkable affair. All the notables of the town were invited, and they were fairly representative of the type of pioneers who are flocking from all parts of the world to this distant borderland of Argentina. And the gathering was a most cordial one, and as interesting as it was cordial. The conversation soon became quite animated, and, to our surprise, as if by common consent, it turned on literature —about the last topic one would expect to be discussed in a young frontier town on the confines of civilization. My Italian friend, with the Bavarian wife and fair-haired children, waxed eloquent on Dante, and recited several passages from the "Divina Commedia" with stirring effect. A neighbor of his, a graduate of a German university, was equally eloquent on Goethe and Schiller. In the course of his remarks he gave a quotation in Greek, from the Iliad. This at once opened up a spirited conversazione on the Greek and Latin classics which was participated in by the majority of those present. Quotations from favorite authors were numerous and the fleeting hours passed unobserved. If a stranger had entered the room, after our discussion had fairly started, he would surely have thought that he had come upon a literary club at one of its regular reunions.

The following morning we were all up and taking our coffee before the break of dawn. We had before us a long journey of nearly four hundred miles across the Patagonian desert and we wished, if possible, to make this in two days, at most. By five o'clock we were all comfortably seated in three new Mercedes automobiles which had been provided for us by the courteous governor of Neuquen, who, with a couple of government officials, had come to escort us to his capital.

It was a delightful spring morning when we left Bariloche and its hospitable people who had assembled to bid us Godspeed on our long journey across the arid plains

of Patagonia. We were enthusiastic about the trip before us, but the knowing ones warned us of probable mishaps and delays. "Be prepared to sleep on the ground and to live on short rations," said one of our party, who was familiar with the country which we were to traverse, "for it will be extraordinary, if we reach our destination on schedule time."

For the first hour everything went well. We made good time and we felt sure that by nightfall half of our journey across the desert would be completed. But just as we were beginning to congratulate ourselves on the fair weather and the speed we were making, our rear car encountered a marshy spot and was at once hopelessly mired. This delayed us for two full hours. Not long after our first accident we had a similar mischance. We had counted on having *desayuno* at nine o'clock, but, owing to these two untoward stops, we were not able to breakfast until two o'clock in the afternoon. This delay of five hours did not, however, seem to inconvenience any of our party. But we were all glad when we reached Pilcaniyeu, a small *rancheria,* where we had an enjoyable luncheon *à la Gaucho.* The *pièce de résistance* consisted of a barbacued sheep, the famous *asado al asador,* which has long been a favorite article of food with the people of the Pampa.[1] There is only one other

[1] There was a time, however, when the prejudice of the Gauchos against mutton was so great that they would not eat it. There was then a saying among them that *carnero no es carne*—mutton is not meat. Even the beggars declined it as food. But this was when these gentry, with their wooden licenses hanging around their necks, were wont to make their rounds on horseback and ask *una limosna por el amor de Dios*—an alms for the love of God. At the time referred to, it may be remarked, horses were so cheap that a good animal could be had for less than a dollar and sheep were sold for three shillings a dozen. Sheep were then killed solely for the wool and tallow they yielded, while their carcasses were fed to the hogs, or used as fuel for brick-kilns. Cattle, during the period in question, were so abundant that they were slaughtered only for their hides, while their carcasses were strewn over the Pampa as food for birds and beasts of prey. How different is it today, when Argentine beef and mutton are such valuable articles of export and so eagerly sought in the markets of Europe and the United States!

dish which the Gaucho loves more, and that is *asado con cuero*—beef broiled with the hide.

We met a number of Indians at Pilcaniyeu who were the representatives of a race that is rapidly disappearing. They were at one time very numerous in this part of Argentina, but since General Roca's campaign against them in 1878, only a few of them now remain, and these, if not civilized, are quite harmless. To pay the expenses of this campaign, the government sold vast tracts of valuable lands at the rate of a few cents an acre. Most of it, unfortunately, fell into the hands of speculators who realized untold millions from their investments. For much of the land enhanced in value from ten- to a hundredfold within a few years. But, as an outsider looks at this transaction, the whole affair, while affording temporary relief to the government, involved in the long run an immense loss to the Republic at large. As it was, a number of privileged individuals made fortunes at the expense of the commonwealth. Had the government followed the example of the United States and divided this vast territory up into small plots and offered them as free homesteads to prospective immigrants, it is safe to say that Argentina would today count among her population several millions of people who sought homes in our own country and elsewhere. *Latifundia* of this kind have militated as strongly against the best interests of Argentina as have those vast landed estates which have been inherited by the descendants of the Conquistadores.

The country through which we passed during the first day was much like that of southern Wyoming or northern New Mexico. The land was slightly undulating and broken here and there by low hills and mountains. Most of it was covered with a hardy *pasto duro* resembling the buffalo and bunch grasses of our grazing plains in the Far West. We saw many herds of cattle and troops of horses, and, notwithstanding the apparent paucity of nourishing pas-

ture, they all seemed in good condition. Except along the occasional watercourses, which were almost dry at the time of our visit, the country was almost treeless. Clumps of sturdy jarillas, sampas and algarrobillas were visible here and there, but otherwise the land was almost bare of all forms of vegetation, save scattered tufts of the hardy *pasto duro*. This, even in a soil parched by a broiling sun, retained sufficient vitality to support numerous flocks and herds, which are the chief means of subsistence of the sparse population in this poorly watered part of the Republic.

Before leaving Chile, we had been told that we should find an abundance of game on our way from Bariloche to Neuquen. We looked for it, however, in vain. The only things which our hunters saw which were worth shooting were a small number of emus, which quickly got beyond the range of our Nimrods' rifles. The emus and the guanacos were formerly so numerous that they supplied the wild Indians with a great part of their food. But the guanaco, it is said, is rapidly disappearing, as is also the graceful vicuña, which, as well as the guanaco, is a near relative of the llama and the alpaca. From the stomach and intestines of the guanaco, as also from certain other animals, the natives obtain the bezoar stone, which has long been highly prized in many parts of the world as a talisman and as an antidote to poison. I was assured that it is still sold as a drug in certain apothecary shops in southern Chile and that many of the common people there, as well as the Indians, ascribe to it all the marvelous properties which have been attributed to it by the Chinese for ages past.

Many writers on South America tell us that the use of poisoned arrows is restricted to a few tribes in the basins of the Orinoco and the Amazon. As a matter of fact, their employment is almost universal throughout the length and the breadth of the continent. The Indians of Patagonia have used them from the time of the conquest, and, most prob-

ably, employed them long before. Similarly, the *boleadora,* which is often spoken of as a Gaucho invention, was a common weapon among the Indians of the Pampa and was in general use, as Argentine archæology teaches, in early prehistoric times. It was with the *boleadora,* or *bolas,* as Menendez informs us, that the Puelches and the Poyas tribes which inhabited the Nahuelhuapi region were wont to capture the emu and the guanaco, the latter of which supplied them with clothing as well as food.[1]

We had hoped to reach our stopping-place for the night, before sunset. But our long detentions on the way made this impossible. Towards nightfall dark, lowering clouds and distant thunder warned of an approaching storm. "*Habra una tormenta*"—there will be a hurricane—exclaimed our chauffeur, and all of us began to prepare for a drenching, and to contemplate the disagreeable probability of spending the night on the roadside, without food or shelter. But finally, after ten o'clock, we reached a small adobe building which was a combination of a grocery, a drygoods store and a country inn. There the Governor, after rousing the sleeping proprietor, was able to obtain for us a very frugal meal, and shelter from the threatening storm. Aside from a single room with four beds in it, there was no place in which to sleep, except on the bare ground of the narrow store. As there was not room enough for all of our party inside of the building, without overcrowding, several of the younger members elected to sleep outside. Fortu-

[1] Menendez has an interesting paragraph on the food, clothing and arms of the Indians, as well as on their method of securing game, which is worthy of being reproduced here in the original:

"Todos," he writes, "se mantienen de huanacos, avestruces y caballos; tambien tiennen alguna quinoa, trigo y cebada; pero estas semillas no son muchas, ni permanentes, porque no cultivan la tierra; sino que las arrojan en las laderas de los arroyos, y lo que sale lo coge el primero que llega. Su vestido es de pieles de huanacos bien bruñido y pintado. Sus armas son bolas atadas en las puntas del lazo que llaman laqui con el que cogen los animales. Usan de arco y flecha, y algunos tienen puñales pequeños, que los compran á los Pehuenches." Op. cit., p. 319.

nately for them, the dreaded *tormenta* proved to be a windstorm unaccompanied by rain. Colonel Roosevelt seemed to be glad to have an opportunity to renew his cowboy experiences, and, spreading his poncho on the ground, he stretched himself upon it and was soon fast asleep. It had been agreed, however, before we retired, that we should be up at an early hour the following morning. We had yet two hundred and fifty miles to make before reaching Neuquen and we were bent on arriving there the following evening, if at all possible. The Colonel promised to give the signal for rising. Promptly, at three o'clock, we were startled by something like a Sioux war-whoop. "Are the Pehuenches attacking us?" asked a startled dreamer next to me. I assured him they were not, for I had immediately recognized the prolonged stentorian "Whoo-ooop-ee!" as the Colonel's promised signal for rising. In a very short time we had dressed, taken a cup of coffee and were again merrily speeding towards the rising sun.

The region which we traversed that day was like a section of the Sahara. It was sandy, and, aside from some scrubby brushwood, was almost entirely devoid of vegetation. The heat was intense, but, thanks to the dry atmosphere and the speed of our motor-cars, which developed a good breeze, we did not experience any discomfort. Almost the only human habitations were small adobe shops—*boliches*—kept by Turks. How they can eke out an existence for themselves and families in their tumbledown hovels is a marvel. But that they can reconcile themselves to such isolation, in the heart of the desert, is a greater marvel. And yet they seem to prosper and to be contented. One finds Turkish shopkeepers and Turkish peddlers all over Argentina. They have long been a thorn in the side of small country merchants who feel keenly the active competition of these enterprising Moslems. The number of Turks now living in the Republic is nearly a hundred thousand, and this is rapidly augmented by immigration.

As we approached our destination, the sandy roads became so heavy that further progress seemed impossible. Frequently we were obliged to get out of our car and walk. In particularly bad spots, it was necessary for us to put our shoulders to the wheels of our machines in order to get them forward. At last the road became so bad that we began to despair of reaching our destination that day, as we had so eagerly desired. But when the outlook seemed hopeless, a beneficent *deus ex machina* suddenly appeared in the shape of a troop of horsemen. They proved to be a number of Gauchos, provided with strong leather lariats, who had been sent to our relief. Attaching one end of their lariat to the pommel of their saddle and the other to the front of the automobile, these Gauchos, by acting in concert, were soon able to extricate us from our predicament.

When we reached the Rio Limai, we found its waters so agitated by a sudden *borrasca* that those in charge of the ferry declared that it would be impossible to cross it until the storm should subside. But the thought of being delayed by a passing squall, when we were only a few miles from Neuquen, could not be entertained by us for a moment. Finally, after some vigorous talk by one of our party, the ferrymen reluctantly consented to take us across the river, but solemnly declared that they would not be responsible for our lives in the probable event of a catastrophe. The poor fellows were unduly alarmed, for we were soon safe and sound on the opposite shore and pushing on to Neuquen as fast as our cars could take us.

The gathering gloom prevented us from getting more than a glimpse of the well-irrigated lands through which we passed. We saw enough, however, to convince us that this part of Argentina—so long regarded as a useless waste—is destined to have a great future. When the great irrigation works connected with and fed by the colossal Cuenca Vidal—a natural reservoir which has more than three times the capacity of the noted Egyptian reservoir at Assuan—

will have been completed, more than a million acres of most fertile land will be opened to cultivation and the valley of the Rio Negro will equal in productiveness the famed valley of the Nile.

When we finally reached Neuquen, after our day's whirl of two hundred and fifty miles through the desert, darkness had long settled over this distant verge of the Pampa. But, notwithstanding this, all the inhabitants were at the railway station to greet us. After the usual speeches and the usual national anthems by the band and the usual *vivas,* we boarded the special train which was waiting to take us to Bahia Blanca, the enterprising seaport on the Atlantic. Although we had had a rather strenuous day, our intense enjoyment of the trip had rendered us almost insensible to hunger and fatigue. It was only after we had entered the gayly decked dining-car and sat down to the sumptuous repast which had been prepared for us that we fully realized that we had been a long time without a substantial meal and that repose in the luxurious staterooms of the private car of the President of the Republic would be as grateful as it was necessary.

The rain which, according to the prophets, was to drench us on our way across the Andes and the desert held off until shortly before our train started for Bahia Blanca. We had had ideal weather all the way from Puerto Varas to Neuquen, and had enjoyed every hour of our memorable journey across the southern part of the continent. It could not have been more pleasant or made under more favorable auspices. The courteous governor of Neuquen, Señor Don Eduardo Elordi, was untiring in his efforts to make our journey through his territory as pleasant and as comfortable as possible. When, on parting, he said to each of us, *"Adios! Feliz Viaje,"* we felt that we were bidding adieu to a man of rare *hidalguia* and goodness of heart, one whom his countrymen would designate as *muy caballero*—a perfect gentleman.

The morning after leaving Neuquen we were in the flourishing city of Bahia Blanca. Although its real birth dates back scarcely a generation, it already ranks third among the nation's shipping centers, being surpassed as a port of entry only by Rosario and Buenos Aires. So great is the foreign trade at this point and so promising is its future that it is already spoken of as the Liverpool of Argentina. Through a number of important railroads which converge at this point, it controls the commerce of the southern part of the Republic. Its wheat elevators are among the largest and best constructed in the world. The city is thoroughly modern in appearance and in its methods of transacting business. It has broad streets, large and well-planned parks, and imposing edifices, many of which are gems of architecture.

Some twenty miles to the southwest of Bahia Blanca is Puerto Militar, the chief naval station of Argentina. The arsenals and dockyards at the time of our visit were being greatly enlarged to meet the demands of the nation's growing fleet. When I expressed my surprise at the immense size of the new docks which were rapidly nearing completion, an admiral who was standing near me said, smiling: "They are made extra large to receive our new super-dreadnaughts, the *Moreno* and the *Rivadavia,* which your enterprising Mr. Schwab is building for us. I tell you it was a great surprise to European shipbuilders when they learned that Mr. Schwab was awarded the contract for building those monster warships. Even our own people were surprised, for they had been led to believe by his competitors that it was impossible to construct such leviathans in the United States. Now, however, that this wide-awake head of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation has also secured the contract for erecting Chile's coast defenses, the stock of American gun and warship manufacturers has made an enormous advance in the estimation of everybody in South America." Having heard substan-

tially the same statement made by a Chilean naval official at Talcuhuano, I was convinced, more than ever before, that our American manufacturers have little to fear in South America from European competition. Business of all kinds is there awaiting them. All they have to do is to go after it with true Yankee determination and it is theirs.

A breakfast given in our honor by the admiral of the fleet on his flagship afforded us an opportunity of meeting many of the officials of the Argentine navy. Like their friends of the Chilean navy, they are a splendid body of men—courteous, educated and worthy representatives of the best type of Argentine manhood.

Equally delightful was a reception given us at the leading club of the city by the chief citizens of Bahia Blanca. Among them were several English, French and German business men who have large interests in Argentina. It was there that we had to forego another pleasure similar to the one which we had to deny ourselves when we were obliged to decline the princely offer of our Chilean hosts to take us to the Straits of Magellan and back in a special cruiser. Thinking only of our pleasure, our Argentine hosts had put a trim steamer at our disposition to convey us to Buenos Aires and thence by the majestic Paraná to the famous falls of Iguazu. But lack of time prevented our accepting the gracious offer of our generous hosts. Several members of our expedition were eagerly awaiting us on the upper Paraguay, where we had agreed to meet them at a certain date, and we felt constrained to keep our promise to join them at the appointed time.

"Never have I found renunciation so trying," said one of our party to me, "as in foregoing these two trips to the falls of Iguazu and to the Straits of Magellan. But," he added philosophically, "one cannot have everything one desires. Besides, we have already seen so much of South America and had such a glorious time among its hospitable

people that we should esteem ourselves fortunate and feel more than grateful for the unique experiences which we have already enjoyed."

Our journey by rail from Bahia Blanca took us through one of the richest wheat and grazing belts in Argentina. But we were greatly disappointed by the appearance of the wheatfields. A protracted drought had reduced the year's harvest to a small fraction of the normal yield. Fortunately, the loss in this part of the country was, in a measure, compensated by abundant harvests in other sections of the Republic.

I was surprised at the number of rabbits which we saw skipping over the Pampa at the approach of the train. They seemed to be as numerous as jack-rabbits in certain parts of Texas. As night was falling, my attention was attracted by a lone armadillo, the first I had seen in Argentina. It was evidently frightened by the noise of the passing train, as it was scurrying off to cover as fast as its little legs could take it. How puny it was in comparison with its giant relative, the glyptodon, which flourished hereabouts during the Pleistocene! It was at Punta Alta, near Bahia Blanca, that Darwin discovered so many fossil remains of those marvelous animals which, during recent geological times, roamed over the Pampa. He declares that this point is "a perfect catacomb for monsters of extinct races.[1]

Near Monte Hermoso we passed through the region in which the Argentine geologist, Dr. Ameghino, located the Garden of Eden. It was here that he discovered what he maintained was a portion of the skeleton of the first man, to whom he gave the imposing name *Tetraprothomo Argentinus*. I did not, however, experience any thrill at the thought of being in this erstwhile Argentine Eden. I had visited the reputed sites of too many other Edens, in various parts of the Old and the New World, to be impressed

[1] *Journal of Researches*, Chap. IV.

by Dr. Ameghino's discovery. And then, too, I asked myself if his reasons for locating the home of our race in the vicinity of Monte Hermoso were any more conclusive than those of the patriotic Bolivian scholar, Emeterio Villamil, who maintained that the site of the Garden of Eden was on the eastern slope of mighty Sorata, or those of a Boston investigator who, some years ago, wrote a good-sized volume to prove that the Paradise of our first parents was situated somewhere near the North Pole.[1]

We remained in Buenos Aires barely long enough to make a few final preparations for our long-planned expedition into the Brazilian jungle. We were all so eager to get started that we were impatient of any further delay and were rejoiced exceedingly when at the last our faces were turned towards the land of the heart's desire, the great Brazilian selva, in the basin of the Amazon.

[1] See "Paradise Found, the Cradle of the Human Race at the North Pole," by W. F. Warren. Boston, 1885.

It may here be remarked that, as a result of the most searching investigation, Mr. Aleš Hrdlička, curator of the division of physical anthropology in the United States Natural Museum, finds that of the two skeletal remains on which Sr. Ameghino based his fantastic theory regarding *Tetraprothomo Argentinus* one belonged to "a relatively modern man,"—probably an Indian of a recently exterminated tribe,—while the other belonged "to some ancient branch of the cat family." As to the much exploited notions of Ameghino, Lehman-Nitsche and others respecting the fabulous antiquity of man in South America, Mr. Hrdlička declares that the evidence thus far furnished "fails to establish the claim that in South America there have been brought forth thus far any tangible traces of either geologically ancient man himself or of any precursors of the human race." Cf. "Early Man in South America," pp. 385, 386, Smithsonian Institution, Bureau of American Ethnology, Bulletin 52, Washington, 1912.

CHAPTER XVII

IN GUARANILAND

Until recently, the only practical way of reaching the capital of Paraguay, from Buenos Aires, was by steamer on the Paraná and Paraguay rivers. Shortly before our arrival, however, these two cities had been connected by rail, and, conformably to our itinerary, we effected this part of our journey by train instead of making it by boat. We had been strongly advised against undertaking this long overland trip of a full thousand miles. An American who had been over the road a short time before was particularly insistent in trying to dissuade us from setting out on what he declared would surely be a most uncomfortable and unsatisfactory journey. "The road," he declared, "is in an almost impassable condition. The roadbed is wretched and the rails are so poorly laid that you are liable to run off the track at any moment. It is impossible to run trains on schedule time and you may be delayed a week in reaching your destination. Go by boat, by all means, and you will not only travel with every comfort, but you will also have the satisfaction of knowing when you will arrive at Asuncion."

But we were deaf to all this well-meant advice. We had been similarly warned against the overland journey between Rio de Janeiro and Montevideo, as well as against the one between Puerto Varas and Neuquen, both of which we had made with untold pleasure and profit. Whether it was because we had been so favored during all our previous experiences, or because we had more faith in the Argentine Central, Entre Rios and Paraguayan Central

Railway than our solicitous friend, we felt instinctively that all would be well, and that our journey by rail between Buenos Aires and Asuncion would be in every way agreeable and memorable. And, as the sequel will show, we were not mistaken.

There were several reasons which impelled us to choose the land in preference to the water route. We wished to see the Argentine Mesopotamia—that wonderfully fertile land encircled by the Paraná and the Uruguay, which holds the promise of a future as glorious as its past has been famous. But above all we wished—or at least I wished—to traverse the territory which was once the scene of the activities of that remarkable "Christian Indian State" known in history as "The Reductions of Paraguay."

A couple of hours after leaving Buenos Aires, we found ourselves on a mammoth steel ferryboat which conveyed our train across the broad and far-famed Paraná. As we spent several hours on this noble waterway, we were able to note all its most characteristic features. Like the Amazon and the Orinoco near their embouchures, the Paraná, where we crossed it, is a maze of islands and meandering channels from which no one but an expert pilot can extricate himself.

As I surveyed the landscape from the upper deck of our boat, my heart fairly leapt at the splendor of the view. The broad emerald Pampa and the palm-decked islands were bathed in the crimson rays of the setting sun. A delicious languor seemed to hang upon the air and a strange, heavenly peace appeared to have fallen upon this enchanting spot. The broad panorama glowed with color and magic. The river was as silent and as motionless as a haunted mere. The stately palms, with their noble crowns, cast masses of shadow over the darkening waters, while the wild, untrained tangle of underbrush on both sides of the calmly flowing flood seemed to be the natural haunts of savage beasts and more savage men. Nothing could have

surpassed the enthralling beauty of the evening with its gentle voices and subdued colors, with the mysterious shapes and movements of trees and islands as they disappeared in the dreamy distance with the rapidly approaching twilight.

Then night fell over the scene and a slight pearly mist which had risen from the broad expanse of waters drew over the face of the earth a tremulous veil of gossamer. But the dark-blue sky was spangled with stars and the rising moon, throwing a path of silver athwart the broad river, poured an opalescent sheen over the palm-crowned islands and flooded the mist-covered Pampa with ethereal whiteness. We were seemingly in a land of enchantment, but, in reality, we were in a region where legend whispers among the palm trees and trembles in the shivering wavelets of the moon-irradiate Paraná. We were gliding over waters which witnessed the immortal deeds of Castilians and Andalusians of pure blood and high traditions—men who cast a glamour over everything they touched, and invested with romance all the scenes of their matchless prowess and brilliant exploits.

It was easy here to conjure up noted personages of the long ago. For the banks of the Paraná are dotted with historic sites and teem with associations connected with discoverers and with the Conquistadores. The Amazon, the Orinoco and the Magdalena are famous in the annals of exploration and conquest, but they must all yield the palm to the great river of the south, which, under the varying names of the Paraná, the Paraguay and the Rio de la Plata, has witnessed more stirring exploits and far-reaching achievements than any other waterway in the Western Hemisphere.

"Suppress in imagination," writes the Paraguayan historian, Dr. Manuel Dominguez, "the turbulent and dramatic Rio de la Plata, which lured to its shores the first venturous navigators; suppose that there were no solution

of continuity between its two banks, and you at once suppress the first steps of the Conquest. . . . Observe that in this hypothesis we should not have the history of Solis, nor the history of Cabot, nor the history of Mendoza. . . . Buenos Aires would not be where it now stands."[1] And were it not for the Paraguay, Ayolas and Irala and Alvar Nuñez would not have astonished the world by their marvelous feats of exploration in the interior of an unknown continent, nor would they have founded the city of Asuncion, which was not only the capital of Paraguay, but was also, for a long time, the chief administrative center of the greater part of the continent from the Laguna de los Xarayes to the Strait of Magellan.

It was only twenty years after Columbus dropped anchor off Guanahuani that Juan Diaz de Solis, chief pilot of Spain, entered the *mar dulce,* the sweet-water sea, formed by the mouth of what the natives called the Paraná Guazu, the great Paraná. In honor of the daring navigator, this majestic river was for a time known as the Rio Solis. After the tragic death of Solis, at the hands of the ruthless Charruas, the next adventurer to steer his ocean-tossed caravels into the tawny waters of the *mar dulce* was the Venetian navigator, Sebastian Cabot, who, in company with his father and brothers, had previously discovered Newfoundland and a portion of the neighboring continent. His first objective was the Moluccas, whence Magellan's famous ship, *La Victoria,* had just returned, after the first circumnavigation of the world, laden with spices and other precious products of the mystic and alluring East. Cabot's ambition, like that of his illustrious predecessor, Christopher Columbus, was to discover Ophir, Tharsis and Cipango, and return to Spain with his ships laden with gold and silver and the spices and the precious stones for which those countries were then so famed throughout Europe.

But Cabot, instead of proceeding to the Moluccas by

[1] "Constitution del Paraguay," Tom. I, p. 73. Asuncion, 1909.

way of the Strait of Magellan, as he had agreed to do in his capitulation with Charles V, determined, on his arrival at the mouth of the Rio Solis, to explore that great river on one of whose banks its ill-fated discoverer had a short time previously met such a tragic death. He ascended the Paraná as far as its confluence with the Paraguay and, according to certain early writers, sailed up the last-named river until he was almost in sight of the elevated bank on which Asuncion now stands. It was during this voyage of discovery that Cabot secured from the natives a number of silver plates and ornaments. He concluded, forthwith, that there were mines of silver in the country which was drained by the great river which he was navigating and he, accordingly, gave it the name of Rio de la Plata, Silver River, instead of Rio Solis.[1]

It was these plates of silver which Cabot found near the Paraná, or the Paraguay, and the name Rio de la Plata, which he bestowed on this great waterway, that gave rise to countless legends rivaling those of Mexico or Peru. The entire La Plata region soon became, in public estimation, a country of exhaustless mines and fabulous wealth—a region, too, of mystery and enchantment.

As, for lack of means, Cabot was not able to continue the work of exploration on the Silver River, it was undertaken by Pedro de Mendoza, the noted founder of Buenos Aires. One of the stipulations made by the Spanish monarch was that Mendoza was to open up communication with the land of the Incas. With this object in view, he sent one of his lieutenants, Juan de Áyolas, up the Paraguay. The legends that had been woven in consequence of Cabot's finding silver among the aborigines soon gave

[1] From the time of Cabot's voyage, "The river Paraná," quaintly writes Padre Techo, "on account of Gavot's silver, or the hope of much silver to be found there, was called the river of *Plate*, a name rather specious than true." "The History of the Provinces of Paraguay, Tucumán, Rio de la Plata, Paraná, Guaira, and Urvaica and Something of the Kingdom of Chile, in South America." In Churchill's "Collection of Voyages and Travels," Vol. IV, p. 641.

rise to other legends, each more extravagant than the others. Whether Mendoza and Ayolas were actuated by them or not, it was not long before everyone in the vast territory of Paraguay, "The Giant of the Indian Provinces," was in a fever of excitement about the stories of El Dorado and the marvels of the Enchanted City of the Cæsars—known among the Guaranis as Elelin, or Yungulo or Trapalanda—and the no less wonderful Gran Paititi which, rumor had it, was somewhere in the mysterious regions of the Moxos, or in the unexplored selvas of Brazil. The epoch of the Conquistadores was an epoch of illusions, of *ignes fatui,* and in no part of South America did these illusions cast a more potent spell over the conquerors than it did over the iron-hearted adventurers in the vast territory so long known as the Province of La Plata. But more about this in the following chapter.

After spending four delightful hours on the Paraná, one of the great rivers of the world, we again boarded our train at Ibicuy on the left bank of the Paraná. We were now in the famed Mesopotamia of Argentina, one of the most fertile parts of the Republic, and, since the completion of the railroad between Buenos Aires and Asuncion, one of the most promising and progressive. All along the line in the provinces of Entre Rios and Corrientes we found flourishing towns and villages provided with electric lights and trolley cars and modern buildings in lieu of the one-story adobe structures of colonial times. The broad plains through which we passed were devoted to grazing and agriculture. Everywhere were immense flocks and herds, all apparently in prime condition. The owners of many of the estancias take special pride in their blooded stock, and one will find in Entre Rios and Corrientes as fine breeds of horses, cattle and sheep as in any part of the Republic.

But, although greatly interested in the physical and economic aspects of the country, in its present condition and future promise, I must confess that I found my mind, while

traversing this historic land, continually reverting to the storied past and musing on the exploits of the Conquistadores in this part of Argentina and on the achievements of the heroes of the war of independence. I was particularly reminded of the struggles of the patriots on passing through Yapegu, a place which is sacred to every patriot of South America. For it was here that her great liberator, San Martin, first saw the light of day on February 25, 1778.

Scarcely less thought-provoking was a small place called Bonpland. This was named after the illustrious French naturalist, Aimé Bonpland, who was the associate of Humboldt during his celebrated expedition to South America at the beginning of the last century. During this expedition, which was of untold value to the world of science, M. Bonpland collected upwards of six thousand new species of plants. Some years subsequently, at the invitation of Rivadavia, the president of Argentina, he accepted the chair of pathology in the University of Buenos Aires. But the call of the wild soon lured him back to the plain and the forest, where he could live in intimate communion with that fecund nature which was his joy and his life.

It was while engaged in his prolific researches that he fell into the hands of Dr. Francia, the notorious dictator of Paraguay. In spite of the efforts of Humboldt, of Bolivar, of the emperor of Brazil and of European monarchs who exerted all their influence to have the illustrious naturalist returned to Argentina, Bonpland was held a prisoner in Paraguay for nearly ten years. But his captivity caused less distress to himself than to his friends. For, although under constant surveillance, and not allowed to depart more than a league from his habitation, he was, even in his restricted environment, able to find unalloyed happiness in the wealth of nature which converted Cerrito, where he was so long detained, into a veritable paradise.

A letter which Bonpland wrote to a friend in Paris gives

an insight into the character of this ardent lover of nature. "I have led," he declares, "a life as happy as any man could lead who was deprived of all relations with his country, his family and his friends. The practice of medicine served to support existence. My services soon won me the love and respect of the inhabitants, who saluted with cordiality that Frenchman whom they saw with naked feet, dressed like a *criollo,* with the floating shirt and pantaloons, as he went to visit their sick and to bring them courage and help. . . . Accustomed as I am now to a free life, to the shade of the magnificent American trees, to hear the songs of the birds which hang their nests above my head; accustomed as I am, moreover, to seeing flowing at my feet the sparkling waters of streams, what should I find, in the place of all this, in those brilliant and aristocratic quarters of Paris?"[1]

In spite of his long journeys and privations and ceaseless activity, this great nature-lover attained the ripe age of eighty-four, and his biographer was able to say of him:

Rien ne trouble sa fin;
C'est le soir d'un beau jour.[2]

The government of Corrientes has honored itself by erecting a monument to the memory of the distinguished Frenchman, who, next to his eminent friend and companion, Alexander von Humboldt, did more than any other one man to make known to the world the marvels of the flora and fauna of South America.

Not long after leaving the pueblo of Bonpland we entered the confines of what was once the happy region so beautifully designated by the Italian historian, Muratori, as *Cristianesimo Felice.* We were at last in that famous

[1] Quoted in "The Romance of the Rio Plate," Vol. II, pp. 399 and 400, by W. H. Koebel, London, 1914.

[2] Nothing troubles his passing; it is the evening of a beautiful day.

land known in history as "The Reductions of Paraguay"[1] —the scene of acts of devotion, of self-sacrifice and of sublime heroism in the cause of humanity which are unique in the annals of missionary endeavor in the New World, and unsurpassed in the long history of the Church's glorious apostolate.

In his charming "New Italian Sketches," that graceful and scholarly writer, John Addington Symonds, to whom all students of the Renaissance are so deeply indebted, concludes an illuminating chapter on "The Palace of Urbino" by the statement that the "interchange between dead memories and present life is the delight of travel." The truth of this assertion was borne in upon me as soon as we crossed the Paraná on our way from Buenos Aires. For we then entered the southern area of that vast territory which was long dominated by the powerful Tupis, that extraordinary Indian tribe which had extended their conquests from the Rio de la Plata to the valley of the Amazon and which, under the name of Chacamas and Omaguas, had established themselves in the forest-clad regions drained by the Ucayali and Putumayo, and whose language, slightly modified by the missionaries, is the basis of that famous *lingua geral* which is still so extensively used by various tribes from the Rio de la Plata to the Amazon. But it was to the southern Tupis that my thoughts then turned, to those bold and adventurous aborigines who, in proud self-consciousness, called themselves *Guaranis*—Warriors.

Yes, we were at last in Guaraniland; in the land of those noble redmen who, in the heyday of missionary activity in South America, were gathered by the Jesuits into the most interesting theocratic community of which there is any record.

[1] The name *Reductions*, as Charlevoix informs us, was "Usually given in Peru to all the Christian towns formed among the infidels, and governed by regular priests. . . . Loreto was the first in Paraguay to which it was given." "The History of Paraguay," Vol. I, pp. 247, 248, London, 1769.

The reductions, or mission colonies of Paraguay, had their inception in the first decade of the seventeenth century. Their origin was not due, as is frequently asserted, to the ambition of their founders to establish in the wilds of subtropical America a government independent of the Spanish Crown, and modeled after the fantastic *Sun State* of Campanella. They were the outcome of the desire of the missionaries, whose efforts were cordially seconded by Philip III, to liberate the Indians from the cruelties of the *mita* and *encomienda* systems; to protect them from the iniquities of the slave-hunting Mamelukes, and thus to prepare them for a cheerful and intelligent reception of the truths of the Gospel. They were translations into action of the bull of Pope Paul III, who declared that the Indians were human beings with immortal souls and that they should be treated as such. It was in accordance with the humane policy of Philip III, which demanded that "the Indian should be as free as the Spaniard"; with the *cedula real* which he issued in 1606, in which Hernandarias de Saavedra, the then governor of Paraguay, was notified that, "even if he could conquer the Indians of the Paraná by force of arms, he must not do so, but must gain them over solely through the sermons and instructions of the religious who had been sent for that purpose." They were an extension and an elaboration of the system employed by the Dominicans on the Napo; by the Franciscans on the lower Orinoco; by the distinguished founder of the University of Cordoba, Fray Fernando de Trejo y Sanabria, the illustrious bishop of Tucumán, who founded schools and colleges for Indians; by Santo Toribio, the second archbishop of Peru, who devoted the greater part of his apostolic career to the welfare of the aborigines; by the immortal Las Casas, who so eloquently pleaded the cause of the children of the forests in the courts of kings and emperors, and who, as bishop of Guatemala, succeeded in bringing into the fold of Christ the most savage tribes, and

of converting *La Provincia de Guerra*—the Province of War—into *La Provincia de Vera Paz*—the Province of True Peace—a name which it bears to this day.

The first reductions were established in the Province of Guayra, which now forms a part of the present Brazilian state of Paraná. But the frequent incursions of the ruthless and relentless Mamelukes made their stay in this region impossible. For in a single year, 1630, these conscienceless marauders murdered or carried off into slavery no fewer than thirty thousand of the mission Indians. It was, therefore, necessary to transfer the reductions and the neophytes composing them to a place where they would not be molested by the soulless Mamelukes. The asylum chosen was the fertile territory now occupied by and adjoining the present state of Misiones, in Argentina.

Here they prospered, and, for nearly a century and a half, led a life which was the admiration of the world. Their rapid progress from savagery to civilization was remarkable. A few years sufficed to convert them from semi-nomads into stable and contented denizens of the reductions. They soon became masters in all kinds of arts and crafts. The best evidence of this was the splendid churches which they, under the direction of the Jesuits, erected in all the principal reductions. "Many of these edifices," Charlevoix assures us, "would not disgrace the greatest cities in Spain or Peru, either in regard to the beauty of their structure or to the richness and good taste of their sacred vessels or ornaments of every kind."[1] Even today, when most of them are little more than masses of ruins, they excite the wonder of every beholder and attest the ability of their Guarani builders as artisans and artists.

In every reduction there were two schools. In one the Indians were taught the elementary branches of knowledge, like reading, writing and arithmetic. In the other

[1] "History of Paraguay," Vol. I, p. 265, London, 1769.

they received lessons in dancing, singing and playing "upon all the instruments permitted to be used in divine service, which they do, like the birds, as it were by instinct."[1] The noted French traveler, Alcide d'Orbigny, tells us that when he visited the mission of Santa Ana, among the Chiquitos, he was astonished to find the Indians executing selections from Rossini and Weber.[2] He would have been more surprised could he have heard the well-trained Guarani musicians on the occasion of some special function, whether secular or religious.

Nor is this all. Equally remarkable was the fact that the Guaranis of the reductions made, themselves, most of the musical instruments which they handled so well. They were so skillful in the use of tools and so clever in imitating any handiwork placed before them that they were able to reproduce any instrument, from a harp to a pipe-organ, and make it as good as the European original. In all kinds of arts and crafts their power of imitation seemed to be almost as highly developed as that of the Chinese or Japanese.

They specially excelled in copying manuscripts. Charlevoix tells us of a very large one in Madrid which came from their hands, "which would do honor to the best copiers of Madrid, both in point of beauty and exactness."[3]

Even more extraordinary was their expertness as printers. The Indians not only cast the type but also engraved the plates used in illustrating the books that were published in the reductions. This was more than two centuries ago, when the art of printing in the United States was still in its infancy. Most of the works issued from their remarkable press were catechisms and books of devotion, for the use of the Indians. But, in addition to these works,

[1] Op. cit. Vol. I, p. 264.

[2] "Fragment d' un Voyage au Centre de l'Amérique Méridionale," p. 65, Paris, 1845.

[3] Ut sup., p. 262.

the celebrated "Vocabulario de la lengua Guarani," of Padre Ruiz de Montoya, was likewise printed on this press, as was also the rare and highly prized "Manuale ad Usum Patrum Societatis Jesu qui in Reductionibus Paraquariae Versantur." This contains prayers in both Latin and Guarani and is, probably, after Montoya's "Vocabulario," the most important work which has ever issued from the press of the reductions.

In their palmiest days, the Guarani reductions were thirty-two in number, with a population of nearly one hundred and fifty thousand.[1] In a few decades the rude children of the subtropical forests and plains had acquired a knowledge of all the arts of civilized life. They were self-supporting and gave promise of eventually becoming an important social and economic factor in the Spanish colonies. How different were they in this respect from the Indians of our own country, who have cost the government so many hundreds of millions of dollars! They were contented and happy. The proof of this lies in the fact that there were never any uprisings against the missionaries and in the childlike docility with which they submitted to the guidance of their father-priests —so they called their spiritual and temporal guides— whom they always regarded as their truest friends and most powerful protectors. As there were only two or three priests in charge of each of the reductions, there was nothing to prevent the Indians at any time from rebelling against authority or massacring their rulers, had they been so disposed or had they not been thoroughly satisfied with their changed mode of life, which was so entirely different from that of their savage ancestors.

But the Guaranis were not indifferent to the advan-

[1] Some authors estimate the number at one hundred and eighty thousand. Contrary to what is often asserted, only eight of these reductions were in the present republic of Paraguay. The others were in the state of Paraná, Brazil, and in the Argentine provinces of Misiones, Corrientes and Entre Rios.

tages of civilization. Still less did they fail to recognize the blessings which their devoted and self-sacrificing spiritual leaders had brought them. Contrasting their life in the reductions under the gentle, yet firm, government of the Jesuits with that which they had before led in the wilds of Brazil and Paraguay, where they were ever the prey of Mameluke slavers, or the victims of famine, induced by their own improvidence, they were grateful for the security afforded them by their protectors against the raids of their enemies and for the provision which was made for their material as well as their spiritual welfare.

The Indians of the missions were, for the first time in their history, assured of the means of subsistence and that without severe toil on their part. "They now," as Dean Funes writes, "had a certainty that large families, far from being a burden to their parents, would be their consolation; that orphanage would be without danger; widowhood would be without abandonment; sickness would be without disconsolateness and old age without bitterness." [1]

[1] "Ensayo de la Historia Civil del Paraguay, Buenos Aires y Tucumán." Tom. I, p. 296, Buenos Aires, 1910.

The poet Southey fills out so beautifully the picture here sketched by Dean Funes, that I must do myself the pleasure of reproducing two of the strophes from his touching "Tale of Paraguay," in which he sings:

In history's mournful map, the eye
On Paraguay, as on a sunny spot,
May rest complacent: to humanity,
There, and there only, hath a peaceful lot
Been granted, by Ambition troubled not,
By Avarice undebased, exempt from care,
By perilous passions undisturbed. And what
If Glory never rested her standard there,
Nor with her clarion blast awoke the slumbering air.

Content and cheerful Piety were found
Within those humble walls. From youth to age
The simple dwellers paced their even round
Of duty, not desiring to engage
Upon the world's contentious stage,

That the reductions had their limitations and imperfections no one can deny. This was inevitable in a vast organization composed almost exclusively of people just rescued from savagery. But, even during their short existence, the Indians of the reductions had gone far beyond the boasted civilization of the Incas. As tillers of the soil, as shepherds and herdsmen, as artisans and artists, they far surpassed the Children of the Sun, while in intellectual attainments and in moral excellence they were as far above the Incas as Christian enlightenment is above the darkness of ignorance and barbarism. One is, therefore, surprised to find men who laud the government of the Incas to the skies, and, at the same time, condemn the system of the reductions because, forsooth, it was not suitable for our so-called "civilized" life of today. "That it was not only suitable," writes Cunninghame Graham, certainly a competent witness, "but perhaps the best that, under the circumstances, could have been devised for Indian tribes two hundred years ago, and then but just emerged from semi-nomadism, is, I think, clear when one remembers in what a state of misery and despair the Indians of the *encomiendas* and the *mitas* passed their lives."

Not only was the reduction system the most suitable for the Indians, but it was also the only one adopted in what was once the vast province of Paraguay which permitted an increase of the native population. When we recall the manner in which the Indians were exterminated elsewhere, especially in our own country, it must be admitted that this one fact speaks volumes in favor of the system which has been so adversely criticised by people who have been unable to appreciate its merits, or unwilling to recognize

> Whose ways they wisely had been trained to dread:
> Their inoffensive lives in pupillage
> Perpetually, but peacefully, they led,
> From all temptation saved, and sure of daily bread.
>
> —Canto IV, strs. 5 and 6.

the wonderful results which were achieved through its operation.

The Guarani reductions exhibited many of the best features of Christian socialism. Like the faithful of apostolic times, the Indians of the missions "had but one heart and one soul; neither did anyone say that aught of the things which he possessed was his own; but all things were common unto them."[1] In the heart of the wilderness, far from the ambitions and jealousies and turmoils of the rest of the world, these unspoiled children of nature were able to realize, in a striking manner, some of the sublime ideas of Plato and Sir Thomas More, and to enjoy in blessed tranquillity many of the serene delights of an earthly paradise.

But these were

"Joys too exquisite to last."

The archenemy of mankind has ever been inimical to human felicity, and, as in the Eden of old, so in the Eden on the Paraná was it true that

"Serpents lie where flowers grow."

While the Indians were enjoying to the full their idyllic life —half Arcadian, half monastic—amid their orange groves and palm-studded fields, singing and dancing when the day's task was done, word was brought them that their father-priests, their loved spiritual fathers for five generations,

[1] The Acts of the Apostles, 4, 32.

The eminent Italian historian, Lodovico Muratori, in writing of the remarkable conversion of the Guaranis, who, "from wild beasts of the forest, were transformed into lambs of the sheepfold of Christ," declares "Questi lupi, questi orsi ora sono mansueti agnelli, innocenti columbe; e tale e nella maggior parte d'essi la compostezza, tale l'amore fraterno, cotanta l'illibatezza de'costumi, e la divozione, que sembrano un ritratto della primitiva Chiesa." "Il Cristianesimo Felice nelle Missioni dei Padri della Compagnia di Gesu nel Paraguai," p. 56, Venice, 1743.

were to be taken from them, and that they were to be like sheep, a prey to the ravenous wolves which surrounded them and which had long, unknown to them, been seeking their destruction.

This is not the place to tell of the causes which led to the expulsion of the Jesuits from the scene of their fruitful labors in behalf of humanity. The story of the abrupt termination of their noble work among the Guaranis, of their cruel separation, without a moment's warning, from their spiritual children to whose welfare they had generously devoted their lives; of the agony and despair of the Indians on finding themselves suddenly deprived of the counsel and support of those to whom they and their forefathers were indebted for the sweetest joys they had ever known, has often been told by both friend and foe. Suffice it to say of this nefarious, tragic and suicidal act of despotism what Southey, certainly an unprejudiced witness, asserted of the ruthless spoliation of the Indians in the seven reductions eastward of the Uruguay, that it was an iniquity executed "in obedience to one of the most tyrannical commands that were ever issued in the recklessness of unfeeling power."[1]

After the expulsion of the Jesuits, the reductions underwent rapid disorganization. During the ensuing confusion and anarchy the missions were deserted by the Indians, who gradually returned to their native forests or fell beneath the baneful blight of unprincipled whites. In less than a generation the once happy land of the Guarani reductions was, as had been happily expressed by the graceful writer, R. B. Cunninghame Graham, but little more than "a vanished Arcadia."[2]

It was our original intention to visit the sites of the

[1] "History of Brazil," Vol. III, p. 449, London, 1819.

[2] For a sympathetic account of the Jesuit missions in Paraguay the reader will find Mr. Graham's "A Vanished Arcadia," New York, 1901, well worth a perusal.

principal missions both in Argentina and Paraguay. But I, for one, am not sorry that we, almost at the last hour, made a change in this part of our itinerary. It is neither cheering nor stimulating to contemplate the melancholy wreck of a paradise or to survey the graves of the buried hopes and aspirations of an unfortunate people. I was, therefore, satisfied with mere glimpses of what still remain of the once happy towns and villages of the erstwhile happy and prosperous reductions. This was my feeling as I passed through Aposteles, which is now the center of a flourishing Polish colony, but which was two centuries ago, as the liana-covered ruins of its once imposing church still eloquently declare, the cherished home of God-loving Guaranis. I preferred to feast my eyes on that which has not been mutilated by the tooth of time nor by the ruthless hand of man—that exuberant Nature which still retains all the ravishing beauty of the days of yore. In lieu of crumbling temples and abandoned cemeteries—the once "sacred gardens of the dead"—I found more pleasure in gazing on the tree-clad hills and the flower-carpeted plains, over which the Indians, preceded by a crucifix and accompanied by their pastors, were wont, in long white-robed processions, to wend their way to peaceful labor to the sound of joyous anthems or elevating prayer. It was more grateful to observe the clumps of stately palms which once shielded the laborer from the noonday sun, or the broad rivers, those majestic *caminos andantes*—flowing roads—along which well-manned canoes used to glide from one mission to another, or the wild orange groves, where a venerable Indian may still be found at eventide reverently murmuring the Angelus, as did his forefathers in happier days. But now not vesper hymns of contented natives enliven the scene; only the harsh notes of the parrot and macaw hovering above the nearby date-palms—stately, though mute, souvenirs of the golden age of the Guarani missions.

Ruins of Churches of the Reductions of Paraguay.

But it was the Paraná, where we crossed it between Posadas and Encarnacion, which gave me the most unalloyed pleasure. It evoked in a special manner many cherished memories of youthful days. For my first recollections of the reductions are associated with the picture of an Indian standing on the bank of the Paraná, near these parts, with a large fish in his hand. And this picture has always been connected with an account of the missionaries sailing down the great river and chanting the sublime *Te Deum* which was reëchoed by the neighboring wooded heights. How I then longed to see that great river in which the Indian caught the big fish! How I wished that I might one day sail on the great waterway which bore on its bosom the chanting evangelists of the golden age of Guaraniland!

That was more than fifty years ago, and, although I seemed then to be yearning for the impossible, I never ceased to hope that one day my longings might be realized. And when at length, after almost two lifetimes, I actually found myself crossing the Paraná at the very place where, two centuries before, the solemn notes of the *Te Deum* had stirred the souls of the Indians to their depths, I could scarcely credit my senses. I seemed as if by enchantment to be transported back to my boyhood days and—must I own it?—I actually looked about me for the Indian with the big fish and the boat bearing the black-robes as they intoned the noble hymn of thanksgiving which tradition has long ascribed to those two eminent fathers of the Church—Saint Ambrose and Saint Augustine.

However, my abstraction was but momentary. If some of the objects which had so captivated my youthful fancy were missing in the scene before me, I had, at least, the satisfaction of being at last in the heart of the famous mission country and of contemplating a river which had been a mute witness to some of the most thrilling achievements recorded in the annals of the reductions.

Of these, to mention but one, was the marvelous hegira of twelve thousand Indians from their home on the Parapanema to a place near the spot on which I then stood. They were under the leadership of Padre Montoya, one of the most remarkable men of the time. He was eminent not only as a missionary, but also as a scholar; he was a born leader of men. His "Arte y Vocabulario," his "Tesoro de la Lengua Guarani" and his "Catecismo" are still recognized as the best authorities on the Guarani language, while his "Conquista Espiritual" gives us the clearest insight into the character of the reductions in which he labored so long and so effectually. "I have lived," he tells us in the introductory chapter to his last-named work, "all through the period of thirty years in Paraguay, as in the desert, searching for wild beasts—that is, for savage Indians—crossing wild countries, traversing mountain chains, in order to find Indians and bring them into the true sheepfold of Holy Church. With my companions, I have established thirteen reductions, or townships, in the wilds, and this I did with great anxiety, in hunger, nakedness, and in frequent peril of my life. And all these years which I passed far from my brother-Spaniards, have made me almost a rustic and ignorant of the polished language of the Court."[1] He usually traveled afoot and often barefooted.

[1] The original words of the author are so touching and give so vivid a picture of the labors and sufferings of the missionaries in the reductions of Guaraniland that I take the liberty of quoting them in full.

"He viuido todo el tiempo dicho en la Prouincia del Paraguay, y como en el desierto, en busca de fieras, de Indios barbaros, atrauesando campos, y trasegando montes en busca suya, para agregarlos al aprisco de la Iglesia santa, y al seruicio de su Magestad, de que con mis compañeros hize treze reducciones, o poblaciones, con el afan, hãbre, desnudez, y peligros frecuẽtes de la vida, que la imaginacion no alcança, en cuyo exercicio me parecia estar en el desierto: porque aunque aquellos Indios que vinian a su vsança antigua en sierras, campos, montes, y en pueblos que cada uno montaua cinco, e seis casas, reduzidos ya por nuestra industria a poblaciones grandes; y de rusticos bueltos ya en politicos Christianos, con la continua predicacion del Euangelio. Con todo esso el carecer tantos años del trato Español, y su lenguage, obligado por fuerça a usar siempre del Indico, viene a formar un hombre casi rustico,

For traveling equipment, he informs us, he had only a hammock and a little mandioca meal. For eight years or more he never once tasted bread.

Such was the Moses who was to lead his people from Guaira, where they were incessantly harassed by the Mamelukes, to a Canaan between the Uruguay and the lower Paraná. The undertaking would have dismayed a less resolute heart than that of Montoya. But with twelve thousand neophytes, including men, women and children, he courageously set out on a journey of five hundred miles, on a perilous river and through a maze of tangled forest, through which the retreating host had to cut their way with machetes. To make matters worse, their supply of provisions was limited. They were without arms and game was scarce. Many succumbed to hardship, hunger and disease. But, despite countless obstacles, which at times seemed insurmountable, Montoya never despaired of being able to conduct his people to a place of refuge, where they would be secure from the dreaded Mamelukes and where they could begin life anew in a land which they could call their own. After many moons had waxed and waned, success at last crowned his efforts and he finally saw his devoted people, whom he loved with an abiding

y ageno del cortes lenguage, a que no poco ayudan los ordinarios manjares que los Indios comunmente usan, y de fuerça nosotros, que son raizes, calabaças, yeruas, habas, y otros deste genero, hasta que la inuasion hostil, quema de Iglesias, heridas que dieron a los Sacerdotes, malos tratamientos que les hizieron, sacrilegios que cometieron, presa que hizieron en ornamentos de Iglesias, y alhajas pobres de los Religiosos que en onze poblaciones predicauan: y lo que mas es, auer desterrado de quatro Iglesias el santissimo, y venerabilissimo Sacramento del Altar, los vezinos y moradores de las villas de san Pablo, Santos, san Vicente, y otras villas, que se han forjado de gente, cuyas acciones obligaron a huir de la luz de la justicia, me ha obligado a dexar aquel desierto, y soledad, y acudir a la Real Corte, y pies de su Magestad, caminando al pie de dos mil leguas, con el peligro, y riesgo de mar, rios, y enemigos que es notorio, a pedir instantemente el remedio de tantos males, que amenazan muy grandes estoruos de su Real seruicio, y dixera mejor, daños, y peligros de perderse la mejor joya de su Corona Real." "Conquista Espíritual hecha por los religiosos de la Compañia de Iesus," p. 1-2. Madrid, 1639.

love, securely established on the lower Paraná, in the center of a fertile and healthful region which soon bore the soul-stirring name, Reductions of Paraguay.

Historians are wont to dilate on the retreat of the ten thousand Greeks, under Xenophon, as one of the most brilliant exploits in military annals. But this memorable march through a hostile country must yield the palm to Montoya's extraordinary achievement in safely conducting a greater multitude—many of them weak and helpless women and children—through a pathless jungle and down the treacherous rapids of the impetuous Paraná. Of those who have labored for the weal of their fellow men in the wilds of South America, few have a greater claim to the recognition and gratitude of humanity than Padre Antonio Ruiz de Montoya. But in a world like ours, which is so given to the apotheosis of mediocrity, his achievements are almost forgotten, except by the few who still hold his memory in benediction and to whom the noble deeds of the great missionary are an inspiration and a clarion call to higher things.[1]

Between Encarnacion, on the southern border of Paraguay, and Asuncion there is little which is deserving of special notice, except the wonderfully fertile country. Most of that through which we passed is much like the northern and central parts of Uruguay. The undulating grazing lands, dotted with clumps of stately palm-trees and supplying rich pasturage to countless flocks and herds, constituted, as our train sped through them, magnificent panoramas which held our rapt attention for hours at a time. In the days of the reductions tens of thousands

[1] Mr. Cunninghame Graham, in describing the wonderful feat of Montoya in guiding his people through the ill-boding wilderness, expresses himself in this characteristic fashion: "Most commonly the world forgets or never knows its greatest men, while its lard-headed fools, who in their lives perhaps have been the toys of fortune, sleep in their honored graves, their memory living in the page of history preserved like grapes in aspic by writers suet-headed as themselves." Op. cit., p. 85.

Church at Canjo. Paraguay.

Falls of Iguazu.

of sheep and hundreds of thousands of cattle roamed over these splendid grazing lands,[1] and made this part of Paraguay one of the most productive sections of the entire province of the Rio de la Plata.

"What a marvelous region this would be today," observed one of my traveling companions, "had the reductions been allowed to continue to the present day the noble work which was so tragically arrested a hundred and fifty years ago! What an interesting Indian community we should now find here, if the Guaranis had been allowed to develop along the lines traced out for them by Montoya and his confrères in religion! What a glory for Paraguay—for the land of Isabella—for our race—if the Indians of the missions had been permitted to increase and multiply and to attain that goal of social excellence towards which they were moving with such rapid strides! What an object lesson in human evolution; of progress from savagery to civilization! What a victory for science and culture; what glory for the cause of education and religion!

"It is not likely that there will ever again be offered another opportunity for a similar experiment in the social evolution of a savage tribe. The experiment with the Guaranis, which promised so much, failed in exhibiting the anticipated results solely because of the fatuous policy of those who should have been most interested in its success. When Charles III, in an evil hour, gave ear to the Machiavellian Pombal, and signed the decree for expulsion of the Jesuits from his dominions, he sacrificed his Prætorian Guard and dealt a blow to Paraguay from which it has never recovered, and from which, humanly speak-

[1] At the time of the expulsion of the Jesuits the number of cattle in the reductions was 719,761; oxen, 44,183; horses, 27,204; sheep, 138,827. In the single estancia of Santa Tecla there were no fewer than fifty thousand head of these domestic animals. Vid. "Inventarios de los Bienes Hallados á la Expulsion de los Jesuitos, Appendix," p. 669, by Francisco Javier Brabo, Madrid, 1872.

ing, it never can recover. It was a blow to the economic and industrial growth of the country, as well as to its social and intellectual advancement. Paraguay occupies a prominent page in history, but it is the only one of the South American republics which has so far failed to contribute something of enduring value to literature."[1]

The Ave bell,

"That seemed to mourn for the expiring day,"

softly sounded from convent towers as our train slowly rolled into the imposing station of the Paraguayan capital, where a vast, acclaiming multitude had gathered to bid us welcome to Nuestra Señora de la Asuncion.[2] I cannot speak for my companions, but I can say that I personally was more eager to see this old, historic metropolis than any other city I had ever visited in the southern continent, with the exception of Lima, and possibly Cuzco and Bogotá. This was not because of its size, or wealth, or beauty, for in the last two respects, if not in all three, it is far behind the other capitals of South America. It was because of the important rôle it had so long played in the history of the New World and because of the atmosphere of romance which has enveloped it since the days when the Conquistadores made it a place of refuge on their way to golden Peru, and the center of gravity of the southern part of the continent.

[1] The truth of this assertion is evidenced by the fact that in the elaborate four-volume "Antologia de Poetas Hispano-Americanas," of Menendez y Pelayo, of the Royal Spanish Academy, we find selections from the poets of all the South American republics, except Paraguay.

[2] Asuncion was founded in 1537 on the site of a fort which had been constructed by Gonsalvo Mendoza and near the spot where Juan de Ayolas had gained a signal victory over the Indians on the fifteenth of August—the feast of our Lady's Assumption—of the preceding year. "Gonsalvus Mendoza arcem Virgini in cælum Assumptae consecratam ibi construxit, ubi nunc eadem nominis Assumptionis urbs Paraguariæ caput visitur." "Historia Provincial Societatis Jesu," Lib. I, Cap. 9 by Padre N. del Techo, Leodii, 1673.

Like Quito and Bogotá, Asuncion retains the charm and flavor of antiquity. In many respects, the manners and customs of its inhabitants are the same as they were under Hernandarias, its first creole governor. The women still wear the *mantilla* and the *rebozo,* as in colonial times, and still carry water-jugs on their heads as did the maidens of Andalusia in the days of the Moors. On festal occasions *la gente calzada*—the upper class—have their gowns decked with the exquisite lace, which, on account of its extreme delicacy and tenuousness, is aptly named *ñanduti* in Guarani—*tela de araña* in Spanish—which signifies spider's web. It is made by the deft hands of clever Paraguayan women, who exhibit in their work all the skill and artistic sense of the most famous lace-makers of Brussels and Venice.

As in La Paz and Cuzco the people of pure European stock constitute a small minority, so also among the eighty-odd thousand inhabitants of Asuncion the great number are mestizos of Spanish and Indian strain. In spite of the tremendous loss the Guaranis have sustained since the collapse of the reductions, there are still in Paraguay many of these interesting people of unmixed blood, and many, too, who speak no language but Guarani. Indeed, there are several newspapers in Asuncion which are printed in both Spanish and Guarani, and it is necessary for the priests, in most of the missions, to have a knowledge of both languages. The scholarly and zealous Bishop of Asuncion, Monsignor Bogarín, had just completed a visitation of his vast diocese when I met him, and had many interesting stories to relate regarding his experiences among the various Indian tribes under his jurisdiction.

So intense was the heat the first day of our arrival that it seemed we were in Muspellsheim. But a heavy rainstorm soon moderated the temperature, and then a delicate drowsy languor pervaded the atmosphere and predisposed

one to immobility and reverie. We were no longer in Muspellsheim, but in the land of the Lotus Eaters,

"A land where all things always seem the same."

The climate of Asuncion is, indeed, remarkably equable, and sudden variations in temperature are exceptional. During nine months of the year the city rejoices in all the delights and beauties of spring. For this reason there are few cities in South America which appeal more strongly to the lover of the romantic past and in which one is more inclined to spend a few months of dreamy existence.

But it is only of the charms of Asuncion's perpetual spring that one can say "all things always seem the same." For no city in South America has experienced more or greater vicissitudes than the queen metropolis of the Paraguay. From the day when the adelantado, Alvar Nuñez, one of the noblest of the Conquistadores, was sent back in chains from Asuncion to Spain, Paraguay has been devastated and desolated by rebellions and wars without number. This was particularly true during the greater part of the nineteenth century when she fell into the hands of three tyrants, who, for more than fifty years, ruled the country with an iron hand.

The first of these was José Gaspar Rodriguez, better known as Dr. Francia. For nearly thirty years the history of Paraguay was little more than the narrative of the cruel deeds of this heartless despot. His was a régime of terror such as few countries have ever known. His government was characterized by all the iniquities of the worst of the Visconti and all the ruthlessness of Ivan the Terrible. As *El Supremo Perpetuo* he was the arbiter of life and death. He tortured and put to death without trial all who incurred his displeasure or excited his suspicion. He forbade communication with the rest of the world, and, towards the end of his long life, he had Paraguay as com-

PARAGUAYAN LACE-MAKER.

COUNTRY HOME IN PARAGUAY.

pletely isolated from the outer world as the hermit kingdom of Thibet. The dread which the *Supremo* inspired during life continued even after his demise. For a long time no one dared to speak freely of *El Muerto* or *El Difunto,* the deceased *par excellence,* and, if any reference was made to him, the timid natives would instinctively glance about them, to assure themselves that they were not being observed by some secret agent who might be seeking to compass their destruction.

The second dictator was Carlos Antonio Lopez. During twenty-one years he, like his predecessor, was the state. On account of his arbitrary acts the United States was compelled, in 1853, to order Lieutenant Page, U.S.N., in command of the *Water Witch,* to enforce demands against him, but the wily autocrat succeeded in evading them.

Shortly before his death, the dictator—contrary to all law—designated his son, Francisco Solano Lopez, as his successor. If the father had chastised the Paraguayans with whips, his son chastised them with scorpions. For seven years he ground his people under his heel. During this period thousands of innocent people were imprisoned, tortured and put to death by the tyrant's orders. Neither age nor sex was spared. Even the ties of kinship failed to stay the monster's murderous hands. Every family of note in the country supplied victims to the ogre whose atrocities made his name a byword among all the nations of the world and a hissing on the lips of Time.

He aspired to be a second Napoleon and sought to secure supremacy in South America. To gratify his ambition and to realize his dreams of empire, he provoked the War of the Triple Alliance, in which the army of Paraguay was pitted against the combined forces of Brazil, Uruguay and Argentina. The struggle was long and of unparalleled ferocity. The loss of life on both sides was frightful. Old men and boys of ten years of age were forced to take up arms. But victory, as was foreseen by

all except the ghoulish instigator of the conflict, was in favor of the Alliance.

During this unequal struggle, in which the Guaranis fought with more than Spartan bravery, nearly the entire male population of Paraguay was sacrificed. Scarcely one per cent of those who were forced into the war by a ruthless despot returned to their homes alive. When Lopez finally met his tragic death on the banks of the Aquidaban, the desolation of the country which he had plunged into such misery was indescribable. The proportion of men to women was but one to seven. Of women and children, more than a hundred thousand had died from famine and exposure. At the end of the seven years of his tyrannical rule but one-fifth of the population was left, and Paraguay was little more than a geographical expression. To show their execration of the atrocities of this inhuman monster, the government, even after his death, enacted a special decree of expatriation in which the deceased tyrant was denounced as an outlaw and an enemy of his country.

All of the South American republics have, at one time or another, been cursed by the atrocities of ambitious and ruthless *caudillos* and despots. Argentina, to mention one of them, has had her Rosas[1] and Quiroga. But neither of these, cruel and murderous as they were in dealing with their fellow-men, exhibited such an utterly callous nature or was responsible for such a wanton waste of human life as was the demon Lopez.

Nearly half a century has elapsed since Paraguay was liberated from the terrorism of Lopez, but the paralyzing effect of his fiendish abuse of power is still everywhere apparent. The nation is still staggering under a debt

[1] Rosas, in the words of the eloquent Chilean writer, B. Vicuña Mackenna, turned the whole Argentine Republic into a huge slaughter-house—"Bajo Rosas y sus capataces la Republica Argentina fue toda entera una ramada de matanza."

whose interest it has been able to pay only by disposing of its choicest lands at a nominal price. Many of the streets of Asuncion are covered with grass and scrub, and the houses, in certain quarters, are neglected and falling into ruins. The people seem to be still stunned by the terrible events of fifty years ago. But their courage and powers of endurance prevent them from yielding to despair. In the darkness and the sadness of their lives they descry in the distant future better and brighter days. This heartens them to make a supreme effort to regain what they lost by the insane policy of a single man. Industries are again being organized and commerce is being stimulated in a manner to inspire hope that national prosperity will again return. Schools are being established in every part of the Republic, and the rising generation are slowly, but surely, preparing themselves to win back for their country the commanding position which she formerly occupied and to which her extraordinary natural resources entitles her. It was my privilege to visit a number of the best-conducted schools of Asuncion, and in every one of them I was so impressed by the beaming intelligence and the love of learning of the pupils, as well as by the zeal and competency of their teachers, that I could have no doubt about the cheering outlook for the Republic. The isolation of the country has hitherto been a great barrier to progress, but now that the railroad supplements the splendid steamers of the Mihanovitch and other enterprising lines, everything betokens a rapid development of pastoral and agricultural industries as well as a greatly expanded commerce. When the fatal revolutionary spirit, which still menaces the nation's peace and prosperity, will at last be laid low, then, of a truth, will the noble and deserving people of Guaraniland—so hospitable, so courageous and so patriotic—be able to realize their age-long aspirations and work out what their friends have always regarded as their manifest destiny.

CHAPTER XVIII

ON THE STORIED PARAGUAY

The imposing spires and cupolas of Asuncion have disappeared in the distance. We are now on the *Canoniere Riquelme*—an armed cruiser of the Paraguayan navy, which also serves as a yacht for the President of the Republic. Through the courtesy of His Excellency, Señor Don Eduardo Schaerer—the son of a German-Swiss father and a Paraguayan mother—[1] this little cruiser is to take us to Corumbá, nearly a week's steaming up the Paraguay. Besides the crew, and the members of our party, there are aboard three or four of our hosts from Asuncion who are to accompany us to Corumbá.

The *comandante* of the vessel is a most charming gentleman and well educated. During his early youth he spent many years in the ecclesiastical seminary of Asuncion, studying for the priesthood. But, finding that he had no vocation to the Church he decided to enter the service of his country, in the navy. Although still young, he occupies one of the highest and most responsible positions in the Paraguayan marine force. No one among his associates enjoys more fully the confidence of his superiors or the esteem of his countrymen. He is thoroughly *simpatico*, and I am sure that the week which we spent with him aboard the *Riquelme* was one of unalloyed pleasure

[1] It is interesting to note in this connection, that Juan Martin Pueyrredon, the first president of Argentina, who so loyally supported General San Martin in his Chilean campaign, was the son of a Swiss merchant, although he himself was born in Argentina, as President Schaerer was born in Paraguay.

and profit. It is hard to realize that this quiet, low-voiced, unassuming, retiring man is a naval officer, and that he is one of the bravest and most efficient in a nation which is proverbial for the courage and fighting qualities of her sons. But having both Spanish and Guarani blood in his veins, he has all the impetuous dash and intrepidity of the typical Paraguayan soldier, whose motto is *vencer ó morir*—conquer or die.

For weeks most of us had been looking forward with pleasant anticipation to our voyage up the Paraguay as an opportunity for a much desired rest. For, while our journey hitherto through South America's Southland had been supremely interesting, and the hospitality and kindness of the people had everywhere been beyond praise, the life we had led with all its bustle and changes and functions innumerable had been rather strenuous. We therefore gladly welcomed a week of genuine relaxation. We never anticipated, however, the good fortune which awaited us of having all to ourselves a well-equipped cruiser in which to enjoy our *dolce far niente* free from all the exactions of dress parade and the daily entertainments extending beyond the midnight hour. And yet, after the princely manner in which we had been treated in Brazil, Uruguay, Argentina and Chile, we might have known that Paraguay would not have been less considerate of our welfare while we were within her borders.

That we were to have a week's rest on a vessel on which we had all the comforts and conveniences of a private yacht—with the best of captains and a crew whose only thought was our comfort and pleasure—was something for which we had every reason to be grateful. But that we were to enjoy all these advantages on the storied Paraguay—a river which witnessed some of the most brilliant and most romantic achievements of the Conquistadores—was far more than we ever looked forward to, even in our fondest dreams.

From my boyhood, rivers and woodlands have always possessed a peculiar fascination for me. As a youth, my ideal of happiness was to live in a boat moving up and down a forest-fringed river in the tropics. My dreams were now at last to be realized, and on the most romantic of South America's great rivers. The Orinoco and the Magdalena and the Amazon, it is true, had always strongly appealed to me, but not quite in the same way as the Paraguay. This was, probably, because I had read of the marvels of the last-named river before I had learned of the many interesting features of the other three.

The Paraguay does not, indeed, possess the countless attractions of the Rhine, with its vineyard- and castle-crowned banks—so rich in legend, so great in history—which so entranced Victor Hugo; nor the glories of the Loire which, according to Honoré de Balzac, flows through land "perfumed like Italy and flowered like the banks of the Guadalquivir," and bears on its banks, in the sumptuous palaces and castles of Chambord, Blois, Amboise, Chenonceaux, Chaumont, Plessis-les-Tours, so many and so splendid marks of royal affection; nor the reputed sanctity of Mother Ganges, as she is lovingly named by devout Hindus; nor the air of mystery that hangs over Father Nile, both of which rivers so bound Pierre Loti by their spell. But, notwithstanding the absence in the Paraguay of the countless attractions—historic, legendary, religious—of the Rhine and the Loire, the Ganges and the Nile, South America's majestic river does, nevertheless, possess many and varied charms which make a special appeal not only to the student of history and legend, but also, and particularly, to the lover of wild nature in her rarest and most bizarre manifestations.

Most of our time during the day was spent on the deck, under a broad awning which shielded us from the tropical sun, and where we were usually favored with a delightful breeze, especially in the morning and evening.

The nights were particularly pleasant and refreshing. The balmy air and the softly-gliding motion of our cruiser through the tranquil river which was bordered on both sides by picturesque *palmares*—groups of palm trees—wooed to rest and reverie.

While not occupied in contemplating the ever-changing landscape, we usually spent our time in reading or writing, or in discussing the floral and faunal exhibitions which so frequently arrested our attention.

During our first day on the river two of our party spent considerable time in fishing. Our junior member, Harper, had heard much about the ferocious *piranha,* or Carib fish, and he was determined to catch one. But, although the river was full of the finny tribe, he was unable to catch the much-coveted Carib. His bait disappeared almost as soon as it reached the water and, time after time, his hook was snapped off the wire to which it was attached. One morning, while he and a companion were fishing together, the four-ply brass wire which held the hook was cut, as if by a pair of steel pliers, no less than ten times in the space of three hours. He was sorely puzzled and inquired of one of the Paraguayans aboard what was the cause of this. His amazement was great when he was told that it was due to the hard, razor-sharp teeth of the piranha.[1] But the information made a material change in at least one of his plans. Being an Englishman, he was fond of his tub, and, not content with the shower bath on board, he had resolved to take an occasional plunge in the river when the steamer stopped for wood or provisions. We tried to dissuade him from this by telling him of the danger to be apprehended from alligators and, above all, from the ubiquitous Carib which

[1] Padre Guevara, in his "Historia del Paraguay," tells us that the Guaycuru Indians use the jawbone of the piranha—which he calls the *palometa*—as a saw. He also declares that it is capable of severing a fishhook no less than twenty times in the space of an hour.

has been known to make short shrift of both animals and men when found in the water. These voracious fish are, in fact, more feared by the riparian inhabitants of the tropics than the ray or the alligator. An animal with a bleeding wound entering the water is immediately attacked by a whole shoal of piranhas and in a very short time the flesh is stripped to the bone. Many tragic deaths are recorded of men who rashly ventured into waters infested by these ferocious and bloodthirsty creatures.

After Harper had listened with undisguised interest to the stories about these aquatic cannibals, he spoke no more about bathing in the Paraguay. But his curiosity was greatly excited by what he had heard, and, as he had never seen a piranha, he determined to continue his piscatory efforts until he should succeed in securing one for examination. One morning while Colonel Roosevelt and I were occupied in reading we heard an unearthly yell and, looking in the direction of the agonizing sound, we saw Harper, pale and terror-stricken, trying to escape the imagined attacks of a large, repulsive bullhead—with extra long barbels—which he had just landed and which was floundering upon the deck in a most desperate manner.

Harper thought he had at last caught the longed-for man-eater, and, when he saw the horrid-looking thing helplessly flopping about him, he shouted excitedly and strove at once to escape from the fancied attack of the monster. He admitted afterwards that the harmless fish seemed as big as a full-grown shark and that the instinct of self-preservation was, for a few moments, quite preternatural. I regret that I cannot here reproduce the spirited sketch of this little episode which was made by our staff artist, as it would be far more vivid than any verbal account of the incident.

About midnight of the day after leaving Asuncion we arrived at the historic old city of Concepcion. We did not, however, go ashore until the following morning, when

at an early hour Colonel Roosevelt and I started out for a quiet stroll through the town. We had not gone more than a few blocks when we found ourselves in the hands of the civil and military authorities, who extended to us every courtesy until the time of our departure some hours afterwards. Many of them accompanied us several miles up the river, when, after a kindly *Adios!* and a cordial *Dios guarde á Usted* to each of our party, they returned home in a steamer which was waiting for them.

Three days after leaving Asuncion, we were joined at the mouth of the Rio Apa—the river which constitutes the northern boundary between Paraguay and Brazil—by a part of the Brazilian contingent of our expedition, under the leadership of Colonel Rondon. The members of it had come overland from Rio de Janeiro and were awaiting us on the *Nyoac,* a steamer of the Lloyd Brasilero Line. Among them were several naturalists and explorers, some of whom were already familiar with the part of the Brazilian wilderness towards which we were headed.

Some time before leaving New York, Colonel Roosevelt and I thought it would be desirable to secure, if possible, the coöperation of Colonel Candido Mariano da Silva Rondon, who had spent many years in the part of Brazil which we purposed traversing. Through the kindly interest of the Brazilian Ambassador in Washington, and of Dr. Lauro Müller, Brazil's eminent Minister of Foreign Affairs, the matter was quickly arranged, and when we reached Rio de Janeiro we were gratified to learn that Colonel Rondon had been detailed to accompany our expedition.

Our original plan was to go from the headwaters of the Paraguay to the Amazon by way of the Arinos and the Tapajos. But our program was changed on our arrival in Brazil. Then it was that Dr. Müller, who from the first had displayed the liveliest interest in our journey through the interior of his country, suggested that it might be more interesting to try to reach the Amazon by an

unexplored river, then known as Rio da Duvida—the river of doubt. It was so called because its course was unknown and geographers were in doubt as to whether it was a tributary of the Amazon, the Madeira, the Tapajos, or some other river, or whether it might not, perhaps, terminate in some vast swamp or interior lake.

The project appealed to all of us and it was immediately decided that the expedition should attempt the exploration of the Duvida in place of descending the Tapajos. As soon as our purpose became known, a number of naturalists, Brazilians and others, expressed a desire to accompany us. But it was not until we arrived at the mouth of the Apa that we knew who our associates were to be. We were delighted to find that they were a thoroughly equipped and enthusiastic body of young men, whose interest in science and exploration was as keen as that of our own men.

After an exchange of visits between the Brazilian and American contingents of our expedition, the *Nyoac* and the cruiser *Riquelme* continued together their course up the river. Both of them made occasional stops for wood and provisions, or to afford us an opportunity of visiting such places of interest as Fort Olimpo, near the Bolivian boundary, and Fort Coimbra, whose capture by the Paraguayans, during the War of the Triple Alliance, gave them the key to Matto Grosso.

The region drained by the Paraguay is for the most part a vast level plain, without the sign of a hill or a mountain as far as the eye can reach. In this respect, it is like the immense area which borders the mighty Amazon. The land adjoining the river is rarely more than a few yards above the water, even during the dry season. The consequence is that during the rainy season, which corresponds to our winter, a large part of the country is inundated. The backwaters which are thus produced form numerous *bahias,* or lagoons, which at times cover so much

territory that they seem to be a restoration of the boundless Pampean Sea which once covered a great part of this portion of the continent.

During the dry season, large herds of cattle, some scraggy, others sleek and fat, may be seen grazing on the rich pasture lands to the very banks of the river. But when the rainy season sets in—usually in November—both herds and herdsmen are forced to retire to higher ground far from the invading flood.

The pueblos along the river's banks are few in number and rarely count more than one or two hundred people. Most of their inhabitants are mestizos, but now and then one meets representatives of the various nations of Europe. At one of the places where we stopped to take on wood there was a large saw-mill operated by a son of *la belle France*. Further up the river, at an estancia where we secured a supply of fresh beef, the manager, to judge by his rich brogue, seemed to be a new arrival from the Emerald Isle. But he was not. He was an Argentine, whose parents had emigrated from the County Meath. Near Concepcion there is an immense tract of country which belongs to the Farquhar syndicate, on which there were, at the time of our passage, nearly forty thousand cattle. The manager of this vast property was an American, from Texas.

At the new and flourishing town of Puerto Murtinho—a leading center of the *maté* industry—I met an interesting and intelligent gentleman from Barcelona, Spain. I had scarcely set foot on shore when he and his charming little ten-year-old daughter introduced themselves, and courteously invited me to their home. I have rarely met a brighter or a more beautiful child than this vivacious little daughter of Catalonia. She spoke Spanish and Portuguese as fluently as her native Catalan and took innocent pride in her linguistic accomplishments. Her mother gave me a most gracious welcome to her neat and cozy

cottage. In a moment the little brothers and sisters of Carmencita — my youthful companion — were gathered about me. Like my little cicerone, they were all as beautiful as pictures, and might well have served as models for the cherubs of Murillo or the *putti* of Correggio.

As the fond father contemplated his heart's darlings, he turned toward me, saying with a sigh: "Alas! *Padre mio,* we have neither church nor school here, and it is impossible, without them, for us to bring up our children as we would wish. We hope, however, to have both church and school before long."

As we returned to the landing-place, Carmencita, accompanied by her father, continued to prattle away—with a total absence of self-consciousness—as if she had known me all her life. And when the boat's whistle summoned all aboard and she, after her father, bade me adieu in the touching words of her motherland—*Vaya Usted con Dios* —the beautiful words of the Italian poet came to my lips:

> "O gentilina, gentilina tutta!
> Garofanate son vostre parole."[1]

Wherever we stopped on our way up the river—and we stopped at many places—most of us went ashore. I always availed myself of these opportunities to visit the people in their homes. And no matter how poor they were, or how humble their rude abodes, they always gave me a kindly welcome and expressed pleasure that I had called to see them. Nothing more astonished me than the large families which I sometimes found. In one place a young mother of thirty-two years proudly showed me her family of twelve bright, healthy children, and seemed as devoted to each one of them as was the Roman matron, Cornelia, to her two noble sons.

[1] O gentle maid, all gentle!
Carnationed are thy words.

Most of the houses along the Paraguay are made of wattle-and-daub, thatched with palm leaves. I was, however, quite surprised at the number of buildings here which are composed entirely of corrugated iron. This material is frequently used for warehouses and *pulperias*, or country stores. Every home, outside of the pueblos, is surrounded by a plantation of maize and manioc, which, together with fruit and fish, supply the chief sustenance of the Indians and poorer mestizos. Good fish of several kinds abound in the Paraguay, and at almost any hour of the day an Indian, or a half-caste, may be seen in his narrow dugout plying the spear or hook to secure a meal for himself and family.

Like all the rivers of tropical South America, the Paraguay is remarkable for the number of alligators seen along its banks. They are locally called caymans or jacares, but are classed by zoölogists among the *Alligatoridæ*. As seen at a distance, basking in the sun on a mud bank, they have the appearance of small logs or bulky pieces of driftwood.

There is little, one would think, in these repulsive saurians to stir the lyric muse. Yet the Argentine poet, D. Manuel José de Labarden, does not hesitate to introduce them in his ode "Al Paraná." He pictures the god of the great river, crowned with twisted bulrushes and wild *camalotes*,

> En el carro de nacar refulgente,
> Tirado de caimanes recamados
> De verde y oro.[1]

Most of the members of our party could see nothing in the jacare, except an attractive target for their rifles. Fortunately, however, for the poor alligators most of

[1] In a car of shining mother-of-pearl, drawn by fretted caymans of green and gold.

the shots went very wide of the mark and but few of them were killed.

Nobody seemed to object to the shooting of jacares, but when some of those on the cruiser began to try their marksmanship on inoffensive birds there was, at once, a vigorous and effectual protest, as the following incident will show.

Colonel Roosevelt and I were one day reading on the quarterdeck when, presently, we heard repeated shots towards the bow. On inquiry we discovered that the members of the crew, in order to while away the time, were firing at the birds which, in large numbers, were perched on the trees on both sides of the river. As soon as he saw what was going on, my companion became visibly agitated. The idea of killing and mutilating innocent birds as a mere pastime was too much for him. Rising hastily to his feet, he exclaimed with characteristic emphasis: "By George, this thing must stop." And stop it did, in short order. And, thenceforward, there was no more wanton slaughter of birds, or other innocuous animals of any kind whatever.

On the right bank of the Paraguay there is a vast region known as the El Gran Chaco.[1] It extends from the marshes of Santiago del Estero, in Argentina, to the Llanos of the Chiquitos in Bolivia, and from the Paraguay to the mountain ranges of Tucumán and Santa Cruz de la Sierra. As it has always been regarded as a land of mystery, my first view of it excited deep emotion. It is said to have been, at the time of the conquest, the refuge of certain Indian tribes who, before the arrival of the Spaniards, had lived under the rule of the Incas. Whether this is true or not, some of the many tribes inhabiting this ex-

[1] Philologists are not at one as to the meaning of the word "Chaco." Some say it signifies "a hunting ground," on account of the large number of wild animals within its borders, while others contend that it means "a swamp," because of the large *bañados*—marshes—which constitute so large a part of its area.

tensive territory have, for centuries, been almost as warlike as the Araucanians and have ever been distinguished for their extreme hostility towards Europeans. Among the most noted of these tribes are the Tobas, whose name has long been a synonym for cruelty and bloodshed.

But, although the veil of mystery still hangs over much of the Great Chaco, it is not true to say, as is sometimes asserted by modern travelers, that its inhabitants are "an unknown people of an unknown land." It would be truer to declare that they are a forgotten people of a forgotten land. For, as far back as the time of the Conquistadores, San Francisco Solano, in the words of Charlevoix, "published the Gospel in every part of this country."[1] The Jesuits, too, extended their missionary activities to the Chaco at an early date, while the most complete description of the country and its inhabitants ever written is the great work of Padre Lozano which was published nearly two centuries ago.[2]

The Franciscans still have numerous missions in the Chaco and are ably continuing the work which was so auspiciously begun by their sainted *confrère,* San Francisco Solano, nearly three and a half centuries ago. And some of their most devoted neophytes are among those terrible Tobas who have so long been anathema in certain parts of Bolivia and Argentina. If, however, one

[1] Op. cit., Vol. I, p. 183.

[2] The title of this valuable and comprehensive work is: "Descripcion Chorografica del Terreno, Rios, Arboles, y Animales de las dilatadisimas Provincias del Gran Chaco, Gualamba: y de los Ritos, y Costumbres de los innumerables Naciones barbaras, e infieles que le habitan: Con Una Cabal Relacion Historica de lo que en ellos han obrado para conquistarlas algunos Gobernadores, y Ministros Reales: y los Missioneros Jesuitas para reducirlos a la Fe del verdadero Dios." Cordoba, 1733.

An equally valuable work on the early missions in the northern part of the Chaco and the adjoining territory is the "Relacion Historical de los Indios Chiquitos," by Padre J. P. Fernandez, Tom. XIII in the "Coleccion de Libros Raros y Curiosos que Tratan de America," Madrid, 1895. The first edition of this work was published in Madrid in 1726.

may credit the Franciscans, who know them best, and rely on the statements of certain Americans who have spent several years among them, the Tobas, when treated like human beings, are far from being the fiendish savages that report makes them. "If the whites would only deal honestly with the Tobas and keep away from their women, there would be no trouble." This was a statement made to me by an American, who has long had dealings with the Tobas, when I questioned him about certain atrocities, during recent years, of which these Indians have been accused.

The languages spoken by the various tribes of the Chaco are as difficult as they are numerous. Father Dobrizhoffer, who spent eighteen years among the Paraguayan Indians, in referring to the difficulty which Europeans have in becoming accustomed to their tongues, and to the strange and distorted words which the Indians pronounce so fast and indistinctly, declares that they hiss with their tongues, snore with their nostrils, grind with their teeth, and gurgle with their throats, "so that you seem to hear the sound of ducks quacking in a pond rather than the voices of men talking."[1]

It was among these Indians that the good father received one of the greatest shocks of his missionary career. With Cicero and Tertullian, he had always believed that there was no nation, or tribe, however savage, that was ignorant of the existence of God.[2] "Theologians," writes Dobrizhoffer, "agree in denying that any man in the possession of his reason can, without crime, remain ignorant

[1] "History of the Abipones," Vol. II, p. 159, London, 1822.

[2] Cicero's words on this subject, which have so impressed philosophers and theologians for more than two thousand years are: "Ipsisque in hominibus nulla gens est, neque tam immansueta neque tam fera, quae non, etiamsi ignoret, qualem habere Deum deceat, tamen habendum sciat." "De Legibus," Lib. I, Cap. VIII, 25.

Tertullian's view, as given in his "Apologeticus," is in fewer words: viz., "Haec est summa delicti nolle recognoscere quem ignorare non possit."

Our Cruiser *Riquilme* on the Way to Corumbá.

Toba Family and Rancho.

of God for any length of time. This opinion I warmly defended in the University of Cordoba, where I finished the four years' course of theology begun at Gratz, in Styria. But what was my astonishment when, on removing thence to a colony of Abipones, I found that the whole language of these savages does not contain a single word which expresses God or a divinity. To instruct them in religion it was necessary to borrow the Spanish word for God, and insert in the catechism *Dios ecnam caogarik*, God the creator of things."[1]

The difficulties of the various languages which the missionaries had to learn and the total absence of words expressing the fundamental truths of religion give one some idea of the obstacles they had to overcome before they could do effective work among the rude children of the Pampa and the Great Chaco. Substantially the same difficulties confront the missionaries among many of the wild Indian tribes of South America even today.

For more than a week we skirted the eastern borders of the Gran Chaco, and as I gazed on its broad morasses and dark forests and came in contact here and there with some of its half-civilized inhabitants and thought of the almost complete oblivion into which the achievements of the first evangelists and explorers—worthy of being ranked among the world's great heroes—have fallen, I could not but recall the words of Sir Thomas Browne in his "Hydriotaphia" in which he thus descants on the vanity of human wishes:

> Our fathers find their graves in our short memories, and sadly tell us how we may be buried in our survivors.
>
> Oblivion is not to be hired. The greater part must be content to be as though they had not been—to be found in the register of God, not in the record of men.

After a delightful voyage of six days, we arrived at

[1] Op. cit., Vol. II, p. 57.

the site of the old fort of Candelaria, noted, in the annals of the conquest, as the spot at which Juan de Ayolas and his companions met their deaths at the hands of the Indians. Ayolas was the lieutenant and intimate friend of Pedro de Mendoza, the founder of Buenos Aires, and had been sent by his chief to open up, by way of the Paraguay, a road to the Pacific Ocean. Considering the nature of the country through which Ayolas had to pass and the deficiency of his equipment, this was truly a tremendous undertaking and one of the most daring enterprises of the Conquistadores.

Near the spot where Ayolas was murdered the *Riquelme* and the *Nyoac* were met by a flotilla of boats, of all sizes, aboard which was a large delegation of people from Corumbá, the chief Brazilian port on the Paraguay. All the vessels were gay with bunting and flew both the American and the Brazilian flags. Bands played various national airs; *vivas* and words of welcome burst upon our ears from all sides. The whole city was *en fête* and everybody seemed to be at the landing-place or in the streets through which we passed on our way to the very comfortable hotel—above whose front door was the word "Welcome" formed by brilliant electric lights—which was to be our home during our sojourn in this flourishing city of Matto Grosso.

Here we were joined by Cherrie, Miller, Fiala and Sigg, whom we had not seen since they had left us in Rio de Janeiro. Sigg and Fiala, who had charge of our equipment and supplies, had everything ready for shipment to São Luiz de Caceres, further up the Paraguay. Cherrie and Miller had been remarkably successful in their work, for they had collected more than eight hundred birds and mammals, among which were several new species.

The second day after our arrival in Corumbá, Colonel Roosevelt and several members of our expedition started for a hunt on the Rio Javary, an affluent of the Paraguay,

some distance below the city. I was glad to have the opportunity, during their absence, to make the acquaintance of the good people of Corumbá, who left nothing undone to make my sojourn among them as pleasant as possible. The city, which counts about twelve thousand inhabitants, occupies a site near the old town of Albuquerque founded in 1778 by the then governor of Matto Grosso, Luiz de Albuquerque de Mello Pereir e Caceres. Although it was almost entirely destroyed during the Paraguayan war, a half-century ago, it now shows but few traces of the great disaster which then overwhelmed it. It is the chief commercial center of Matto Grosso and is soon to be connected by rail with São Paulo and Rio de Janeiro. It is lighted by electricity and, at the time of our visit, an up-to-date system of waterworks was being introduced.

But what interested me much more than these material evidences of prosperity of the city was the splendid work that was being done here for the instruction of youth and for the relief of the poor and the sick. I was particularly impressed by the achievements of the sons and daughters of Don Bosco—the Salesian Fathers and the Sisters of *Maria Ausiliatrice*.[1] Although I had frequently visited their institutions in many other parts of South America, their methods of instruction, their zeal in behalf of the afflicted and abandoned, their marvelous success in dealing with the most savage Indian tribes, were always to me a source of wonder and admiration. But what astonished me still more was to see with my own eyes what they had been able to accomplish in a few short years in the most difficult of missions and in the most unpromising parts of the world.

The venerable Don Bosco, who was the founder of the two religious organizations just named, was one of the

[1] The official name of the congregation of the Salesian Fathers is Society of St. Francis de Sales. The full name of the community to which the sisters belong is *Figlie de Maria Ausiliatrice*—Daughters of Mary Help of Christians.

most extraordinary men of his time. Born in 1815 of poor but pious parents, in the little hamlet of Becchi, near Castelnuovo in Piedmont, Giovanni Bosco began life as a shepherd boy. At the age of twenty-six, after having completed his theological studies, he was raised to the priesthood. Not long after this he founded the two societies which were to be associated with him in the great work which he had so much at heart. In 1874 the rules and constitutions of Don Bosco's new Society of St. Francis de Sales were formally approved by Pope Pius IX. On January 31, 1888, the sainted priest passed to his reward.

But what wonders he was able to achieve during his life, and what wonders have been accomplished by his spiritual children since his lamented demise! If there was ever a Utopian, a dreamer of dreams, it was Don Bosco. Because of his extraordinary plans for the education and elevation of abandoned children, he was regarded as a visionary, and some of his well-meaning friends even thought he should be placed in a sanitarium, until he became more rational. If he were living today, our expert alienists would declare that he was suffering from paranoia or megalomania.

When he was alone and penniless, without resources of any kind, he talked of the schools and workshops he purposed erecting for poor children; of the spacious playgrounds and the large and beautiful church he intended to have for them. With a childlike confidence in Divine Providence, he felt sure that he would find associates to assist him in his work and that he would eventually obtain the means necessary to carry on the noble works of charity which he had planned on a scale that was nothing short of gigantic.

One of the projects of Don Bosco, which the worldly wise considered as utterly fatuous, was the conversion and civilizing of the wretched Indians of Tierra del Fuego.

River Front. Corumbá.

Sigg, at the Right, and a Corumbá Family.

This was deemed absolutely impossible of accomplishment. For had not Darwin declared that "man, in this extreme part of South America, exists in a lower state of improvement than in any other part of the world?" Had he not written of the Fuegians that "one can hardly make oneself believe that they are fellow-creatures and inhabitants of the same world?"[1]

It was precisely because of their abject misery, because of their total abandonment by all the world, because they were regarded as the Pariahs of humanity, that the Fuegians so strongly appealed to Don Bosco's all-embracing heart.

The first mission was established in 1889 on Dawson Island, which was then a dreary waste. On this same spot eight years later was the beautiful village of St. Raphael, with a church, a hospital, workshops, a college for boys, a home for the missionaries, a convent school for girls under the direction of the sisters of Maria Ausiliatrice and sixty comfortable homes for the Indians. Only a few years after the establishment of the college, the people of Punta Arenas were amazed to hear, in the public square of the city, an admirable band concert given by the Fuegian boys of St. Raphael. These same boys were equally proficient in singing and elocution. Monsignore Fagnano, prefect apostolic of Southern Patagonia and Tierra del Fuego, referring to the histrionic powers of the Fuegian youths who had given a dramatic entertainment in his honor, on the occasion of a visit at St. Raphael's, declares in a letter to the superior general of the Salesians: "I do not exaggerate when I assert that I have not assisted at private theatricals more brilliantly performed even at our mother house in Turin."

Not long after the establishment of St. Raphael's, two other missions were founded for the benefit of the Fuegians, and with the same happy results. In the short

[1] "Journal of Researches," Chap. X.

space of twenty years after the foundation of the first mission in Southern Patagonia, the Salesians had in Tierra del Fuego no fewer than fourteen churches and chapels, six colleges for boys and seven for girls, and nearly two-score missionary residences. Workshops were erected where the Indians were taught various arts and trades. They were also instructed in agricultural and pastoral industries, and their settlements soon began to assume the appearance of civilized communities. No less a personage than the President of Chile visited the Fuegian missions to express his gratitude to the Salesians for their marvelous work. And explorers in Tierra del Fuego, like Otto Nordenskiöld, were loud in their praises of these zealous ministers of the Gospel and declared that their work ranks high among the achievements of the greatest lovers of humanity.

The dream of Don Bosco was realized. His spiritual sons and daughters, by infinite patience, tact, labor and devotion, had achieved what anthropologists and men of science had positively asserted to be impossible—the civilizing and Christianizing of the Fuegians—savages who, as Darwin declared, it was hard to believe were "fellow-creatures and inhabitants of the same world" with ourselves.

Hearing of the great success of the Salesians in Tierra del Fuego and Patagonia, the government of Ecuador applied for their assistance in dealing with the Jivaros—that ferocious and intractable tribe which, from the days of the conquest, had been an unending cause of alarm and trouble. The Salesians soon made friends of these wild men of the woods and achieved by the cross what the sword and the Winchester were impotent to accomplish.

For generations, no Indians in Brazil had committed greater depredations, or inspired more terror among the neighboring whites than the Coroados and Bororos of Matto Grosso. The government had long made efforts

to civilize them, but had failed most signally. Despairing of being able to bring them under the yoke of law and order, it had finally decided that there could be no peace until they were all exterminated. Just then Bishop Lasagna, a famous Salesian missionary, appeared and asked to have these terrible Indians turned over to the care of his confrères. This was done. Schools and workshops were at once established, and in a short time the people of Matto Grosso were astonished to learn that the dread savages had been converted into useful and law-abiding members of the community. They became farmers, herdsmen, carpenters, blacksmiths and tanners, and, instead of gaining a livelihood by pillage and murder, supported themselves and their families by devoting themselves to the arts of peace. The boys, in addition to learning some trade, were all taught reading, writing, arithmetic and music. The girls, under the direction of the sisters, besides receiving an elementary education, were instructed in the domestic arts. Some specimens of their needlework, which I saw, were really admirable.

I refer specially to the achievements of the Salesians among the savages in order to give the reader an idea of the wonderful success which has attended their activities as missionaries and educators. And what has been said of them may also be affirmed of the Sisters of Maria Ausiliatrice, who are equally imbued with the spirit of their holy founder.

But I would not have it inferred that the work of the children of Don Bosco in South America is confined to the instruction and conversion of the Indians, for this is far from being the case. In this vast continent, as in Europe, their chief occupation is the instruction of the poor, not only in the ordinary branches of a college curriculum, but also, and more particularly, in the various arts and trades in the well-equipped and excellent technical establishments for which they are everywhere justly

famous. How successful they have been may be estimated from the fact that they now have establishments in all of the South American republics. And the highest authorities, civil as well as ecclesiastical, of all these nations are constantly calling for more of these eminent and devoted teachers to assist them in their work of education and philanthropy. Wherever there are children to be instructed, especially in arts and trades, the Salesians are in demand. It is partly because they have been able so well to meet this great need in South America for skilled workmen and artisans that their technical schools are everywhere so popular and so well patronized.

But their success as educators is no more remarkable than the number and variety of their activities. Realizing the power of the press for good, they print books and newspapers and magazines in many languages. And at the request of the government, they have taken charge of magnetic and meteorological stations from the Strait of Magellan to the wilderness of Matto Grosso. They have also distinguished themselves as explorers, naturalists, ethnologists and, in this respect, have nobly continued the fruitful labors of Falkner, Menendez, Montoya, Rivero and Sobraviela. In Colombia they are assuaging the sufferings and relieving the miseries of more than two thousand lepers. And everywhere—whether in the bleak plains of Tierra del Fuego, or in the chilly uplands of Bolivia, or in the sultry *sertãos* of Matto Grosso—theirs is ever a work of love. In the *rancho* of the savage, or in the lazaretto of the plague-stricken, there is the same zeal and cheerfulness as in the village parish or in the city college or seminary. Everywhere they feel that they are working in the Master's vineyard and everywhere, therefore, they are contented and happy.

During the nine days I spent in Corumbá, I had an excellent opportunity of studying the admirable work which the children of Don Bosco are, everywhere in South Amer-

Sisters of Maria Ausiliatrice Teaching Borórós Children.

Borórós Indians Building a Home for the Sisters of Maria Ausiliatrice.

ica, accomplishing in college, convent and hospital. Most of the fathers and seminarians in charge of the college in Corumbá are from France and Germany, while the majority of the sisters are from Lombardy and Piedmont. Coming from the invigorating climate of central Europe to the sweltering region of the Upper Paraguay, they naturally suffer very much from the hot and debilitating atmosphere of their new homes. But they never complain. On the contrary, they go about their work as cheerfully as if they were in their homes on the Po or the Rhine.

I called to visit the classes in the convent school one day when the temperature and humidity were unusually high. To me the heat was almost intolerable. Turning to a gentle little nun whose cheeks still retained the bloom of youth and who had been reared among the foothills of the Italian Alps, I said: "Sister, how do you endure this oppressive, suffocating heat?" *"Oh, Padre mio,"* she replied with sweetness and childlike simplicity, *"l'amor di Dio tutto fa facile"*—The love of God makes everything easy. Had I asked all her companions the same question, I should have received substantially the same answer. Love enables them to do joyfully what worldly rewards could never induce them to undertake.

Among the religious I met in this convent was one who had just arrived from the mother-house in Italy. She held the office of visitor-general and was then making a tour of inspection of the numerous establishments of her community in South America. She was of gentle birth and in her youth had been delicately nurtured. Highly educated and cultured she, among her many accomplishments, spoke French, Spanish and Portuguese as fluently and as correctly as her own musical Italian. She was then on her way to the Indian missions of her community in Matto Grosso. As I knew their location was far away in the wilderness and full twenty days' journey on horseback from Cuyabá, the nearest center of population, I

expressed my surprise that she should undertake such a long and fatiguing journey. *"Non e gran cosa. Sono buona cavaliera"*—It is nothing much. I am a good horsewoman, she answered. Then I was told by one of the other nuns how the first sisters who went to found the Coroados mission had been obliged to spend thirty-two days on the road, and that, too, during the rainy season. When they reached their destination, in the depths of the forest, they had no shelter except the tents they had brought with them and were, besides, almost destitute of provisions. And their tents were their only homes until a palm-thatched hut was built for them. Here, far away from all communication with the outside world—far from the telegraph and their base of supplies—they courageously entered upon their noble work, civilizing and Christianizing the rude women and girls of the most ferocious tribes of central Brazil. I could see, while talking with the mother-visitor, that she had left a part of her heart with these wild children of the wilderness, for she was counting the days until she could see them again and note the progress they had made since her preceding visit. She was, truly, one of the world's heroines, and yet the extent of her heroic work of charity is known only to the Master for whom she has made the most sublime of sacrifices.

The achievements of the sons and daughters of Don Bosco are, indeed, wonderful. But more astonishing to me is the marvelous growth of the two communities to which they belong and which they have so glorified by their labors and virtues. It is barely forty years since their first missionary band set foot on South American soil. It was then only a diminutive seedling. But now it has become a great tree which, like a giant banyan, has its roots in every republic of the entire continent. According to the latest available statistics, the Salesians in South America alone have a membership of nearly fifteen hundred priests and brothers, with nearly two hundred establish-

ments of various kinds. In their schools and colleges there are more than forty thousand pupils. The establishments of the sisters of Maria Ausiliatrice are quite as flourishing as those of the Salesians and almost equally numerous. In their thoroughly up-to-date asylums, orphanages, hospitals, lazarettos, schools and colleges these ministering angels are now devoting their lives to the spiritual and corporal welfare of more than forty thousand people—of all ages and races and conditions of life—in South America alone. Their success is due not only to their zeal and abounding charity, but also to the special preparation which each one of them makes for her task in the classroom, the isolating ward and the workroom, in which they teach their young charges all the dainty handicraft which contributes so greatly towards making home attractive.

The shepherd boy of Becchi and the dreamer of Turin was a seer and a thaumaturgus and the world knew it not. His methods were not its methods and his marvelous achievements must to it ever remain a mystery. Never, perhaps, in the history of the Church has the influence of any founder of a religious community been more beneficent and widespread or more quickly felt in every quarter of the habitable globe. I have referred to the achievements of his spiritual children in South America only. This is not the place to tell of their labors in many and widely separated parts of the Old World. But millions of people, who never heard of Don Bosco during his life, now bless his name when they behold the tireless and well-directed efforts of his sons and daughters for the amelioration of the poor, the afflicted and the abandoned. In another place, I have had occasion to speak of the achievements of the Conquistadores of the Cross in South America during colonial times.[1] What I have said of their zeal and charity and spirit of sacrifice I can apply with equal

[1] "Along the Andes and Down the Amazon," Chap. XXII.

truth to the faithful sons and daughters of Don Bosco—those modern Conquistadores of the Cross—who in the homes of peace have ever been an inspiration and a benediction, and who in the forest primeval of Matto Grosso, not to speak of other regions,

> . . . "With the Cross alone, when arms had failed,
> Achieved a peaceful triumph o'er the foes,
> And gave that weary land the blessings of repose."

After a week's absence, Colonel Roosevelt and his companions returned from their hunting expedition on the Rio Taquary. They were all in high feather, especially the Colonel, for, among the specimens which his trusty rifle had secured, was a fine, large jaguar. When, six years previously, while he was still in the White House, I first broached to him our joint trip to South America, the thing that most strongly appealed to his hunter soul was the longed-for opportunity to bag a large, full-grown jaguar. Now that he had been successful, he felt that he had been richly rewarded for his long and fatiguing tramp through a steaming marsh under a blazing, tropical sun—something which would have dismayed anyone but a born Nimrod.

The day following the return of our hunters, we were all aboard the light-draft side-wheeler *Nyoac,* on our way to the Fazenda São João on the Cuyabá River—nearly four days' journey by boat from Corumbá. Our little craft was crowded to its utmost capacity. For, in addition to our increased party, there were our equipment, luggage, cots, provisions and supplies of all kinds for our naturalists and explorers.

The scenery along the banks of the river was essentially like that between Corumbá and Asuncion. But the palmares, or clumps of palm trees, were not so extensive or interesting as those that had so enchanted us farther down the Paraguay. In lieu of these, however, the beauty

of the landscape was wonderfully enhanced by low mountain ranges, not unlike those which encircle Lake Como and Lake Maggiore.

There are few houses along the Upper Paraguay, and the greater number of these are of a very primitive character. Most of them are occupied by mestizos and Negroes. Occasionally one sees also an Indian hut or encampment. Most of these habitations are surrounded by small fields of maize and mandioca, as well as by clumps of orange, lime, banana and guava trees. What with fish and game, both of which are abundant, and the products of their small plantations, the inhabitants of these parts are never stinted for the means of subsistence. Besides these articles of food, most of these apparently very poor people manage to get an occasional quarter of beef from a neighboring fazenda. And, notwithstanding the poorly furnished hovels in which many of the natives along the river spend their lives, their lot is incomparably better than that of countless multitudes in the slums of the large cities of Europe and the United States. They never suffer from cold or hunger, or the lack of fresh air and sunshine, and, knowing naught of the luxuries of our modern civilization, they live a life of comparative ease and contentment.

Shortly after eight o'clock in the morning—the fourth day after leaving Corumbá—we were surprised, as we were rounding a curve of the Cuyabá River, to see two gayly decked river steamers just a short distance ahead of us. One of them was occupied by Dr. Joaquin A. da Costa Marques, the President of Matto Grosso,[1] who, with quite a delegation, had come all the way from the capital of the state—several days' distance by boat—to bid us welcome

[1] If extent of territory over which the chief executive of Matto Grosso rules entitles him to the name of president, instead of governor, then, indeed, he richly deserves this distinction, for the area of this state is more than nine times that of the states of New York and Pennsylvania combined.

and, with other members of his family, to dispense what we found to be the most lavish hospitality during our delightful visit to the great fazenda of São João.

Among those who had accompanied the President and his party was Dom Ambrosio Dayde, a young French Franciscan, who had come as the representative of the venerable archbishop of Cuyabá to invite me to be the guest of His Grace in his archiepiscopal city. But the arrival of the rainy season, which made it necessary for us to hasten towards our objective in the Amazon Valley, made this visit impossible. Never did I regret more my inability to accept proffered hospitality than on this occasion. I wished not only to have the pleasure of meeting the illustrious metropolitan, whose praise was on the lips of everyone in Matto Grosso, but I was also most desirous of making the acquaintance of the good people of this historic old city of central Brazil.

The archbishop could not have chosen for me a more charming traveling companion than Fray Ambrosio. For, besides being highly educated, he was one of the best types of Gallic culture and enthusiasm. And, in addition to being the superior of the seminary of Cuyabá, he is an able and enterprising journalist. His weekly paper, *A Cruz,* is a potent influence for good among all classes and has a surprisingly large circulation for a sparsely populated region like Matto Grosso. Dom Ambrosio belongs to that ardent and peerless type of French missionary of which his noble compatriots, Jean de Brébeuf and Père Marquette, were such brilliant examples. Joyous, dashing, courageous, he would, by discarding his rough, gray habit, be equally at home as a commander of a submarine or as the chief of a fleet of aëroplanes.

From the Fazenda São João, where we spent two most enjoyable days, we proceeded to a point on the São Lourenço, a short distance above its confluence with the Cuyabá. In the forests and marshes bordering this sec-

tion of the São Lourenço there was said to be an abundance of big game, and our naturalists started thither in high expectations of making important additions to their already large collection of birds and mammals. But they were doomed to disappointment. Heavy rains greatly interfered with their plans. But, notwithstanding these tropical downpours, they would have had a certain measure of success had not their dogs, on which they had greatly relied, proved almost worthless.

After almost three days spent on the São Lourenço, we started for São Luiz Caceres, the last town—the natives call it a city—on the Upper Paraguay. Personally, I was most eager to make this part of our journey, for it lay through a region of romance and legend second to but few sections of South America. For the earliest Conquistadores, those marvelous men who penetrated every part of the continent—no matter how great the obstacles or dangers—had traversed all the vast region from the Cuyabá to the Rio Jauru, near San Luis Caceres.

Among the most notable adventurers to these distant regions were Domingo de Irala, Nuflo de Chaves, Ulric Schmidt and the famous Alvar Nuñez Cabeza de Vaca. Irala was the first of the conquerors to open up a communication between the Rio de la Plata and Peru. Having ascended the Paraguay almost to the point where it receives the waters of the São Lourenço, he disembarked on the sixth of January at a place which, in honor of the feast of the day, he named Los Reyes—The Kings. Thence he proceeded in a northwesterly direction until he reached the river Guapay, which is the upper continuation of the Mamoré and Madeira. Crossing this, he was amazed to find a number of his countrymen who belonged to the *gobernacion*—government—of Pero Anzures, one of the officers of Francisco Pizarro, the conqueror of Peru. Irala here encamped and sent Nuflo de Chaves with three other messengers to La Gasca who was then governor of Peru.

After successfully executing his commission, Nuflo de Chaves was given a governorship in what is now known as Bolivia. Soon afterwards he founded the city which has since been known as Santa Cruz de la Sierra.

To effect this much-desired communication between the Rio de la Plata and Peru, Irala spent a year and a half on the Paraguay and in the wild and unexplored region bordering the Guapay. Only those who are familiar with the character of the territory traversed by this daring Conquistador can realize the magnitude of his achievement. Considering the dangers and difficulties to be encountered, this opening up of a route from the Atlantic to the Pacific was scarcely a less extraordinary feat than Orellana's epoch-making voyage down the Amazon.

But while I could not but recall the adventures of Irala and his gallant companions, as we revisited the scenes which were so familiar to them nearly four centuries ago, I found more pleasure in dwelling on the careers of two other heroes of the conquest who have always seemed to me to be among the most interesting and picturesque characters of early South American history. One of these was Ulrich Schmidt, an enterprising agent of the great German house of Fugger and Welzer, of Augsburg. The other was Alvar Nuñez Cabeza de Vaca, the successor of Pedro de Mendoza, the founder of Buenos Aires and the first adelantado of the province of the Rio de la Plata.

Aside from their wonderful adventures, these two men —one a Bavarian commercial traveler, the other an Andalusian cavalier—have always had a special interest for me, for they were the first two historians of the conquest of the vast regions which border the Paraná and the Paraguay. Neither of them, it is true, actually wrote the books which bear their names. Schmidt's narrative of his twenty years' experiences in South America was written by someone—whose name is as yet unknown—from data supplied

by the adventurous Teuton,[1] while the "Commentarios" of Alvar Nuñez were written by his secretary, Pero Fernandez.

To a traveler in the Upper Paraguay region, both these books are still of absorbing interest. They not only give a graphic account of the country as it appeared to the Conquistadores nearly four centuries ago, but they also perfectly describe many things as they are found today. Indeed, in certain details, they have all the accuracy of a sixteenth-century Baedeker.

Recounting the experiences of his party in the inundated plains of the Paraguay, Schmidt, in his quaint language, tells us "the halfe of our people was deadly sicke, and that by reason of the water, through which wee were to wade for thirtie dayes together, so that wee could never turne aside or get out of the same."[2] This is a vivid statement of conditions as they are found to this day during the rainy season.

Speaking of chigoes, which are such a pest everywhere in tropical countries, our German adventurer declares that "These little vermin, if they lay hold of the toes of the feete, or any other part of the body, they knaw and enter alwaies more and more deeply in and at length become wormes such as are found in our filberds; yet, if it be done in time, this mischief may be prevented, that it shall not hurt, but, if deferring the cure, it be neglected, at length, by eating and gnawing, it consumeth and corrupteth whole toes."[3]

Referring to the articles given to the Indians in ex-

[1] The title of Schmidt's work is in English: "A True and Agreeable Description of Some Principal Indian Lands and Islands, which have not been Recorded in Former Chronicles, but have now been first Explored amid great Danger during the Voyage of Ulrich Schmidt, of Straubing, and most carefully described by him." Published by the Hakluyt Society, London, 1891.

[2] "Hakluytus Posthumus or Purchas His Pilgrimes." Vol. XVII, p. 36, Glasgow, 1906.

[3] Ibid., p. 53.

change for gold plates and silver rings, our wide-awake agent of Welzer and Fugger, who were probably the most noted bankers and merchants of their day, informs us that articles "made in Germany" were even at that early period as popular as at the present time. "For all this" —the plates of gold and the rings of silver—he tells us, "our Captain gave the King of the Indians an Hatchet, Knives, and Beades, or Pater-nosters, Barber's Scizzars, and such like, made at Nuremberg."[1]

Although Schmidt's voyage has appeared in many languages, and will always be of value to the student of early exploration in South America, "The Commentaries" of Alvar Nuñez are far more important and exact. His account, as given by his secretary, of his voyage up the Paraguay; his observations on the São Lourenço—which he explored for some distance—and the lagoons along the Rio Jauru which enters the Paraguay only a short distance below São Luis Caceres; his remarks on the various Indian tribes, as well as on the fauna and the flora of the country through which he passed, exhibit a keen and intelligent observer. Even details did not escape his quick eye. Thus,

[1] Op. cit. 36. "Voyage of Ulrich Schmidt to the Rivers La Plata and Paraguay," p. 48, published by the Hakluyt Society, London, 1891. By far the best recent edition of Schmidt's book is "Viaje de Ulrich Schmidel al Rio de la Plata, Con notas Bibliograficas y Biograficas," by Bartolome Mitre, with "Prologo, Traduccion y Anotaciones," by Samuel A. Lafone Queveda, Buenos Aires, 1903.

Even the vessel in which Schmidt went to America belonged to Germans—to the Seville house of Welzer and Niedhart, a branch of the house of Fugger and Welzer, of Augsburg. It is proper to remark that this occurred during the reign of Charles V, who counted the Germans as well as the Spaniards among his subjects. "This explains how the Spanish government, exclusive and jealous of all foreign interference in its affairs in the Indies, allowed Germans and Flemings, with their vessels, their merchandise, and their men, to take part in such considerable numbers in the expedition of Don Pedro Mendoza." "Conquest of the River Plate," p. XXV, published by the Hakluyt Society, London, 1891. It was the same Charles V who made an immense grant of land to the Welzers in Venezuela, whence Philip von Hutten and his fellow-adventurers started out on their famous quest of El Dorado.

what he says about the lower part of the São Lourenço River, which he sounded for some distance, is as true today as it was at the time of his memorable voyage in the first half of the sixteenth century. Similarly, what he tells us regarding the habits of the capibara—he calls it "a kind of water pig"—tallies perfectly with our own observations respecting this singular animal.

To me one of the most remarkable things in connection with this voyage of Alvar Nuñez to the Upper Paraguay was the fact that he actually erected a church near the confluence of the São Lourenço and the Paraguay. A church in a country which is today but little more than a vast swamp and which is almost uninhabited![1] But when the adventurous Andalusian was here these parts were thickly populated by Indians and it was for their benefit that he built a place of worship and provided them with priests to instruct them in the doctrines of the Church.

Was it but a momentary fancy? Whether it was or not, I am not ashamed to admit that I seemed to feel the presence of Alvar Nuñez as the *Nyoac* glided through the waters of the São Lourenço and the Paraguay, following in the wake of the feluccas and brigantines of the daring cavalier who served his country so well, but who, probably more than any man of his time, experienced all the divers effects due to the sudden turns of "giddy Fortune's furious fickle wheel."

In traversing under the Southern Cross the lands which were so familiar to one of the noblest and most humane of the Conquistadores,[2] I felt almost as if I were in some

[1] "This," says Alvar Nuñez, "was the first settlement of the *campo*; it was a little over a half a league in extent and contained eight hundred houses of agriculturists." "The Commentaries," p. 201, published by the Hakluyt Society.

[2] Those who are familiar with the life and achievements of Alvar Nuñez will agree with the historian, Padre Guevara, that he was "a man who for his rectitude, justice and Christian conduct deserved a statue"—*merecia estatua*. The same author further declares that the adelantado was "uno de

mysterious way communing with an old friend. For decades I had, in many climes, been following in his footsteps. From the vine-clad slopes of Andalusia to the dismal everglades of Florida; from the bayous of Louisiana to the Gulf of California and the valley of Anahuac; through the Araucanian forests of Brazil; along the camalote-covered waterways of South America's Southland, I had gazed on the same marvels of earth and sea that had so stirred the soul of Alvar Nuñez and made him long to achieve great things for God and country. And now I had met him again, at least in imagination, in the heart of the famous Laguna de los Xarayes,[1] in the fabled island home of *El Gran Moxo* who lived in a magnificent palace adorned with vessels and furniture of gold and silver; with doors of bronze near which were living lions held by chains of gold; with a large moon, like a disk of silver which, supported by a lofty tower, illumined the surrounding lake; which was surrounded by gardens and groves that

los hombres mas juiciosos de su siglo: recto, prudente, entero y de sano corazon. . . . prendas que no bastaron á hacerle respectable á la fortuna perseguidora de hombres grandes. La Florida lo cautivó con inhumanidad, la Asumpcion la aprisionó con infamia; pero en una y otra parte fue egemplar de moderacion, mas respetable entre los indios de la Florida, que entre los españoles de la Asumpcion." "Historia del Paraguay, Rio de la Plata y Tucumán, in Coleccion de obras y Documentos Relativos á la Historia Antigua y Moderna de las Provincias de La Plata," by Pedro de Angelis, Tom. II, p. 109, Buenos Aires, 1836.

[1] This legendary lake, which is indicated on the first maps of South America, was supposed by the early adventurers to be the source of the Paraguay. Traversing this region during the rainy season, when a vast area is under water, it was easy for them to mistake a temporary inundation for a permanent lake. Reclus in his "Nouvelle Géographie Universelle," Vol. XIX, p. 425, states that this inland sea, during high water, has a length of three hundred and fifty miles from north to south and a width, in places, of more than a hundred and fifty. This location for the abode of a wealthy potentate was, from what we now know, quite as impossible as that assigned by Sir Walter Raleigh for the residence of the Gilded Man in the lowlands of the Orinoco, or by Philip von Hutten, in the dark recesses of the Amazonian *selva*. But the believers in El Dorado always exhibited a decided penchant for fixing his habitation in the most unlikely places in the entire continent.

were watered from a great central fountain whose basin was of silver and whose irrigating pipes were of gold; in which were an altar and ever-lighted lamps of precious metal; a blazing sun of purest gold which was there adored by El Moxo's benighted subjects, and countless other marvels which surpassed the inventions of the most unbridled fancy.[1] It was the old story, in a different setting, of the Enchanted City of the Cæsars, of the Gilded Man of Lake Guatavitá, of the Golden City of Manoa in Guiana, of

> "Imperial El Dorado roofed with gold;
> Shadows to which, despite all shocks of change,
> All onset of capricious accident,
> Men clung with yearning hope which would not die."

[1]For an interesting account of the palace of El Gran Moxo see Canto V in "La Argentina," by Martin del Barco Centenera, the first edition of which appeared in Lisbon in 1602.

CHAPTER XIX

THE HOME OF BIRDS AND PALMS

The golden sun adored in the fabled palace of El Gran Moxo—

Es de oro fino el sol alli adorado

—like the palace itself and like the mythical island on which it was located and the legendary lake by which it was surrounded, interested me because it was another of the many illustrations of the wonderful mythopœic faculty which the Conquistadores exhibited when, impelled by the *auri sacra fames,* they dreamed of discovering in the depths of the forest, or in the heart of the jungle, untold riches which would rival those that rewarded the prowess of Cortes in Mexico and Pizarro in Peru. The originator of this story of the golden sun in the palace of the Great Moxo was, according to Padre Guevara, one of the companions of Alvar Nuñez in his famous expedition up the Paraguay. He had during his wandering heard of the great golden sun in the temple of Cuzco and it was an easy matter for his lively imagination to transfer both sun and temple from the capital of the Incas to a forested island in the fictitious Laguna de los Xarayes. Thus was El Gran Moxo given "a local habitation and a name," and thus, too, were the fortune hunters of the conquest provided with another objective toward which to bend their energies in their lust of gold and adventure.

It was while I was musing one evening on the legendary past of the Upper Paraguay that a companion called my attention to that glorious orb which, as Byron phrases,

it, was "a worship" before the mystery of its making was revealed—that ministering sun of the Almighty

> Which gladdened on their mountain tops, the hearts
> Of the Chaldean shepherds, till they poured
> Themselves in orisons.

The *Nyoac* was slowly threading its way through the mazes of the islanded, palm-fringed Paraguay. The long, gentle slopes of the sun-kissed Sierra Amolar were a riot of splendor and color. Masses of feathery and cirro-stratus clouds floated above the mountain's crest and extended almost to the zenith of a sky of profoundest azure and of abysmal depth. There were delicately molded bars of vapor which extended halfway across the heaven; there were parallel streaks and multitudinous silk filaments finely drawn, some straight, some gracefully bent, but all perfectly motionless and of infinite variety and detail.

But it was the gorgeous, ever-changing colors of these vaporous bands and lines and plumes that most enthralled our gaze. There were clouds of blue, and green and indigo and scarlet—some fringed with orange, others with carmine, and others still with purest white or blazing gold. And as the sun dropped behind the mountain rampart, a conflagration of heavenly rose towered above the deep purples and intense azures which veiled the tree-clad slopes of the Sierra. Rarely have I seen such glory of color, such superb scenery of the sky.

With the advent of the short, tropical twilight, the shades of evening began to lower and silence brooded over the vast papyrus-covered plain. A mantle of silvery gray enwrapped the darkening world and myriads of fire-flies began to dance their merry rounds. Then the pale, crescent moon slowly arose above the sealike plain. The lofty palms with their noble crowns cast dark shadows upon the rippling waters which were soon converted into

mazes of silver by the effulgent moonbeams. The cadenced voice of the meandering stream—or was it that of the mãe d'agua, the beauteous siren of Brazilian fable [1]—seemed to ever-wakeful fancy to sing a nocturne—so sweet, so soothing—that one felt that one was in the paradise which legend once placed in these parts, or in a land of streams and charmed sunsets

"Resting weary limbs at last on beds of asphodel."

The mysterious and romantic stillness of the night had succeeded "the trembling magic of the evening hour" and the spell of the Paraguay was still upon Colonel Roosevelt and myself with all its enthralling power. Time and again we found our conversations on literature and science and history interrupted by the entrancing beauty of a moonlit island, or the shimmering undulations at a sharp turn of the river, or the wavering lights and shadows on the flanks of Amolar, which was then veiled in an opaline mist like thinnest lawn. "Wonderful, wonderful!" exclaimed the Colonel. "I do not think I have ever witnessed more quiet and enchanting scenes than those we have gazed on during the past few hours."

As we rose from our comfortable camp chairs to retire for the night, we discovered that our associates had all, without our observing it, preceded us to rest. Every square foot of available space on the deck was occupied by a cot, for no one thought of occupying his close and sultry state-room when he could enjoy the cool and refreshing breeze which always made our nights on the Paraguay so restful

[1] The *mãe d'agua*—water-mother—is, in many parts of Brazil, believed to be a beautiful woman vestured in long, golden hair, with fascinating eyes, and with a voice so sweet that no one who hears it can resist the temptation to plunge into the water in order to hear and see her better. Unlike the mermaid, she has a perfect human form and fascinates by her beauty as well as by the sweetness of her voice. She is said to have a special attraction for children. See the beautiful poem of A. Gonçalves Dias on "A Mãe d'Agua."

and so delightful. Many of our party had hammocks, instead of cots, and those, with their wearied and sleeping occupants, were slung between the stanchions of the vessels exactly as described by the Brazilian poet in the lines

> Pende de lenho a lenho a rede extensa:
> Alli descanso toma o corpo lasso.

The afternoon following the splendid "drama of sunset" we had an exhibition of cumulous clouds that surpassed anything in all my experience. I had often, during our voyage up the Paraguay, gazed with ever-increasing delight at the wondrously beautiful cloud-flocks—"flocks of Admetus under Apollo's keeping"—and admired the soaring, advancing, retreating, ever-changing masses of fleecy, alabaster, domelike clouds, but I never saw anything comparable to the gently-floating, grandly-rolling masses of vapor which were incessantly transforming into trees and castles and animals of many and bizarre kinds, as if they were under the subtle action of Merlin's magic wand. I had on several occasions observed these marvelous effects of cloud metamorphosis while traversing the llanos of Venezuela and Colombia, but they were by far surpassed by those I witnessed in the legendary kingdom of the Great Moxo. For, among the curious cloud-forms there were a giant jacare and a colossal tapir followed by a plunging dolphin and an "elf with luminous hair astride upon a sea-horse." Shakespeare must have had visions like these when he wrote

> Sometimes we see a cloud that's dragonish,
> A vapour, sometime like a bear or lion,
> A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,
> A forked mountain, or blue promontory,
> With trees upon't that nod unto the world
> And mock our eyes with air.

Of a different type of beauty, but no less fascinating, were the countless species of birds of every form and color and size, from the tiny *picaflor*—humming-bird—that, like a living gem of rainbow hues, flits from flower to flower to drain their perfumed nectaries,[1] to the great jabiru stork, which builds its huge nest on the lofty branches of the wild fig or the wide-spreading ceiba. They were to be seen everywhere, gliding through the water, scattered over the sand-bars and mud-flats along the river, perched on the belts of trees which bordered each bank, soaring above the picturesque palmares which always gave such beauty to the ever-varying landscape. There were immense numbers of *patos reales*—Muscovy ducks—herons, cormorants, wood-ibises, crested screamers, snow-white egrets and roseate spoonbills. In the water were snakebirds, of which nothing was seen except their long, slender, serpentlike heads and necks. There were noisy, multi-colored parrots and screaming red and blue macaws. There were chattering parakeets entering and leaving their odd communal nests in the forked branches of the larger trees on the river's edge.

All the low, marsh lands of South America are remarkable for their wealth of birdlife. But in no part of it, not even in the lagoons and morasses which border the Meta and the Orinoco, have I ever seen such a wonderful exhibition of the feathered tribe as in the half-submerged region drained by the Upper Paraguay. It is not only a paradise for birds, but should also be a paradise for ornithologists. The region has, as yet, been only partially explored, and there are still many new species here to reward the enthusiastic field worker. And no place is more easily accessible. With a small motor-boat, one could profitably spend years studying the life-histories of the strange and interesting birds of every kind which make

[1] The Brazilians also call the humming-bird *beija-flor*—kiss-flower—while the Indians give it the picturesque name, *coracy-aba*—tresses of the sun.

The *Nyoac* on the Upper Paraguay.

Our Naturalists at Work on the *Nyoac*.

their home about the bayous and the broad, grass-covered plains of southwestern Matto Grosso.

Although the mammals of South America count fewer species than the birds, they are no less interesting. This is particularly true of those archaic forms which, like the sloth, the ant-eater, the tapir and the armadillo, are surviving types of such giant monsters as the megatherium, the megalonyx and the mylodon. Among the larger mammals that we saw, as we made our way up the Paraguay, were the red marsh deer, the yellowish-red cebu, the black howler and the gregarious capybaras. The last-named animals were frequently seen squatting on the bank, but on the approach of our vessel they hastily plunged into the river and disappeared beneath its tawny flood.

Shortly before reaching the embouchure of the famous Rio Jauru, into which Nuflo de Chaves entered on his famous journey to Peru, we stopped for an hour or two at the little village of Descalvado, so named from an eminence nearby which is known as Morro Escalvado—Bald Mountain. There is here quite a large *saladeiro*—meat-curing establishment—and a tannery, which belong to the Farquhar Syndicate. The principal houses are occupied by the managers of the large ranch—on which there are about seventy thousand cattle—which belongs to the same syndicate. The assistant manager was an experienced cattleman from Texas, who could scarcely restrain tears of joy when he saw the American flag flying from the mast of the *Nyoac*. "You don't know how good it is," he said, "to see Old Glory in this faraway land." Just then he dropped an unopened letter which had been handed him. Quickly picking it up he feelingly remarked: "This is something precious. I would not lose it for a thousand dollars. It is a letter from my wife, whom I was obliged to leave in Texas until I could prepare a fit place for her here. I am expecting her by the next steamer. Then," pointing to a cozy little house which had just been nicely painted and

renovated, "we shall make our home here amid this group of orange and lemon trees. And then life will again be worth living."

The day after leaving Descalvado—January fifth—we were in sight of the long range of mountains which extends from São Luiz de Caceres to the city of Cuyabá, where it is known as Serra Azul—Blue Ridge. We had at last left the Laguna de los Xarayes—the *Mar Dulce* of some of the early annalists—behind us. The number of houses and plantations on both sides of the river began to increase and gave indications of our approach to a center of civilization.

Shortly after luncheon, as I was standing on the starboard side of the *Nyoac,* I noticed a group of people standing in the front of a palm-thatched house on the river's bank. In their midst was a man mounted on horseback, who was closely scanning our vessel as if he were expecting someone. He then shouted two or three times to our pilot, and, getting a satisfactory answer, at once turned his steed toward São Luiz de Caceres and soon disappeared in the intervening forest. I subsequently learnt the meaning of this strange proceeding. There are no telephone or telegraph lines between points on the Upper Paraguay, and, as a consequence, the only way of conveying information quickly from place to place is the primitive one of employing a special messenger. The officials of Caceres wished to know the exact hour of our arrival and had, therefore, sent the horseman down the river to be on the lookout for us and to report to them as soon as the *Nyoac* hove in sight. I love to think that this messenger had not been waiting for us so long as our Cuyabá friends at the Fazenda de São João, who were in daily expectation of our arrival for a whole week.

São Luiz de Caceres is an interesting old town which claims nearly ten thousand inhabitants. According to De Castelnau, the plain on which it stands is about sixty feet

above the Paraguay. It was founded in 1768 by the fourth captain-general of Matto Grosso, Luiz de Albuquerque de Mello Pereira e Caceres, who was probably the ablest administrator this part of Brazil has ever known. Although the town now bears a part of his long cognomen, the name given it by its founder was Villa Maria do Paraguay. Students of history and geography cannot but regret this change of name, of which we find so many instances in all parts of Brazil. Thus the old capital of Matto Grosso was originally called Villa Bella. Now it is known as Matto Grosso. So also was the presidio of Albuquerque—named after its illustrious founder—on its change of site, called Corumbá, or rather to give its full name, Santa Cruz de Corumbá. In many cases the names of places have been changed not once, but several times. The consequence is endless confusion and error.

Our horseman had evidently delivered his message promptly, as on our arrival at the landing-place a vast concourse of men, women and children were there to greet us. There was also the usual accompaniment of every Brazilian function—a brass band. Besides this, although it was still more than an hour before sunset, there was a display of fireworks. This part of our reception seemed to give special pleasure to the younger generation, which was composed of whites, blacks, Indians and mestizos of all degrees of blood-fusion.

We were escorted to the large and comfortable home of Lieutenant Lyra—the astronomer of our expedition—where quarters had been prepared for a number of our party. But I was scarcely inside the house when the French consul—a consul from *la belle France* in this out-of-the-way part of the world!—introduced himself and told me that he had been requested by the Superior of the College of São Luiz—which is conducted by the Franciscan Fathers—to ask me to accept the hospitality of that institution. He had scarcely finished speaking when the good

superior himself, accompanied by his assistant, appeared, and renewed the request that I should be their guest during our stay in the city. I, accordingly, left Colonel Roosevelt and some of our other associates in the hands of Lieutenant Lyra, and soon found myself the delighted guest of the sons of St. Francis, under the hospitable roof of the College of São Luiz.

Although it is only a few years since the college was founded, its praise is on the lips of everyone in Matto Grosso. "You will find this a most excellent institution," said Colonel Rondon to me the day before we reached Caceres. "It is patronized by the best families of the country and is a credit to the city." I visited the pupils in their classrooms and found them surprisingly intelligent and deeply interested in their studies. Most of them lived in the city, but a goodly number of them had their homes in distant villages and fazendas.

With the superior, I visited the pro-cathedral, and one of the first men I met there was a Negro from Chicago. To those of our party who had thought that São Luiz de Caceres was little more than an *aldeia*—Indian village—it was a matter of no little astonishment to find that it, like Corumbá, was the seat of a bishopric. The metropolitan of these two episcopal sees is the Archbishop of Cuyabá. And Cuyabá, it may be observed, was a bishopric before Baltimore—the oldest diocesan seat in the United States.[1]

A greater surprise to me than São Luiz College was the really excellent convent school, which it was my privilege to visit. It is one of the largest and finest buildings in the city and, like the college, it is well patronized. The sisters had begun their work here only a few years before our arrival, and it was a pleasure to note what success they had achieved in so short a time.

[1] Cf. "Viagem ao Redor do Brasil," pp. 56, 81, et seq., by João Severiano da Fonseca. Rio de Janeiro, 1881.

Like the Franciscans and like so many religious whom I had found in all parts of South America, the sisters of São Luiz Caceres were from France, which they had been compelled to leave on account of the iniquitous *Lois d'Associations.* But, although exiled from the land of their birth and far away from those who were near and dear to them, they were happy in their work—"*pour le bon Dieu,*" as they fervently expressed it—and had no complaint to make of the cruelty of the government which had forced them to live so far away from home and friends. Like the children of Don Bosco, the religious of São Luiz Caceres have the zeal of apostles and the courage of martyrs.

The father superior of the college—still in the glow of youthful manhood—told me of a journey he had just made to the old and now almost abandoned city of Matto Grosso —the former capital of the state—in order to minister to the spiritual wants of the people living there and in the vicinity. The distance to be traversed—going and returning—was nearly five hundred miles. The road was little more than a *picada*—bridle-path—and passed, for the most part, through a wilderness. His only means of locomotion was an old steer. On this slow-going animal he had to carry everything he needed during his absence from home —including provisions while on the way. His only shelter, *en route,* was a chance tree by the wayside or the canopy of heaven. His bed was the bare earth or a few palm leaves. "I did not mind this," he said, "because I have served my time as a French soldier and I like living in the open. But when the rivers were swollen by the heavy rains and I was obliged to wait for them to subside, often for a week at a time, it was not so pleasant."

"And how did you occupy yourself in the wilderness," I asked, "during these long delays?" "*Ma foi,*" he replied, smiling, "there was nothing to be done except to sit on the river bank and look at my toes."

Several times he told me how glad he was that I had come to see him and his confrères. I did not know his reason for this repetition until he remarked: "Don't you know, *mon père,* that you are the first clerical visitor I have had in three years? The last priest to visit me came from Bolivia, and he was obliged to make the entire journey of nearly four hundred miles—one way, *figurez-vous*—on mule-back."

I have not heard from the good fathers since I said good-by to them in São Luiz Caceres. But, if they are no longer engaged in the work of education and religion in the wilds of Matto Grosso, it is because they are now, like so many thousand other French priests, valiantly fighting for their country in the trenches of northern France. And, if the devoted sisters are yet living, they are, I am sure of it, still at their post in the outskirts of the Brazilian wilderness, or are nursing their sick and wounded countrymen on the battlefields of their loved France—that France which, in spite of the injustice and cruelty of its mole-eyed legislators, they have never ceased to love with an abiding and an unmeasured love.

If one wishes to learn the might and majesty of self-sacrifice, to study the spirit of purposeful self-immolation, of religious and patriotic exaltation, at its best, highest and holiest, translated into noble and inspiring deeds, let him become acquainted with the lives and achievements of the religious who have consecrated their youth and talent and ambition to the service of God and their neighbor in the jungles of the tropics, or in the desolate regions of Tierra del Fuego.

Five leagues above São Luiz de Caceres we bade adieu to the Paraguay and entered its fascinating affluent, the Rio Sepotuba. The weeks we had spent on the Paraguay had been weeks of unfailing delight. Considering it, and not the Paraná, as the main river of the great system to which it belongs—as the earlier writers were wont to do—

we were now nearly two thousand miles from where its waters mingle with those of the Atlantic. During this long course we had neither accidents nor delays. We had seen several steamers stranded on the changing sand-bars and mud-banks of the river, but, thanks to the ever-watchful care of our captains and pilots, we always managed to keep in the deepest part of the channel. Traveling, as we did, during the rainy season, we escaped the dangers and delays which are always inevitable during the dry season for, during the period of flood, the water is much higher than during the rest of the year. At Corumbá and Cuyabá, for instance, the river frequently rises more than thirty feet, while at intervening points there is a corresponding elevation of the river's surface.

The headwaters of the Paraguay had always possessed a particular interest for me ever after I had read the graphic descriptions of them by the eminent French explorer and savant, Count de Castelnau, whose exhaustive "Expédition dans les Parties Centrales d'Amérique du Sud" proved as great a revelation of the wonders of Central South America as Humboldt's epochal "Voyage aux Régions Équinoctiales du Nouveau Continent" had been of the territory north of the Amazon. "The source of the Paraguay," says Castelnau, "marks one of the most curious points on the continent. For here," he tells us, "are found, but a few paces apart, the fountain-heads of two of the greatest rivers in the world—the Amazon and La Plata." [1] The owner of the property at this spot, the same writer informs us, made the water of one stream flow into the other with the sole object of irrigating his garden. He also declares that canoes have been transferred from the Cuyabá to the Arinos with a portage of only four leagues.[2]

In truth, the basin of the Amazon has been in communi-

[1] Tom. II, p. 357.
[2] Ibid., p. 358.

cation with that of the Paraguay, by way of the Tapajos, for nearly two centuries. As early as 1746 the Portuguese sergeant-major, João de Souza Azevedo, with an expedition consisting of six canoes and fifty-four men, made the journey from the Rio Jauru to Pará, and returned to his point of departure by way of Madeira and the Guaporé.[1] Even four years before this time, Matto Grosso was put in communication with Pará by the daring of the Portuguese adventurer, Manoel Felix de Lima, who first showed the navigability of the Guaporé, Mamoré and Madeira.[2] "This latter," according to the scholarly Brazilian writer, João Saveriano da Fonseca, "was the route followed by the captains-general in their voyages, and the route by which, for a long time, was transported almost all the commerce of the province."[3]

Even today both these routes—by the Madeira and by the Tapajos—are still used. When we were in Corumbá, we saw a large canoe, carrying nearly a ton, which had come from the Amazon by way of the Tapajos and the Paraguay.

As we took our last look at the Paraguay, on entering the Sepotuba, I felt a slight pang of regret that we had not adhered to our original plan of going to its headwaters, or those of the Cuyabá, and thence making our way to the Amazon by the Arinos and the Tapajos. But I found some compensation in the thought that, if we could not carry the Stars and Stripes up either of these waters in their upper reaches, they had been flown to the breeze

[1] "Vias de Communicacão" de Matto Grosso, p. 12 and 13, by Barao de Melgaço, Cuyabá, 1905.

[2] Unless we accept, as true, the statement of Fernandez in his "Relacion Historial de las Misiones de Indios Chiquitos," p. 69, Madrid, 1895, that some of the companions of the Conquistador, Nuflo de Chaves, "embarcandose en una pequeña embarcacion en el rio Mamoré, entraon por la boca del rio Marañon en el Oceano, y con no poca ventura, llegaron a Europa."

[3] Op. cit., Tom. I, p. 122. Rio de Janeiro, 1880. "Eram esses rios o caninho por onde iam e vinham os capitães-generaes; por onde durante muitos annos se fez quasi todo o commercio da capitania."

on both of these streams by a distinguished countryman of ours more than half a century before. This was Captain Thomas Jefferson Page, United States Navy, who, under the orders of the United States Government, had explored not only the lower Paraguay and its tributaries in the famous *Water Witch,* but had also, in the *Alpha,* explored the São Lourenço and the Cuyabá, and had ascended the part of the Paraguay which we were not to see, almost to its source, and had, besides, gone up the Sepotuba full seventy-five miles above its embouchure.[1]

The morning after leaving São Luiz de Caceres, we landed at a fazenda known as Porto do Campo. Here we had to leave the *Nyoac,* for the river had now become too shallow for a vessel of even her light draught. In her stead, our only means of transportation further upstream was a small gasoline launch and a barge somewhat larger. Even these two craft were not spacious enough to convey all of our party and equipment at the same time. For this reason two trips were necessary. Harper and Cherrie and some of the Brazilians preceded the rest of the expedition who went into camp until the launch and barge returned. We remained almost a week at Porto do Campo and, for the first time during our journey, we lived in our tents. As they were large, and thoroughly waterproof, we felt quite at home in them. For weeks, all of our party had been looking forward to this life in the open and we were delighted when our tents were pitched and ready for occupancy. All of us were lovers of wild nature and, after having been so long fêted and pampered during our tour

[1] "La Plata, the Argentine Confederation and Paraguay." New York, 1859, the volume in which Commander Page gives an account of the work of the first American expedition up the Paraguay and its affluents is still one of the best and most interesting books in English which have yet been written on the part of South America of which it treats.

Referring to Captain Page's ascent of the Sepotuba Sr. Fonseca, op. cit., Tom. I, p. 109, declares that this explorer "subiu esse affluente no pequeño vapor Brasileiro *Alpha* par mais de cento e vinte kilometros."

through South America, we felt a touch of that "nostalgia for the strange which," as Flaubert truthfully observes, "all born wanderers know."

The time spent at Porto do Campo was most pleasant for all of us and an unusually profitable one for our hunters and naturalists. Colonel Roosevelt was as happy as a schoolboy on a picnic, for he was here able to bag more big game. After the jaguar, the animal he was most eager to secure was the tapir—the *anta* of the Portuguese and the *gran bestia* of the early Spaniards. He was interested in *Tapirus Americanus* not so much on account of its size as because of its being peculiar to South America and because, also, of its intimate relation to several strange species of the geologic past. Besides the tapir, he was fortunate in obtaining here several other mammals which specially appealed to him as a naturalist. Among these were bush deer and white-lipped peccaries. He had previously added a capybara and an ant-eater to the ever-increasing collection of the expedition.

After the Colonel had bagged the tapir and the peccaries, I remarked to him that he had now secured just the animals we had talked about in the White House six years previously. "Yes," he said gleefully, "I have gotten specimens of all the mammals I was most eager to have and am now perfectly satisfied, if I do not get a shot at another animal." I am sure, however, he would have been very glad to come across one of those fifty- or sixty-foot boas or anacondas about which people in all parts of South America like to talk, but which nobody seems ever to have seen. Although these mammoth reptiles were frequently spoken of by members of our expedition, the Colonel always manifested the greatest skepticism about their existence.

We tarried at Porto do Campo from the seventh until the thirteenth of January. While Colonel Roosevelt and Rondon, Kermit and Fiala were out hunting, Miller, Sigg

and some of the Brazilian naturalists were occupied in preserving and skinning the animals which were brought to camp. But Sigg was the factotum of the party. He could turn his hand to almost anything from a hypodermic needle to a motor-boat. He was the professional nurse of the expedition and was always at the service of those who needed his care. He surprised us all by running our motor-boat from Caceres to Porto do Campo without a guide, during a pitch-dark night and in a heavy downpour. Where there are so many side channels, tributary streams and bayous as there are along this stretch of the Sepotuba, it is a wonder he did not lose his way. A few days afterward he distinguished himself by a similar exploit. On this occasion, some of our hunters had failed to return to camp until a late hour of the night. Thinking they might have lost their way and come out of the forest at some point up the river, Sigg, with a companion, took the motor-boat and started upstream in search of them. Neither the darkness of the night nor ignorance of the course of the tortuous and impetuous Sepotuba deterred him for an instant from rushing to the assistance of our belated sportsmen. Nor did the loss of sleep perceptibly affect him. After a stretch of a few hours in his hammock, he was as fresh as ever and ready to help Miller in skinning a tapir or to take Lieutenant Lyra on a business trip to Caceres and back.

Although the distance, in a straight line, from Porto do Campo to Tapirapuhan is less than fifty miles, it required three full days to make the trip. This was due not only to the numerous curves of the river, but also, and more especially, to its very strong current. In several places the inclination of the channel was so great that rapids were formed. In these, at times, our launch actually stood still and it looked as if further progress were impossible. But by poling and pulling on the overhanging branches of trees, we were able to extricate ourselves

from these threatening barriers and to continue our slow advance towards our destination.

But no one objected to these apparent drawbacks. There was something romantic about our trip up this part of the river which, in spite of our cramped condition on our two small craft, everyone thoroughly enjoyed. On the *Nyoac* we had been able to go forward by night as well as by day. Now, for several reasons, it was considered advisable to travel only during the daytime. About an hour before sunset, our boats were moored near the river's bank, where we remained until the following morning. Colonel Roosevelt and I slept on the launch, where there was room for only two small cots, while Colonel Rondon and many of the other members of the expedition sought repose in their hammocks stretched between neighboring trees. Contrary to what most of us expected, we were not molested by mosquitoes or other insects that are supposed to foregather in myriads in every tropical forest and to make life unendurable for those who venture to spend the night there. "I would not have believed it," exclaimed Colonel Roosevelt in surprise, "if I had not seen it myself." Neither was the temperature unpleasantly high. This, for several of our party, was a surprise which was quite as agreeable as was the absence of noxious insects.

Personally, I shall always most fondly remember our journey up the Sepotuba for two things—the wonderful communities of troopials which we saw in several places and the extraordinary exhibition of palms which fringed both banks of the river. All along the Paraguay we had seen immense tracts of land covered with palm trees of many species, but nowhere did we find these "princes of the vegetable world," as Humboldt calls them, in such glorious exuberance and of such surpassing beauty. In this respect, the lands bordering the Sepotuba and the Paraguay are quite unlike those contiguous to the Amazon,

PART OF OUR CAMP AT PORTO DO CAMPO. AUTHOR'S TENT AT THE LEFT; COLONEL ROOSEVELT'S IN THE CENTER.

COMMUNITIES OF TROOPIALS.

the Orinoco and the Magdalena. For, along these last-named rivers, extensive *palmares* are so rare that certain naturalists, whose observations have been confined to the neighborhood of these great waterways, have not hesitated to declare that palms, unlike our pines and firs and redwoods, are rarely, if ever, associated in large numbers.

As I contemplated the ever-increasing marvels of the *palmares* along the Sepotuba, I forgot that we were following in the wake of such brave explorers as Azevedo and Page. I forgot that we were passing through the great Matta da Poaya, which is so rich in vanilla and which, early in the last century, supplied the world with a great part of its ipecacuanha. There were trees and bushes—covered with blue and red and yellow and scarlet flowers—which seemed draped with the most brilliant of Tunisian rugs. But all these things, which under ordinary circumstances would have made a strong appeal to me, possessed then but secondary interest.

The first community of troopials which I saw on the Cuyabá did not count more than a score of nests. Subsequently I saw single trees on which there were sixty and seventy nests. But, the day before our arrival at Tapirapuhan, we saw a tree on which there were fully a hundred nests. I was able to count eighty-nine. But several of them coalesced so that they appeared to form but one, while others were so concealed by the dense mass of foliage that I could only approximate the total number. One of the largest communities of these singular birds, whose specific name, according to Cherrie, is *oro-pendula,* was found on a stately palm tree in front of the large residence on the fazenda of Palmital. Never did I see a more beautiful picture of the bird-world than this. There were dozens of mother-birds continually carrying food to their delicate nestlings, while others were chirping, twittering, singing and hovering about their graceful, pendulous nests, as if loath to leave what was indeed a birds' paradise.

The natives say that these birds always establish their communities in the vicinity of human habitations. So far as my own observation goes, this statement seems to be true. But of one thing I am quite sure. If some good jinnee were to offer to bring me from Brazilian birdland, what pleased me most while I was there, I should certainly ask him to fetch me the wonderful palm tree with the happy family of orioles which so charmed me on the emerald bank of the Sepotuba.

During our three days' journey from Porto do Campo to Tapirapuhan, we passed between two magnificent colonnades of palms—one on each bank of the river. We were now in the most beautiful natural shrine I had ever beheld, or ever hope to behold—the favored shrine of *Dea Palmaris*. There were palms of many species and of all sizes—from the humble but graceful ariry—*Cocos liliputiana*—to the stately bacairuva—*Acrocoru sclerocarpa*.[1] Of some, the foliage was as delicate as that of the drooping bamboo by their side; of others, the gorgeous fronds were from forty to fifty feet in length and six to eight feet in width. In some cases the boles were as tall and as smoothly turned as the masts of a great merchantman, while in others there was little more than an indication of a visible stem. Some palms, like the burity, always grow near the water's edge, while others thrive best on the elevated ground, where the soil is less moist. Like other trees along the river, the palms were loaded with air-plants and other parasites. One morning, shortly after sunrise, I noticed, just under the crown of a majestic bacairuva, an exquisite cluster of orchids. Their color could be best described in the words of Dante, who was always so exact in his descriptions as,

Men che di rose e più que di viole

[1] This, according to Herr Hoehne, the botanist of our expedition, is the name of the large palm in question.

—less (vivid) than that of roses, but more than that of violets.

The number of species of palms along the Sepotuba impressed me even more than the number and beauty and exuberance of the individuals. Linnæus was acquainted with only fifteen species, whereas there are in Brazil alone more than four hundred species[1] and nearly fifty genera. And, wonderful to relate, nearly two-thirds of these species were discovered and described by two men. One of these was the eminent Bavarian naturalist, Karl Friedrich von Martius, whose elaborate "Flora Brasiliensis" is one of the greatest botanical works in existence. But it was his monumental "Historia Naturalis Palmarum," in three splendidly illustrated folio volumes, that first directed the attention of the botanists of the world to the marvelous variety and loveliness of the palms of Brazil.

For a long time it was thought that Von Martius had virtually exhausted the subject. But a few decades later, the illustrious Brazilian botanist, Barbosa Rodrigues, began to make a special study of these attractive phanerogams. His investigations led him to all parts of this extensive country. For thirty years he traversed the vast selva of the Amazon basin, the sertão of Matto Grosso, the lands drained by the Paraguay and its affluents, and with such success in discovering new species that he more than doubled the number which had been made known to science by Von Martius. His masterly "Sertum Palmarum

[1] The exact number of Brazilian species in 1898, according to Barbosa Rodrigues, was four hundred and ten. Of these the illustrious botanist discovered and described no fewer than 134 species, as against the 128 species discovered and described by Von Martius. The total number of known species in the whole world was, at the date mentioned, estimated to be about 1,200. Referring to the prodigious number of Brazilian species, J. Barbosa Rodrigues remarks, with justifiable pride, that these represent the labor of practically two men—*podese dizer que representão só trabalho de dois homens.* "Palmæ Mattogrossenes Novæ val Minus Cognitæ quas collegit Descripsit et Iconibus Illustravit," J. Barbosa Rodrigues, pp. XVIII and 89. Rio de Janeiro, 1898.

Brasiliensium'' is second only to that of his illustrious Bavarian predecessor.

No less remarkable than the great number of species of this interesting family of Flora are the countless uses to which palms are put by the children of the forest. For they supply the natives with materials for building their *toldos* and *malocas*—names of their rude habitations—and for making the furniture with which they are provided. From the leaves of the palm the Indian makes mats, bags, fans, hats, baskets and hammocks. From its fibers he makes ropes, twine, seines, fishing-lines and bowstrings. From the wood he fashions his little dugout and his implements of husbandry and warfare: his hoe and plow; his pumps, water-tubes and musical instruments; the *sarcabana*—the dread blow-gun through which he stealthily and noiselessly launches his deadly curare-tipped darts against his unsuspecting enemy. From the palm, also, he procures washing and toilet soaps; wax and oil for light; salt and vinegar for seasoning his food; water for quenching his thirst; wine and brandy for his feasts; fruits and meal for his daily aliment, and efficacious remedies for many of the ills to which he is subject. No other vegetable family, declares Barbosa Rodrigues, is so useful to man, and, at the same time, free from all traces of poison.[1]

Some palms, like the tucum or the piassaba, are specially valuable on account of their long and strong fibers, which are used for making brushes, brooms and numerous other articles. The cordage made from them is much more durable than that produced from hemp. The endocarps of the fruits of others are used as a substitute for ivory in the manufacture of rings, trinkets and small bibelots. The large leaves of the oboçu and jupaty are particu-

[1] ''Aucun produit des palmiers n'est toxique; tous sont bienfaisants. ''Sertum Palmarum Brasiliensium, ou Relation des Palmiers Nouveaux du Brésil, Découvertes, Décrits et Dessinés d'après Nature.'' Tom. I, p. XXVI. Brussels, 1903.

Parasite-Laden Trees.

Palmares in Inundated Territory.

larly useful for thatching houses, for they resist the burning sun and the heavy downpours of the tropics for twenty years and more.

But there are still other species of palm which supply so many of the wants of the natives that they are deservedly called *as arvores da vida*—the trees of life. Among these are the mority, the burity, and the carnauba. Each of these, like the coco-palm "by the Indian Sea, on the isles of balm," of which Whittier sings, is to the children of the tropical forests

> A gift divine,
> Wherein all uses of man combine,—
> House and raiment and food and wine.

How hard would not be the lot of the traveler in the equinoctial regions were it not for the ubiquitous palm! Its hidden reservoirs furnish a delicious beverage; its fruits and tender terminal leaves, wholesome and palatable food; its broad fronds can in a moment be converted into a *mayary,* under which one finds shelter from the heaviest rainstorm. The Prince of Neuwied, whose "Beitrage zur Naturgeschichte Brasiliens" gives him an honored place among the distinguished German naturalists who have contributed so much towards making known to the world the unrivaled flora and fauna of Brazil, declares with truth: "The family of palms is one of the most beautiful gifts which Providence has bestowed on the regions of the equator."

It is not surprising, then, that palms—the representatives of a dynasty that extends back to the distant geologic past, of a dynasty which exhibits a peculiar cachet of distinction, of strength, of beauty, of utility—hold themselves apart from the crowd that presses round about them. For this reason poets as well as naturalists unite in acclaiming them as the kings and the queens of the forest,

and for this reason, too, they occupy so prominent a place in the legends of all peoples who are familiar with their matchless loveliness and their far-reaching utility.

Plutarch tells us of a Babylonian hymn which recounts the three hundred and sixty benefits which palms confer on humanity. The author of this hymn probably knew little of any of this family, except the date-palm which is so highly valued in all parts of the Orient. How he would have multiplied the number of benefits accruing from these trees could he have been informed of the four hundred and more species of Brazil!

In pre-Christian times the palm was regarded as a sacred tree—as the symbol of the sun, of strength, of riches, of triumph. Since the earliest ages of the Church, it has been symbolic of the martyr's crown, of the reward of the just, of spiritual victory, of a glorious immortality.

When the Holy Family, a venerable legend declares, were traversing the deserts of Egypt, during their flight from the fury of Herod, the Virgin Mother allayed her hunger by partaking of the fruit of the palm beneath whose shade she was reposing. The Infant Savior then blessed it and made it, thenceforth, the symbol of eternal life and declared, at the same time, that with palms He would make His triumphal entry into Jerusalem.

As I contemplated with ever-increasing delight the graceful and stately palms of the Sepotuba, I recalled the exquisite "Canção do Exilio"—Song of the Exile—written by the Longfellow of Brazil, A. Gonçalves Dias. Many translations of it have been made into various languages, but none of them reveals the exquisite lyric beauty and delicacy of the original. It is the Brazilian "Home, Sweet Home"—poignant *saudades* expressed in sweetest rhythmic melody. No one can visit "the home of birds and palms" without sympathizing with the homesick exile when he sings:

"Mine is the country where the palm trees rear
Their stately heads towards the azure sky,
And where, in accents soft and clear,
The sabía sings her hymn of melody;
Here, in my exile, say what warblers rare
Can with the sabía's notes their own compare?

"Our skies are strewn with stars, our fields with flowers,
Our woods resound with bird and insect life,
Our life's a dream of love in fairy bowers,
Where Nature's lavish gifts are ever rife;
Bright land of palms! where the sweet sabía sings,
The exile's heart to thee still fondly clings."

Nor can anyone read without emotion the closing strophe of the poet-exile's "Canção do Exilio" wherein he voices the pathetic prayer that he may be permitted to return to his native land and that he may once again hear the dulcet notes of the sabía's song and contemplate, under the bright blue skies of his beloved Brazil, those noble *palmeiras* which had so long been his pride and joy.

Não permitta Deos que eu morra,
Sem que eu volte par la;
Sem que desfructe os primores
Que não encontro por ca;
Sem qu' inda aviste as palmeiras
Onde cante o sabía.[1]

But, like the author of "Home, Sweet Home," the singer of *Minha terra tem palmeiras* was never again to see his cherished birthplace, never again to hear the sweet-voiced sabía and never more to gaze on his beloved palms. He did, indeed, embark for the home of his youth, but the vessel on which he took passage was wrecked before he reached the longed-for land of his heart's desire and the mortal remains of one of Brazil's most gifted poets found their final resting-place in the bottom of the deep Atlantic.

[1] The sabía, which reminds one of the nightingale, is the favorite song-bird of Brazil.

CHAPTER XX

JOURNEYING IN THE JUNGLE

THREE days, almost to the hour, after leaving Porto do Campo we arrived at the head of navigation on the Sepotuba. This was at a small village called Tapirapuhan, which is one of the stations of the Brazilian Telegraphic Commission, as well as the headquarters of a large cattle ranch. All the inhabitants were at the landing on our arrival and the great square of the village was gayly decorated with bunting, Chinese lanterns, and flags of various countries, among which the Stars and Stripes occupied a conspicuous place.

We were loath to leave the *Anjo D'Aventura,* the little gasoline launch on which we had spent three most delightful days. But we were also glad. For several weeks we had been traveling by what Pascal so aptly designates *les chemins qui marchent* and what the Spaniards call *caminos andantes*—flowing roads. For many parts of South America, especially the dense and swampy regions of Brazil, Venezuela and Colombia, they are the only means of locomotion possible. Now, however, we had reached the Campos dos Parecis, the dry uplands between the Serras de Tapirapuhan and the Serra dos Parecis. And we were rapidly approaching the watershed between the great drainage basins of the Paraguay and the Amazon. Although the elevation of Tapirapuhan above sea level is but little more than eight hundred feet, the land as one proceeds north continues to rise until at the divide, near Aldea Queimada, a point on our route, the elevation above the sea is almost half a mile.

It was our good fortune to reach Tapirapuhan during the interval in the rainy season known as the *veranico de Janeiro*—the January summer. During this period, which lasts a fortnight or more, there is but little precipitation and several days may pass without a drop of rain. Our arrival at this juncture augured well for our journey in the jungle. For, with fair weather, our expedition over the Plan Alto between the headwaters of the Sepotuba and those of the Juruena promised little or no difficulty. We accordingly looked forward all aflame with anticipation and most eager to enter upon this lap of our journey with the minimum of delay. And, although we had enjoyed immensely every hour spent on the Paraguay and its affluents, we promised ourselves even greater pleasure during our overland expedition through the wilds of Central Matto Grosso.

On our arrival at Tapirapuhan, on a bright Saturday, January the sixteenth, we expected to be able to move northwards in a day or two. But this was impossible. We did not, however, regret the delay. For, as we were all constantly engaged in congenial occupations, the time passed quickly and pleasantly. Colonel Roosevelt and I spent most of our time in reading and writing. Our naturalists were busy hunting mammals and birds and preparing them for shipment to the Natural History Museum of New York, while the other members of the expedition had their hands full in getting our baggage, provisions and equipment ready for our long journey through the wilderness.

One morning during our enforced delay here, I noticed a calf with an ugly bleeding wound on the shoulder. From several unpleasant experiences which I had had with blood-sucking bats during a previous journey in South America, I immediately recognized the cause of the wound. But one of my American associates, on having his attention called to the calf's gory shoulder, was very skeptical about the

wound's being due to a vampire bat, until he was assured by several of the Brazilians that such was the case. He then proceeded at once to take a photograph of the still bleeding calf in order to be able to convince other skeptics that at least some of the stories told of South American vampires are founded on fact.[1]

The task of getting everything in readiness and under way proved to be much greater than had been anticipated. When Colonel Roosevelt and I first planned our trip to the interior of South America, we intended to go unaccompanied until we should reach the headwaters of the Tapajos, where we purposed to secure enough native paddlers to man our canoes on our way down the river. But gradually, as has been stated, the membership of our expedition increased until, on our arrival in Tapirapuhan, it numbered—counting the muleteers, cooks and other aids—approximately forty, while our saddle and pack-animals totaled nearly two hundred. More than one-half of our pack-animals were oxen, while most of our saddle-animals were mules. We took but few horses with us, as the length of the journey and the inferior pasturage in many places had been found to be beyond their endurance.

We had to take with us not only our tents, baggage and equipment, but all the provisions that would be required during our entire trip, of several months' duration, through the wilderness. For we could expect nothing

[1] No one who has traveled much in the interior of South America has escaped the attacks of the blood-sucking bats. They were frequently a great nuisance to the early explorers. Cabeza de Vaca, when on the Upper Paraguay, "was bitten by one of these animals while asleep in a brigantine, one of his feet being uncovered. All night the blood kept on flowing till he awoke from feeling his leg cold, and, finding the bed soaked with blood, thought somebody had wounded him; but those on board searched the place where he was wounded, and when they found what they knew, by experience, to be the bite of a bat, they laughed. The governor found that a slice of his toe had been bitten off." "Relacion de los Naufragios y Commentarios de Alvar Nuñez Cabeza de Vaca." Tom. I, p. 288, Madrid, 1906.

Starting from Tapirapuhan.

The Author and Colonel Roosevelt at Utiarity.

en route except a little chance game, and even this might fail us when most needed.

The loading of the oxen proved to be no easy matter. Many of them were half-wild steers and had, evidently, never felt a load on their backs before. They, therefore, kicked and bucked and ran madly hither and thither, until they had relieved themselves from their unaccustomed burden. This, with other unforeseen drawbacks, caused several days' delay in starting. On Monday we were told that we should surely be off the following day. But we were doomed to disappointment. Had we been in Bolivia, I should have thought that we were retarded by the fatidic Tuesday,

> Dia martes
> Ni te cases
> Ni te embarques
> Ni de casa apartes—

on which, according to a popular saying, one should neither marry nor set out on a journey, nor leave one's home. But being in Tapirapuhan, we held the buck-jumping bullocks responsible for our protracted delay.

It was after luncheon, Wednesday, January the twenty-first, when our motley cavalcade was finally under way. The weather was delightful and all our party were in high spirits. Colonel Roosevelt rode a large and powerful mule which had cost one and a half *contos,* nearly five hundred dollars, while I also had a similar hybrid mount which had been specially selected for me. It was then that I first fully appreciated the thoughtful kindness of a good friend in Buenos Aires who, just before we started up the Paraguay, had presented me with the best type of American stock-saddle, which proved to be as comfortable as a rocking-chair. He could not have chosen anything that would have contributed more to my comfort during our long ride through the jungle.

Our course during the first day of our overland journey was almost directly northwards. We followed a rough, but almost level, cart-road, which passed through a lightly timbered country in which we saw quite a number of grazing cattle. Most of them were sleek and fat and seemed to have an abundance of good pasturage. The aspect of this region was not unlike that of certain parts of Montana or of the Panhandle of Texas. We had been preceded by a cart or two which carried a part of our impedimenta, among which was one of our canoes. The provisions and tools, destined for use on the Duvida, had gone ahead to their destination two days previously by a shorter road than the one we had selected. This part of our expedition was under the direction of Captain Amilcar de Magalhães, who was not only an officer and a gentleman of the noblest type, but also an explorer of proved courage and ability. The Brazilian government could not have selected a better man to accompany us or one who was more competent and *sympatico*. We only regretted that he had to separate from us just as his admirable qualities of heart and mind had made him a general favorite.

Shortly before sunset we arrived at El Salto—an *aldeisinha* of a few rude huts on the right bank of the Sepotuba. This little hamlet takes its name from the rapids of the river nearby, and is inhabited chiefly by employees of the Telegraphic Commission. As I crossed the river at this point, I could in fancy see the brave Portuguese explorer, João de Souza Azevedo, and his resolute companions in their rough canoes struggling up the turbulent Sepotuba on their way to the Amazon by way of the Soumidouro and the Tapajos. This was nearly two centuries ago, but the region which they then traversed in their memorable expedition has witnessed but few changes and is still the same forest primeval which it was when Azavedo and his gallant band first lifted the veil of mystery which had so long enveloped it.

Our second day's journey was through a dense forest composed of trees and shrubs of all sizes and of innumerable species. The branches of the larger trees interlaced overhead in such wise that at times we seemed to be passing through a dimly lighted vegetable tunnel. Most of the smaller plants and shrubs which packed the spaces between the forest giants belonged to the vast order of the *Leguminosæ* which constitutes the real basis of tropical vegetation. Everywhere there was an infinitude of lianas, the *spectabilis,* the *procera,* the *excelsa,* the *gigantea,* and countless others of equal interest and attraction. Some of these strange climbing and twining plants were as slender as fishing-lines; others were thick Brobdingnagian ropes, which were capable of holding a superdreadnaught at anchor in the heaviest sea. Some of them encircled the trunks of the trees like vegetable boas; others leaped from branch to branch and formed a network of rarest beauty; others still, dropping from the summits of the loftiest trees like the standing-rigging of a huge ship, took root in the soil and, later on, rose to the dignity of trees to support, in their turn, a world of parasites and aërophytes and flowers of exceeding delicacy and loveliness. On each side of the road were clumps of graceful bamboos and broad-leaved *Heliconiæ* with long, flaming red spikes, and low bushes bearing red and yellow and purple blossoms. These, with the numberless climbers, formed an impenetrable mass of verdure which seemed to interdict to the profane all access to the sanctuary of the mysterious genii of the forest.

But one cannot pass under a canopy of tropical trees,

"In branching beauty and in living green,"

without having one's attention attracted to the fierce and unintermittent struggle for existence which is everywhere so overwhelming. Nothing that we are familiar with in

our northern forests can give us any idea of the relentless and unceasing struggle for life that distinguishes the vegetable as well as the animal world of the great selva of Brazil. Here heat, and soil, and moisture, and exuberance of vegetation all combine to intensify and perpetuate the struggle. As elsewhere, all plants must have light, but in the tropical forest, where vegetation is so compact, each plant, each bush, each tree is forever thrusting its neighbor aside and pushing itself towards that point in the overhanging canopy of verdure which is open to the vivifying rays of the sun. Here, of a truth, the race is to the swift and the battle to the strong.

But even after the tree has outstripped its fellows in its race for light, its life is menaced by danger from some apparently harmless plant to which it has given aid and hospitality. Among these tree-killing plants—*matapalos*, the Spaniards call them—is the death-dealing wild fig. Botanists call it *ficus dendroica,* but the Germans more aptly designate it as *Würgerbaum*—tree-strangler. For it as effectually strangles the tree around which it winds its resistless coils as did the two serpents throttle Laocoön, the Trojan priest of Apollo. The work of the *matapalo* is completed by myriads of termites which prey on the dead trunk and, in a very short time, leave but a little brown humus as the sole remains of the secular monarch of the forest.

We spent the greater part of the day in traversing this interesting wood, and never grew tired of the floral wonders that were ever before our eyes. We saw, however, but little of faunal life—only a few birds and no mammals. I had hoped to find at least a few monkeys, but in this I was disappointed. Doctor Cajazeira, our excellent physician, was also looking for them, but, not seeing any, he declared "their absence must be due to the lack of fruits and nuts at this season of the year."

After our exit from the virgin forest, we found our-

Breaking Camp.

Five O'Clock Tea in the Jungle.

selves in an open, sandy region in which were only a few scattered bushes and scrub trees. We were now entering the heart of the *sertão*—"a country without a house or trail, where trade has as yet introduced no vestige of comfort; where every encounter is an event; where the traveler finds his way by means of the compass, lives by the spoil of his rifle or the contents of his saddlebags, and sleeps with his saddle for a pillow. The boundaries of the sertão change; they recede with the passage of years. They must be sought far inland now; and the majority of Brazilians know no more of this country than the peasants of Beauce or Brie know of the mountains or the waste heath. But the engineers, prospectors and pioneers, who graze their half-domesticated beasts in the sertão, are fervently attached to the free life which they lead there." [1]

It was rarely that we saw here a tree more than fifteen or twenty feet high, and certain areas were as treeless as the desert lands of New Mexico or Arizona. We were within the confines of the Campos dos Parecis which were traversed, in 1772, by João Leme do Prado and his fellow-adventurers when exploring the country between Cuyabá and Villa Bella in quest of gold. At times the deep, sandy roads were hard on our mounts and made rapid progress impossible. Fortunately, however, the sky was overcast and this, with a refreshing breeze, rendered traveling quite delightful. But during our first day in this arid land we did not find a drop of water for a stretch of twenty miles. This was a greater drawback to our animals than to ourselves, for we were always able to carry sufficient water for our needs in our canteens.

The effect of this utter lack of water and of scant vegetation was shown in the numerous skeletons of oxen and mules which littered both sides of the road. Besides these bleached skeletons, we saw also a number of boxes scattered

[1] "Brazil," p. 89, by Pierre Denis. London, 1911.

here and there bearing the inscription "Roosevelt South American Expedition." These were some of our provision stores which certain of our refractory steers had left there a day or two before. What became of this food which we had so carefully selected in New York, and which we had looked after so solicitously for thousands of miles, it would be interesting to know. It was impossible for anyone to collect it and add it to our other stores which had been sent ahead, and impossible for our pack animals to carry it, for their burdens were already as great as they could bear.

We were now supposed to be at the height of the rainy season and in a land infested by mosquitoes. But there were neither mosquitoes nor rain. More than this, the nights were so cool that it was necessary to sleep under a blanket. All this greatly surprised the American members of our party who had anticipated clouds of noxious insects, incessant downpours and intolerably hot weather, both by day and by night. Colonel Roosevelt, commenting on this unexpected condition of things, remarked, "It is perfectly astounding."

The second day after entering the sertão, we reached the great divide which separates the waters of the Amazon from those of the Paraguay. We had left behind us the romantic region of La Plata and were now on the threshold of famed Amazonia. A gathering storm but added to the impressiveness of the sertão on this crest of the continent. Although the elevation above sea level at this point was, according to my aneroid, a fine compensated instrument, less than twenty-five hundred feet, we seemed to be at a much greater altitude. For some unaccountable reason, the impression produced on one at the time was like that which I had experienced years before on the roof of the world in the elevated plateau of northern Bolivia. Although the surface of the earth was slightly undulated, it had the appearance of being so absolutely level, with a

horizon at an infinite distance, that one felt almost justified in denying the earth's sphericity. And the undulations of the earth's surface seemed like tidal waves on the ocean, which had suddenly been arrested in their course and converted into solid rock by a fiat of Omnipotence.

The sensation of immeasurable distance here produced by the limitless sertão was overpowering. There was little of beauty in the landscape. Tall tufts of green grass, scattered clumps of stunted trees, reddish dunes, which our geologist, Dr. Oliveira, declared were derived from disintegrated Triassic rocks which long ages ago bordered the northern shores of the great Pampean Sea—these were the chief objects visible in this vast wilderness. An occasional Pampa deer might be seen scampering across the half-desert plain, the note of a solitary bird was heard now and then, but otherwise all was silence and solitude. Not a human being was in sight, except the members of our expedition, and nowhere, outside of our bridle-path, was there the slightest evidence that intelligent beings had ever visited this lonely region. It was not difficult, therefore, for us to imagine that we were the first civilized men to tread this arid waste and to feel that we were actually exploring an unknown land.

But nothing would have been farther from the truth. The boundless territory which we were then traversing cannot, it is true, point to a storied past like that of the world-historic Plata or Peru, but it has, nevertheless, been the scene of many heroic deeds, and of stirring adventures and countless dreadful tragedies over which history would fain draw the veil of oblivion.

To what extent the vast sertão, which extends from the Tocantins to the Madeira, was explored by the missionaries of colonial times, it is now difficult to determine. But there is reason to believe that their activities in this part of South America were in keeping with their enterprise and Christian zeal in all other parts of the continent. We

have seen how the Tapajos, the Jauru and the Mamoré were explored at an early date by both Spaniards and Portuguese. The Jesuits had missions on the Arinos as early as 1668, while nearly two centuries before our modern explorers had ventured into the wilderness drained by the Tocantins the sons of Loyola had opened up communication between the Paraguay and Pará by way of the Itiquira, a tributary of the São Lourenço, and the Paredão, an affluent of the Araguaya. And two hundred years before Prince Adalbert of Prussia, with the youthful Otto Bismarck, afterward so famous as "The Iron Chancellor," explored the lower regions of the Xingu, and two and a half centuries before Karl von den Steinen made his memorable descent of this treacherous river, Padre Roque Hunderpfundt and other missionaries had evangelized the Indians dwelling on its picturesque banks.

And so it was with the Madeira and its tributaries. When, in 1742, the Portuguese, Manuel Felix de Lima, made his celebrated voyage to Pará by way of the Guaporé, the Mamoré and the Madeira, he found a whole line of missions and churches along these rivers in charge not only of Spanish, but also of German, Italian, Hungarian and Irish priests.[1] The same may also be said of the Javary, the Jurua and other tributaries of the Amazon. Everywhere there was the most extraordinary missionary activity; Franciscans, Capuchins, Jesuits and Carmelites were vying with one another in making known the Gospel of truth and love to the benighted children of the forest and bringing them within the pale of civilization. The missionaries who had their headquarters at San Antonio, on the Madeira, made periodic journeys up to the headwaters of the Rio Jamary, and there is every reason to believe that they made similar trips up the Gy-Paraná, the Jaci-Paraná and other affluents of the Madeira.

All this seems remarkable, but it is fully warranted by

[1] See Southey's "History of Brazil," Tom. III, Chap. XXXVII.

the missionary annals of colonial times. Indeed, one can assert, without fear of error, that there is not, in the whole of South America, a single river navigable by canoe or any considerable stretch of land between rivers, which has not at some period or other witnessed the beneficent and self-sacrificing labors of the Conquistadores of the Cross. Southey, in writing of the achievements of the early missionaries, declares that "A chain of missions had now been established in all parts of this great continent. Those of the Spaniards from Quito met those of the Portuguese from Pará. The missions on the Orinoco communicated with those of the Negro and the Orellana. The intercourse between the Moxo and Madeira settlements was prevented by political considerations, not by distance or any natural impediments. The Moxo Missions communicated with the Chiquito, the Chiquito with the Reductions in Paraguay, and from Paraguay the indefatigable Jesuits sent their laborers into the Chaco, and among the tribes who possessed the wide plains to the west and south of Buenos Aires. Had they not been interrupted in their exemplary career by measures equally impolitic and iniquitous, it is possible that ere this they might have completed the conversion and civilization of all the native tribes; and probable that they would have saved the Spanish colonies from the immediate horrors and barbarizing consequences of a civil war."[1]

Not only, therefore, was the region which we were then traversing well-known to the missionaries of long ago, but it was also thoroughly familiar to the *sertanistas,* those intrepid explorers and gold-seekers of Brazil's far west—those restless Paulistas whom Humboldt aptly designated as *flibustiers de l'intérieur.*[2] Then there were also the *garimpeiros,* or diamond hunters, and, above all, there

[1] "History of Brazil," Vol. III, p. 372. London, 1819.

[2] Referring to these proto-explorers of Matto Grosso, Fonseca declares A' elles deve a provincia o descubrimento de todos os seus sertões, suas montanhas e rios. Op. cit., Tom. I, p. 42.

were countless *bandeirantes*—those terrible companies of adventurers who scoured the whole of Matto Grosso, not only in quest of gold and diamond mines but also in search of Indians whom they sold as slaves. Neither the arid desert, without resources, nor the difficulties of navigating unknown rivers, nor dark and dismal forests inhabited by hostile savages, deterred them from their hazardous undertakings. So great was their thirst for gold, so insatiable their cupidity, that these reckless adventurers abandoned homes and wives and children and buried themselves in the forbidding wilderness, as if it were a paradise or a land flowing with milk and honey. They suffered disasters without number. Many lost their lives in treacherous rapids; others died from disease and starvation or the covert attacks of the savages of the forest. Frequently the corpses of these ill-fated men were found scattered along the banks of the river, or lying in their hammocks, where they had breathed their last—the victims of inanition or some dread tropical malady.

But this did not prevent others from following in their footsteps. The lust of gold, whether obtained through the discovery of mines or traffic in Indian slaves, lured them to the remotest parts of the vast territory between the Tocantins and the Madeira and incited them to explore all its rivers and *serras* and deserts. As early as 1732, bandeirantes from Cuyabá, in search of gold, penetrated the *sertões* of the Parecis Indians. Forty years subsequently the captain-general, Luiz de Albuquerque, with a view of increasing the prosperity of Matto Grosso, sent out explorers to the headwaters of the Galera, Camarare and Jamary, on the great Parecis plateau, in order to discover the famous lost gold mines of Urucumacuan, of which tradition related such marvels, but all his efforts were fruitless and these rich auriferous deposits still remain hidden in the wilderness.[1]

[1] Cf. Fonseca in "Viagem ao Redor do Brazil." Tom. II, p. 80 et seq.

Interior of Parecis Home.

Returning from the Mandioca Field.

The sphere of activity of the *bandeirantes* who, in Matto Grosso as well as in other parts of Brazil, trafficked in Indian slaves seems incredible. The leaders of these ruthless men of death were the Mamelukes of São Paulo, who, according to Fernandes, were composed not only of Paulistas, but also of the offscourings of all nations—*la hez de todas naciones.* Among them were not only Portuguese, but also Italians, Dutch and Spaniards, who, besides being refugees from justice, recognized no law, either human or divine. They extended their brutal raids not only to the missions of the Moxos and Chiquitos in Upper Peru, but they also carried them on through the length and the breadth of Matto Grosso, enslaving and murdering the hapless Indians wherever they found them. These atrocities continued without interruption for a hundred and thirty years. During this period these barbarous Mamelukes reduced to slavery no fewer than two million natives, depopulated Spanish cities and laid waste the lands of the Indians from São Paulo to the Marañon—a distance of more than a thousand leagues.[1]

The atrocities of these soulless monsters were unparalleled. For here, as in other parts of Brazil, "with sword, firearms and bloodhounds, the Indians, their women, and notably their children, were hunted down like wild beasts. The better to train the bloodhounds for their work when hunting for the Mucurys, they were fed on Indians assassinated for the purpose."[2]

It is sad to relate that Matto Grosso has, even within recent years, been the scene of similar atrocities. The very name, *Aldea Queimada*—burnt village—of the place

[1] "Libres de toda ley . . . han proseguido por espacio de ciento treinta años en sus infames latrocinios, que fuera de dos millones de almas que se sabe han destruido o reducido á miserable esclavitud, han hecho despoplar algunas ciudades de españoles y mas de mil leguas en tierra hacia el Marañon." "Relacion Historial de las Misiones de Indios Chiquitos," p. 74. Madrid, 1895.

[2] Cf. "Aborigines of South America," p. 73, by Col. G. E. Church, London, 1912. See also "Revista do Instituto Historico e Geographico Brasileiro," Tom. XXI, p. 193, in which occurs this blood-curdling statement:

we stopped at the night before crossing the divide between the Paraguayan and Amazonian basins, is a melancholy reminder that such fiendish outrages—and these, too, at the hands of one who bears the name of a distinguished Brazilian family—are still possible.[1]

Our information respecting the routes followed and the rivers navigated by the missionaries and *bandeirantes* is, unfortunately, much more limited than we could desire. The gold and slave hunters did not have chroniclers of their expeditions like Padre Carvajal, who has given us such a graphic account of Orellana's exploration of the Amazon, or like Padre Juan de Castellano, who has furnished us with so vivid pictures of the expedition of Gonsalo Ximenes de Quesada in quest of El Dorado, or like Bachiller Francisco Vasquez, to whom we are indebted for the illuminating "Relacion de Todo lo que Sucedió en la Jornada de Omagua y Dorado Hecha por el Gobernador de Orsua," which tells us of that most tragic of expeditions under the leadership of the tyrant, Lope de Aguirre.

In the case of the gold and the slave hunters, this ab-

"Os traficañtes davão caza aos indigenes como a animaes ferozes. Diz-se mesmo, que para adestrar os caens nesta caçada, dava-se-lhes a comer carne dos selvagens assassinados, e que foi em represalia destes horrorosos attentados, que os selvagens se derão a anthropophagia, devorando as victimas que cahião nas mãos." Is it any wonder that these infuriated Indians should, in retaliation of such frightful acts of savagery, have devoured their enemies whenever captured?

[1] According to the English explorer, Major P. H. Fawcett, like deeds of savagery have characterized, even in our own day, the rubber gatherers in eastern Boliva. "The Madidi and its tributaries," he writes, "harbour only five small tribes of not a dozen souls in each, a terrible indictment against the rubber industry, chiefly responsible for their disappearance. For these people were once very numerous; Padre Armentia, the late Bishop of La Paz, himself remembering a population of some fifty thousand between Ixiamas and Covendo, whilst every *altura* or piece of land above the inundation-level in the Beni province and Majos is thick with ancient and broken pottery." *Bolivian Exploration,* 1913-1914, in the *Geographical Journal,* London, March, 1915.

The reader will recall the horror of the civilized world when informed, less than a decade ago, of the frightful cruelties inflicted by rubber collectors on the helpless Indians of the Putumayo region.

sence of information respecting their expeditions is easily explained. The men composing them were, almost without exception, rude and ignorant adventurers who had not the ability, and presumably not the desire, to pen narratives of their raids and adventures. In this respect they were quite unlike that large number of Conquistadores of whom it could truthfully be said: "The lance had not blunted the pen."

Numa mão a penna e n'outra a lanca.

A striking instance of this ability to handle pen and lance equally well is seen in Cieza de Leon, whose "Chronicon del Peru" is not only one of the most precious records of the conquest, but also one of the most instructive travel-books ever written on the land of the Incas.

With the missionaries, however, the case is different. There is every reason to believe that they were as careful to keep records of their labors in the part of Matto Grosso with which we are now occupied as were their associates in other parts of the continent. But when we remember the vandalic destruction of books and manuscripts at the time of the suppression of the Jesuits and recall how the tyrant Lopez cut up the books in the public library of Asuncion to make rocket and squib cases, we can readily understand why there should still be great *lacunæ* in the history of missionary exploration in certain parts of South America. Count Castelnau also tells of another cause of destruction of precious documents. Wishing, while in Villa Bella, to consult the records bearing on the exploration and evangelization of Matto Grosso, which, he was informed, were still preserved in the archives of the old palace of the captain-general, he found, to his dismay, that rats and termites had completely destroyed them.[1]

[1] Que ne fut mon chagrin de voir que les rats et les termites avaient entièrement détruit tous les papiers et que ces dossiers tombaient en poussière dès

But, notwithstanding the loss of so many precious documents, the serious researches which are now being conducted by the historical and geographical societies of Spain and of various South American republics, and the revelations that have recently been made by the discovery and publication of such works as "Viajes de Fray Francisco Menendes" and "Relacions Geograficas de Indias," published by the Ministerio de Fomento, of Peru, may eventually bring to light other documents of equal importance in their bearing on the early exploration of Matto Grosso and adjoining regions. And then—who knows?—it may be demonstrated, as in so many other cases connected with South American history and geography, that the whole of the Brazilian wilderness traversed by our expedition was fully described by missionaries of colonial times and that its *serras*[1] and rivers—including the Duvida—were "put on the map" nearly two centuries ago. Equally surprising disclosures have been made during recent years regarding other parts of the continent, and, until the archives of Europe and America have been thoroughly examined, he would be a rash man who would affirm that Matto Grosso has been the only extended region of South America which the missionaries, who went everywhere, failed to map and describe.

The night after crossing the divide we camped on the bank of the Rio Perdiz—a distant tributary of the Tapajos—near the pear-shaped pool which constitutes its fountain-

qu' on y touchait. J'y trouvai plusieurs fragments de travaux géographiques mais qui, pour la plupart, ne pouvaient plus être d'aucune utilité." Op. cit. Tom. III, p. 67. Fonseca, op. cit., Tom., I, p. 43, says of the numerous and precious works of the Bahian botanist, Dr. Alexandre Rodrigues, called the Humboldt of Brazil, that they were completely dispersed, and many of them, perhaps, lost—*completamente dispersos, e muitos, talvez, perdidos.*

[1] The word *serra* in Brazil, like *montaña*, in Spanish America, signifies forest rather than mountain. Incautious cartographers, misunderstanding the meaning of these words as used in South America, have frequently placed on their maps mountain ranges where only forested lowlands are found.

head. Here, for the first time since we left Tapirapuhan, we found ourselves without shelter until the arrival of our pack-train, which we had left far in the rear. As the rain-storm, which had broken upon us early in the afternoon, had not yet entirely subsided, we had to stand in the steady downpour in the open plain until the arrival of our tents. It was then that I fully appreciated the waterproof poncho which I had gotten the day before I had left Buenos Aires. Next to my saddle, my poncho gave me more satisfaction and comfort than any other article of my equipment.

It was quite late when our pack-animals arrived, and later still before we could get anything to eat. To start a fire with wet wood and cook for our large party was not an easy matter. But, although we had not had a bite to eat for fifteen hours, everyone was in good humor and patiently waited until our frugal meal was served on the bullock hides which were spread on the damp ground. When, however, it ceased raining, the sky cleared and the stars shone with that brilliancy so peculiar to the tropics after a heavy rain. This was a great relief to our drenched and famished party, and when all took their places about the primitive table the spirit of camaraderie, which had always been quite remarkable, seemed to be stronger than ever. As all of our party were either world-travelers, explorers or men of science, they had very many interests in common. Subjects of discourse, therefore, in which all were interested were never lacking. This particular night, however, the conversation turned on travel and adventure —the Brazilians telling of their hair-breadth escape from savages and starvation in the wilderness of Matto Grosso, the Americans recounting their experiences in equatorial Africa or in the polar north. Rarely, during our entire journey, did the hours pass more rapidly or pleasantly than during this memorable night, and, had it not been for the thought that we had to spend the following day in the saddle, I think many would have been disposed to

continue their exchange of reminiscences until the small hours of the morning.

The following evening we camped at the source of the Rio Mandioca, whose waters, like those of the Perdiz, eventually find their way to the Amazon by way of the Juruena and the Tapajos. Shortly after our arrival there, we were joined by our three auto-vans, which had come by a different route from the one which we had followed. Learning that they would reach the aldeia on the Rio Sacre, for which we were bound, two or three days sooner than was possible by our slow-going mules, and wishing to spend as much time as possible among the Indians at that point and at Utiarity, I decided to make this part of our journey—about a hundred miles—by these motor-trucks. Cherrie and Miller, desiring to have more leisure for making collections than it was possible to obtain while traveling by mule, no sooner heard of my purpose than they decided to join me. Sigg, also, formed part of this advance contingent.

Our course the two succeeding days was through a *chapada*—a scrub-covered plain—which differed but little from that which we had already traversed. Our chief chauffeur was a clever and entertaining young Frenchman, who had served his time as a mechanician in the French navy. Thanks to his skill and intelligence in the management of our machines, we succeeded, in spite of many ugly stretches of road, in covering as much ground in two hours as our saddle-animals were able to traverse in a whole day.

Our three motor-cars were made in Paris by a Swiss manufacturer by the name of Sauer. They were strong and serviceable machines, and, although each carried two tons of freight, they frequently made a speed of twenty-five miles an hour. Sigg was delighted to find cars in this part of the world manufactured by one of his countrymen, but was surprised that none of them was of Amer-

ican make. Turning to one of our Brazilian associates, he inquired, "Why don't you use here some of our American cars?" "For the simple reason," came the reply, "that we do not know anything about them. Americans seem to be slow about introducing their motor-cars into our country. In this respect they are quite unlike the Germans, who have their agents everywhere. It is for this reason that you find German automobiles and German goods of all kinds wherever you go."

We saw little of interest during our two days' motor trip through the chapada. Birds and mammals were remarkably few in number. We saw an occasional deer, a number of curassows, and a few interesting cursorial birds which sought cover as soon as we came near them. During our entire journey in the wilderness I came across but two snakes, and these were small and non-venomous. And never once did any one of our party have occasion to use the anti-venom serums with which Dr. Vital Brazil had so generously provided us on the occasion of our visit to the *Instituto Serumtherapico,* at São Paulo, of which he is the distinguished director. The fact is that one who is well shod runs but little risk from venomous serpents in the tropics. It is the barefooted native who is the usual victim.

A plant frequently seen along the road, and one which was a sweet reminder of home, was a lovely species of morning-glory. Its colorization was wonderfully vivid and harmonized perfectly with that of the emerald foliage of countless acaulescent palms which were in striking contrast with the vigorless-looking scrubs by which they were surrounded.

But the masters of this region, as of so many other parts of tropical America, are ants and termites. They abound everywhere and the extent of their depredations is at times almost beyond belief. They destroy houses and furniture, and instances are recorded of whole vil-

lages being laid waste by their pernicious operations. Like ants, termites live in communities each of which is called a *termarium*. These *termaria* are constructed of earth and are of all sizes and forms. Many of those we saw were higher than a tall man and often had the appearance of large landmarks or milestones. Some of them had a castellated structure and were furnished with turrets and battlements. Usually they stand alone, but now and then they are built against stumps or trees. At times they are widely separated from one another, but frequently one may count many score of them in a single acre. Besides those that build their homes on the ground, there are others which construct their habitations on the trunks and branches of trees. These, like those on the ground, are made of earth and are as hard and durable as if built of adobe. The forms of these aërial termaria are quite as various and remarkable as those on the earth's surface. Not infrequently they resemble quadrupeds clasping the tree trunk or crouching on a branch. More than once, when gazing at these singular objects at a distance, I had to use my field-glass to assure myself that I was not looking at a sloth or similar arboreal animal. The termaria built on trees are connected with the ground by covered passages which are likewise fashioned out of earth.

The natives declare that the termites work continuously, day and night. To test this statement I removed a part of one of these passage-ways just at nightfall. The following morning—and before sunrise—the breach was completely repaired and, considering the extent of the part removed, the industrious termites must have labored all night to replace it. As all these insects but the kings and queens are blind, day and night are the same to them. But whether they do actually work without intermission, I was not able to verify to my satisfaction. It would be interesting to know how much truth there is in the prevailing opinion of the natives regarding the matter.

The second night after leaving our companions at Mandioca, we camped on the right bank of the Rio Sacre. Here we left our motor-cars, because the condition of the ground made it impossible for them to go further.

Early the following morning, after we had taken our coffee, we saw a number of men coming towards us from the *tolderia*—group of palm-thatched huts—on the opposite side of the river. They proved to be the cacique of Utiarity, accompanied by the employees of the Telegraphic Commission, who had come to transport our baggage to his tolderia, which was some leagues distant, where we were to await the arrival of the other members of the expedition whom we had left behind.

On reaching the aldeia on the left bank of the Sacre we found quite a number of Indians who, like ourselves, were on their way to Utiarity. But an unexpected surprise for us, on crossing the river, was the magnificent waterfall which is but a few rods from the village. We had heard much of it *en route,* but we never dreamed of finding such an imposing sight as Salto Bello—Beautiful Fall—proved to be in reality.

It was indeed a beautiful waterfall from whatever point we viewed it. According to the measurements of our accomplished engineer, Lieutenant Lyra, Salto Bello is one hundred and twenty-nine feet high and three hundred and seventy-eight wide. In its perfect regularity, exquisite setting, the deep gorge, carved out of bright brown and red sandstone, into which it plunges, the wealth of vegetation above and below it, it is scarcely inferior to the lower fall of the Yellowstone—the most superb cataract, to my thinking, of which our country can boast.

After partaking, near the falls, of a delicious luncheon, made up chiefly of the famous Brazilian dish, *canja*—which is composed of boiled rice and chicken—we started on horseback for Utiarity, which is both a supply station of the Telegraphic Commission and an Indian village. On our

arrival at this place, early in the afternoon, we were cordially received by all the inhabitants, both whites and Indians. After the usual exchange of courtesies, we were escorted to the chief building of the Telegraphic Commission, where we were made to feel quite at home during our sojourn in this remote part of the Brazilian hinterland.

Utiarity is, in reality, composed of two sections—that occupied by the employees of the Telegraphic Commission and that reserved for the Indians. At this place we again, for the first time in nearly a month, got in touch with the outside world by means of the telegraph. The line which, when completed, is to connect Cuyabá with the western frontier of the Republic, passes through Utiarity. The operator is a young Brazilian who, with his wife, seems to be quite contented with his lot so far away from civilization. When not engaged in office work, he spends his time in teaching three or four bright Indian boys to read and write Portuguese. His wife had a class of six intelligent Indian girls whom she instructed in Portuguese and needlework. Both boys and girls seemed very eager to learn and were very much attached to their teachers, who, on their part, exhibited a deep interest in their pupils.

One of the first places we visited, after our arrival in Utiarity, was the great waterfall of the Papagaio River, which is in the immediate vicinity. We were agreeably surprised to find two such large rivers as the Sacre and the Papagaio so near together, as we had seen nothing but small streams since leaving the Sepotuba, but we were much more surprised to find two such great cataracts within only a few miles of each other.

The falls of Utiarity are named after the sacred falcon of the Parecis Indians who inhabit these parts. Although they do not possess the width and the regularity of outline of Salto Bello, they are twice as high and far more imposing. According to Lieutenant Lyra's measurements, Utiarity Falls are two hundred and sixty feet high—a hun-

dred feet higher than Niagara—and two hundred and ninety-two feet wide. They bear some resemblance to the lower Shoshone Falls. But, although not so wide as the great falls of the Snake River, they are fully seventy feet higher. Besides this, their setting is incomparably more beautiful. Bordering and beneath the Shoshone Falls, there is little but austere and boldly modeled basalt. But everywhere about the Falls of the Sacred Falcon the banks, up to the water's edge, are clothed with plants and trees which are ever green and whose trembling, spray-covered foliage glitters under the tropical sun like brooches of diamonds and emeralds.

A short distance above the falls the moving mass of water is like lambent crystal. But when it approaches within a few hundred feet of the precipice, from which it leaps into the abyss, it is broken into rapids like those above the falls of Niagara. The cliff, however, over which the water plunges, unlike that of Niagara, is, with the exception of a projecting shelf on the left bank, almost a straight line. On the right bank there are two or three narrow cascades which are separated from the main fall by lovely wooded islets. These, as well as the cataract from the projecting ledge on the left bank, give the falls of Utiarity a beauty and a majesty that are unsurpassed.

I never tired of contemplating this wonderful scene. When I first visited it, there had been no rain for several days. It was near the hour of sunset and the vast current, rushing forward with irresistible power and velocity, had the delicate tint of purest aquamarine. But it was after a heavy and long-continued rainstorm that, under the rays of the morning sun, the falls were seen at their best. The volume of water was then greatly augmented and the turbulence and splendor of its irresistible mass were proportionately intensified. In the rapids above the falls the giant element dashed with delirious bound against rocks and islets and covered the shrubs and trees along

its course with glittering foam and spray. From the abyss below came the roar of incessant, slightly modulated thunder which kept rock and earth in continuous vibration. In the shattered crystal masses of the deep and narrow gorge which hemmed in the river below the cataract; in the lingering eddies, in the translucent rush near the banks, in the shimmering spray, in the wreaths of ascending mist, there was a play of color, from light chrysoprase to deep amethyst, that was a continual delight to the eye and a stimulus to the imagination. Surmounting the flashing mass of foam in the abysmal depths, and giving life and color to the opalescent vapor that ever ascended heavenward from the seething torrent below, was an exquisite iris, alternately fading and flushing in the surging clouds and the shivered sunbeams. It was indeed a gorgeous spectacle and, accompanied by the deep, resonant diapason of the rushing waters, its effect on the mind was like that of a tumultuous lyric or a Wagnerian symphony.

It always required an effort for me to tear myself away from this magnificent exhibition of Nature's power and beauty. But there was something in Utiarity that appealed to me more strongly than the operation of natural forces, however impressive or grandiose. This was the Indians, especially the Indian children. It had been my privilege and pleasure to study copper-colored denizens of the forest and the plains from Alaska to Patagonia, and the more I saw of them, the stronger grew my interest in them. When occasion offered, I always made it a point to visit them in their wigwams and *toldos,* and I always found them sympathetic and appreciative of any kindness shown them. The Parecis Indians, who formerly were much more numerous than now, were no exceptions in this respect. They were kind, gentle and always gave me a cordial welcome to their humble homes, always placed the best hammock at my disposition and were ever ready to share with me their frugal fare.

Parecis Musicians.

A Parecis Woman as Burden-bearer.

A Game of Headball.

In the Indian quarter of Utiarity there were twelve palm-thatched *toldos,* but all of them were large enough to accommodate several families. At the time of our visit, the number of Indians present was larger than usual. They had been notified in advance of our arrival, and hastened to this point to see the strangers and to receive the presents which they had reason to believe would be waiting for them. Nor were they disappointed. For both Colonel Rondon and I were well supplied with just such things as we knew they would like. He had, among other things, articles of clothing for the men and women. I had fishhooks and jackknives for the boys, and thread, needles and colored beads for the girls. They were all delighted with their gifts, and young and old fairly danced with joy. But the presents which afforded the women the most exquisite pleasure were certain Parisian perfumes, of which each received a bottle and which they prized fully as much as any perfume-loving dame of the gay French capital.

We were all intensely interested in a peculiar game of ball played by the Parecis Indians. So far as I am aware, it is played by no other tribe in South America or elsewhere. The ball used is of hollow rubber and is somewhat smaller than our football. But it is played with the head and not with the foot. There are usually ten or twelve players on each side, but no fixed number is prescribed. The distance to which a good player can butt the ball is surprising. But more wonderful still is the fact that, in throwing themselves flat on the ground, as they frequently do in order to butt the ball, the players do not break their noses or utterly disfigure their faces. They never seem to tire of the game, and both players and spectators, to judge by their shouts and applause, seem to get as much pleasure out of it as do our American football and baseball enthusiasts out of our national games when played by professionals.

The chief sustenance of these Indians, as of most other

tribes in the tropics, is maize and manioc. These two articles of food are produced on a plantation a short distance from the village. Thither, every morning, women and girls, with baskets on their backs, may be seen wending their way in pursuit of the day's subsistence. This plantation is the common property of the whole village and there seems always to be an abundance for everyone.

I found it strange that, during our sojourn in Utiarity, there was not a trace of game or fish in any of the *toldos,* and I visited all of them every day, and some of them even more frequently. Like many other South American tribes, the Parecis seem to be satisfied with maize and manioc. Often, indeed, they live on manioc alone, as certain Oriental peoples subsist on rice. When one considers the care required in the preparation of the bitter manioc—*manihot utilissima*—the most useful variety—one cannot but subscribe to Humboldt's opinion that "a people that has learnt to cultivate manioc has taken one step in advance towards civilization."

I have always been impressed by the great love which the Indian mothers have for their children. Never have I seen them treat their little ones with harshness, and rarely have I seen mother and child separated from each other for any length of time. Where one is found there also is the other.

While going the rounds of the *toldos* of Utiarity, I found a mother sitting by her little daughter who was confined to her hammock by an attack of fever. I immediately called Sigg to look after the little sufferer. He prescribed for her and we both thenceforth called to see her several times a day. I never saw more grateful creatures than were mother and child. Nor did I ever see a more devoted or more solicitous mother. She never left the side of the little patient's hammock, except when imperatively necessary. Every time we called she was sitting at the same spot and seemed as immovable as a statue.

As the medicine began to have its effect, and the child commenced to rally, the gratitude of both mother and daughter was as touching as it was unaffected.

The Tupi word for child seems to express perfectly the intimate relation between the Indian mother and her infant offspring. This word is *pitanga,* which literally translated means soul-sucker. It is so named because, from the Tupi viewpoint, the child absorbs a part of the mother's very soul.

Sigg's success with his first patient brought him many more. He was saluted by everyone as "Doctor," and he soon had all kinds of cases on hand, dental and surgical included.

One day, as I was writing in my room, I heard loud, agonizing groans in the adjoining apartment. Desiring to learn their cause, I found Sigg extracting an ulcerated tooth from the jaw of one of our muleteers. But it was not the patient who was groaning, for he was perfectly quiet. It was the village cacique who was watching the operation. It may be remarked that the only appliance available for this operation was a pair of ordinary flat-nose pliers. But so skillfully did the volunteer dentist do his work that the patient experienced immediate relief and a few hours afterwards was entirely free from pain.

Among Sigg's other patients were two sufferers from beri-beri. One of them was apparently a hopeless case, but, thanks to the skill and unremitting care of our clever Swiss factotum, the victim of one of the most terrible scourges of the tropics was soon on the way to recovery. But not only as physician and dentist had the "Doctor" to officiate; he must play surgeon also when the afflicted sought his aid. He had several surgical cases, among which was that of a child who had had a finger badly crushed. Gangrene was threatening and immediate amputation was imperative. The operator had the necessary articles for dressing a wound, but the only instrument

available for removing the contused digit was a common penknife. But after carefully sterilizing its blade, he proceeded with the operation, and so successful was he that the wound quickly healed by first intention. It was well for the patients in question that Sigg was in a region where he was free to practice without a license. But even as a surgeon he was, according to Fonseca,[1] incomparably better equipped than were the military surgeons of Matto Grosso a few generations ago, and far better equipped, too, than ever were the barber-surgeons of Europe before the epoch-making discoveries of Pasteur and Lister. For, thanks to these illustrious investigators, Sigg had the means of preventing putrefaction and septicæmia; the military and barber-surgeons in question had not.

It was with sincere regret that I left Utiarity. I enjoyed immensely every hour spent in this little Indian village so far away from the artificial wants and ills of the outer world and so completely removed from

> "The fraudful arts, the covert strife
> The jarring interests that engross mankind,
> The low pursuits, the selfish aims of life."

I had become so accustomed to the kindly greetings and the winsome ways of my little Indian friends that I would fain have spent the rest of my days with these children of the peaceful solitude. More than once echoed in my ears the beautiful words of the poet:

> Me dulcis saturet quies,
> Obscuro positus loco,
> Leni perfruar otio.[2]

[1] Op. cit., Tom. II, p. 112 et seq.

[2] Let me, in some obscure place
Keep myself in sweet quiet,
And there enjoy leisure.

THE AUTHOR AND SOME OF HIS LITTLE PARECIS FRIENDS.

UTIARITY FALLS.

It was in Utiarity, which will ever remain associated with some of my pleasantest memories of the wilderness, that my journeying in the jungle had its northern terminus. My original intention was to go on to the Amazon. But during this expedition, as during my previous travels in South America, my chief interest was only in traversing those regions which had, in the long ago, felt the footsteps of the Conquistadores. The heavily forested territory between Utiarity and the Amazon was devoid of the glamour which the achievements of these remarkable men had cast over almost every part of the continent, and the sentiment which had impelled me to visit all the other lands of the Southern Cross was here wanting. I had before navigated the Amazon from the Andes to the Atlantic and felt no inclination to sail on its waters again. I was also familiar with many of its tributaries, and there was, therefore, nothing to attract me along the affluents which the other members of the expedition purposed descending. There were, however, reaches of the lower Paraguay and Paraná which I had not seen, and these, on account of their association with Juan de Solis and Sebastian Cabot, Pedro de Mendoza and Cabeza de Vaca, I did not wish to leave unvisited. As for my American associates, none of them had ever beheld the wonders of the world's great father of waters and they were, therefore, all eager to contemplate the glories of the historic waterway which so long bore the name of its illustrious discoverer, Francisco de Orellana. The other members of the expedition, with the exception of my *Fidus Achates*—Sigg—left Utiarity the day before I did—all of them bound for the Amazon, some by way of the Madeira and the others by way of the mysterious Rio da Duvida. Accompanied by Sigg, who was always ready for everything and who did everything well, I returned to Tapirapuhan—most of the way on a slow-going mule—where our little launch, *Anjo d' Adventura*—Angel of Adventure—was to meet us

and take us to Corumbá. Thence we proceeded, by the Paraguay and the Paraná, through the fertile plains of La Plata to Montevideo. From this point Sigg, loyal and devoted to the last, returned to Asuncion to cast in his lot with some friends of the struggling Republic of Paraguay. Still following the commanding figures of the conquest, in South America's Southland, I boarded a steamer for Cape Verde and the Canary Islands—so noted in the annals of South American discovery—whence I sailed to Spain, a country which I had frequently visited with ever-increasing interest—Spain, the home of romance and chivalry, of saints and heroes, of explorers and discoverers; the motherland of those illustrious men in whose footsteps I had been treading for more than a third of a century, of those matchless Conquistadores whose lives were so full of incident and action and who lent

> "The color of romance
> To every trivial circumstance,"

and who inscribed their names on history's scroll in such brilliant and enduring characters that they will shine with undiminished luster as long as human hearts thrill at the recital of acts of knightly prowess or the world's laureates sing of glorious deeds of high emprise.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

LIST OF THE MORE IMPORTANT WORKS CITED IN THIS VOLUME

Amunategui, M. L. Vida de Andres Bello. Santiago, 1882.

——Question de Limites entre Chile i La Republica Arjentina. Santiago, 1879-80.

Angelis, Pedro de Coleccion de Obras y Documentos Relativos á la Historia Antigua y Moderna de las Provincias del Rio de La Plata. Buenos Aires, 1835.

Barbosa, Rodrigues J. Sertum Palmarum Brasiliensium. Brussels, 1903.

——Palmæ Mattogrossenses. Rio de Janeiro, 1898.

——Palmæ Novæ Paraguayenses. Rio de Janeiro, 1899.

Barco Centenera, Martin del Argentina. Lisbon, 1602.

Barros, Arana, Diego Historia Jeneral de Chile. Santiago, 1884-1897.

Brabo, F. J. Inventarios de los Bienes Hallados á la Expulsion de los Jesuitas. Madrid, 1872.

Burmeister, H. Description Physique de la République Argentine. Paris, 1876-78.

Castelnau, Francis de Expédition dans les Parties Centrales de l'Amérique du Sud. Paris, 1850-1851.

Charlevoix, P. F. X. de The History of Paraguay. London, 1769.

Church, G. E. Aborigines of South America. London, 1912.

Cordemoy, C. de Au Chile. Paris, 1899.

Darwin, Charles Journal of Researches into the Natural History and Geology of the Countries Visited During the Voyage of H. M. S. *Beagle* Round the World. London, 1852.

Denis, Pierre Brazil. London, 1911.

Diaz de Guzman, Rui Historia Argentina del Descubrimiento, Poplacion y Conquista de las Provincias del Rio de la Plata. Buenos Aires, 1835.

Dobrizhoffer, Martin An Account of the Abipones, an Equestrian People of Paraguay. London, 1822.
Dominguz, L. L. Historia Argentina. Buenos Aires, 1870.

Ercilla Zuñiga, Alonso de La Araucana. Santiago de Chile, 1888.
Errazuriz, Crescente Historia de Chile. Pedro de Valdivia. Santiago de Chile, 1911.
Espejo, G. El Paso de los Andes. Buenos Aires, 1882.

Falkner, Thomas Description of Patagonia and the Adjoining Parts of South America. Hereford, 1774.
Ferrer del Rio, Antonio Historia del Reinado de Carlos III en España. Madrid, 1856.
Fonseca, João Severiano da Viagem ao Redor do Brasil. Rio de Janeiro, 1880.
Frias, Bernardo Historia del General de Martin Güemes y de la Provincia de Salta. Salta, 1902.
Funes, Gregorio Ensayo de la Historia Civil del Paraguay, Buenos Aires y Tucumán. Buenos Aires, 1910.

Gaffarel, Paul Histoire du Brésil Francais au Seizième Siècle. Paris, 1878.
Garro, J. M. Bosquejo Historico de la Universidad de Cordoba. Buenos Aires, 1882.
Gay, Claudio Historia Fisica y Politica de Chile. Documentos. Paris, 1846.
Graham, R. B. Cunninghame A Vanished Arcadia. New York, 1901.
Groussac, Pablo Memoria Historica y Descriptiva de la Provincia de Tucumán. Buenos Aires, 1882.
Guevara, José Historia del Paraguay, Rio de la Plata y Tucumán, in Coleccion de Obras Documentos Relativos á la Historia Antigua y Moderna de las Provincias de La Plata, by Pedro de Angelis. Buenos Aires, 1836.
Guillaine, L. La République Argentine. Paris, 1889.

Herrera, Antonio de Historia General de los Hechos de los Castellanos en las Islas y Tierra Firme del Mar Oceano. Madrid, 1728.

Hirst, W. A. Argentina. London, 1912.
Holdich, Thomas H. The Countries of the King's Award. London, 1904.
Hrdlička, Aleš. Early Man in South America. Washington, 1912.
Huret, Jules En Argentine. De Buenos Aires au Gran Chaco. Paris, 1912.
——En Argentine. De La Plata à la Cordillère des Andes. Paris, 1913.

Levillier, Robert Les Origines Argentines. Paris, 1912.

Mackenna, B. Vicuña Relaciones Historicas. Santiago de Chile, 1877.
——El Jeneral D. José de San Martin. Santiago, 1902.
Maitland, F. J. Chile: Its Land and People. London, 1914.
Maneso, C. M. El Uruguay á través de un Siglo. Montevideo, 1910.
Martinez, Albert B. and Lewandewski, Maurice The Argentine in the Twentieth Century. Boston, n. d.
Martius, C. F. von Historia Naturalis Palmarum. Leipsic, 1850.
Menendez, Fray Francisco Viajes de. Publicados y Comentados por Francisco Fonck. Valparaiso, 1896-1900.
Menendez y Pelayo, M. Antologia de Poetas Hispano-Americanas. Madrid, 1893.
Mitre, Bartolomé Historia de Belgrano. Buenos Aires, 1859.
——Historia de San Martin. Buenos Aires, 1887-1888.
Molina, J. I. The Geographical, Natural and Civil History of Chile. Middleton, Conn., 1808.
Montoya, Antonio Ruiz de Conquista Espiritual. Madrid, 1639.
Moraleda; Montero, José de Exploraciones Jeograficas i Hidrograficas. Santiago de Chile, 1888.
Muratori, Ludovico Il Cristianesimo Felice nelle Missioni de' Padri della Compagnia di Gesù nel Paraguai. Venice, 1743.

Neuwied-Wied, Maximilian, Prince of Reise nach Brasilien in den Jahren 1815 bis 1817. Frankfurt a. m., 1820.
Nuñez, Cabeza de Vaca, Alvar Relacion de Los Naufragios y Comentarios. Madrid, 1906.

Orbigny, A. D. d' Fragment d' un Voyage au Centre de l'Amérique Centrale. Paris, 1845.

Orléans-Bragance, Prince Louis de Sous la Croix du Sud. Paris, 1912.

Ovalle, Alonso de Historica Relacion del Reyno de Chile. Rome, 1646.

Page, Thomas La Plata, the Argentine Confederation and Paraguay. New York, 1859.

Pennington, A. Stuart The Argentine Republic. London, 1910.

Piaggio, Augustin Influencia del Clero en la Independencia Argentina. Barcelona, 1912.

Pradel, J. F. Le Chili Après Cent Ans d' Indépendance. Paris, 1912.

Purchas, S. Hakluytus Posthumus or Purchas His Pilgrimes. Glasgow, 1905-1906.

Roosevelt, Theodore Through the Brazilian Wilderness. New York, 1914.

Rosales, Diego de Historia General de el Reyno de Chile. Valparaiso, 1877.

Rosales, V. P. Recuerdos del Pasado. Santiago del Chile, 1886.

Rumbold, H. The Great Silver River. London, 1890.

Sainte-Foy, Charles Vie du Vénérable Joseph Anchieta. Paris, 1858.

Schmidel, Ulrich Viaje de, Al Rio de la Plata. Buenos Aires, 1903.

Scott, Elliott G. F. Chile, Its History and Development. London, 1911.

Smith, W. Anderson Temperate Chile. London, 1899.

Southey, Robert History of Brazil. London, 1810-1819.

Steinen, Karl von den Durch Central-Brasilien. Leipsic, 1886.

——Unter den Naturvölkern Zentral-Brasiliens. Berlin, 1894.

Techo, Nicolas del Historia Provinciæ Paraquaraiæ Societatis Jesu. Leodi, 1673.

Thayer-Ojeda, Tomás Los Conquistadores de Chile. Santiago de Chile, 1910.

——Las Antiguas Ciudades de Chile. Santiago de Chile, 1911.

THEVET, ANDRE Les Singularités de la France Antartique; Nouvelle Édition avec Notes et Commentaires, par Paul Gaffarel. Paris, 1878.

TICKNOR, GEORGE History of Spanish Literature. Boston, 1891.

TONNELAT, E. L'Expansion Allemande Hors d'Europe. Paris, 1908.

TORRENTE, MARIANO D. Historia de la Revolucion Hispano-Americana. Madrid, 1830.

URIEN, CARLOS M. Geografia Argentina. Buenos Aires, 1905.

WALLE, PAUL Au Brésil, De l'Uruguay au Rio São Francisco. Paris, n. d.

WILLIS, BAILEY Northern Patagonia. New York, 1914.

VASCONCELLOS, SIMÃO DE Chronica da Companhia de Jesu do Estado do Brasil. Lisbon, 1865.

VEGA, GARCILASSO DE LA Commentarios Reales. Madrid, 1723.

ZAHM, J. A. (H. J. MOZANS) Up the Orinoco and Down the Magdalena. New York, 1910.

——Along the Andes and Down the Amazon. New York, 1911.

ZAHM, J. A. (MANSO, J. A.) The Quest of El Dorado. Washington, 1912.

Coleccion de Obras y Documentos Relativos á la Historia Antigua y Moderna de las Provincias del Rio de la Plata. Buenos Aires, 1835.

Coleccion de Histiadores de Chile y Documentos Relativos á la Historia Nacional. Santiago de Chile, 1898-1907.

A Collection of Voyages and Travels. Churchill, London, 1732.

INDEX

Aconcagua Mountain, 263, 269, 286
A Cruz, newspaper, 440
Acuña, Padre de, 96, 97
Agriculture in Argentina, 179, 186, 208, 210, 390; checks to, 188-191; rapid development of, 187
Agriculture in Brazil, 99-101, 106
Agriculture in Chile, German development of, 333, 334
Agriculture in Uruguay, 131
Aguirre, Lope de, 487
Albarracin, Don Jaime, quoted, 247
Albuquerque, Luiz de, 429, 455, 484
Alerce tree, 349
Alligators, 423
Almagro, Diego de, 276, 277
Alonso, Mateo, 266, 267
Alpaca wool-weaving, 204
Alvares, Diogo, 33
Amazon River, exploration of, 27, 96, 460; sources of, 459
Ameghino, Dr., 168, 383
Amerigo Vespucci, 31
Amunategui, M. L., 296
Anahuac Valley, 48
Anchieta, José de, 83-85, 90, 91
Andes Mountains, geology of the, 269; giant trees of the, 349; passage of the, by San Martin, 262, 263, 271-273; plans for national park in the, 368; railway travel over the, 270; scenery of the, 269, 285, 286, 340-351, 363, 364
Angelis, Pedro de, quoted, 360, 361
Animals, of Argentina, 176, 177, 376, 383; of the Brazilian forests, 453; protection of, near Rio de Janeiro, 74; of Uruguay, 130, 131
Ant-eater, 453
Anzures, Pero, 441
Arana, R. Barros, 296, 362
Araucanian Indians, 202, 204; belief of in after-life, 318, 319; effects of civilization on, 327; independence of, 325, 326; oratory of, 328-330; resistance to Spanish invasion of, 317-322, 324, 325; use of alcohol among, 327; women of, 322-324
Araucaria brasiliensis tree, 106, 113
Arbitration, success of, in South America, 266, 268, 269, 288
Argentina, agriculture in, 179, 186, 208, 210, 390; ancient Indian civilization in, 202-204; animals of, 176, 383; beef production in, 185, 186; cattle ranching in, 180-184; constitution of, 236, 237; desert land in, 175, 224, 225, 376, 378, 379; droughts in, 188, 383; education in, 159, 160-164, 231-238; fertile regions of, 386, 390; flowers of, 155, 156; foreign capital in, 170; fossils in, 177, 178, 383; Gauchos of, 175, 191, 196; immigrant population of, 153-155, 169, 170, 186; locusts in, 188, 189; mutton production in, 185, 186; naval growth of, 381; old Spanish families of, 196, 197; Quichua language in, 202; rail-

roads in, 186, 200, 385, 386; sheep raising in, 182, 184; social conditions in, 189, 190, 196; sugar industry in, 209; Turks in, 378; War of Independence in, 152, 158, 159, 212-214, 253; wheat exportation in, 200, 201; *see also* Pampa, Patagonia
Argentine boundary difficulties, 266, 268, 269
Argentine Mesopotamia, 386, 390
Argentine Pampa, 173-175
Argentine patriotism, 167, 168
Arguello, Sebastian de, 353-355
Armadillo, 176, 383, 453
Armentia, bishop, 486 (*note*)
"Army of the Andes," 257-265, 270
Artigas, José, 130
Asuncion, colonial customs in, 409; race mixture in, 409; schools in, 413; vicissitudes of, 410, 411
Augustinians in Argentina, 220
Avenida Beira Mar, in Rio de Janeiro, 58-60
Avenida de las Delicias, in Santiago, 282
Avenida de Mayo, in Buenos Aires, 151
Avenida Rio Branco, in Rio de Janeiro, 54, 55
Ayacucho, Battle of, 241, 273
Ayolas, Juan de, 95, 149, 428; exploration of Paraná River by, 389, 390
Azevedo, João de Souza, 460, 465, 476
Azevedo, Dr. Ramos de, 86
Aztec Indians, 21

Bahia, churches in, 34, 35; city improvements in, 36; commercial importance of, 36, 37, 44, 45; early settlement of, 33, 34; education in, 35, 36; exports of, 36; reception in, 32, 33, 44
Bahia Blanca, 164; commercial importance of, 381; reception in, 382
Barbados, 23, 24
Bariloche, entertainment at, 366, 367, 372, 373; national park project at, 368
Barnuevo, Peralta, 295
Barros, João de, 39
Beef industries, in southern Brazil, 118; in Uruguay, 134-136
Beef production in Argentina, 185, 186
Beef waste on Pampa, 182
Belgrano, Manuel, 213, 214, 238, 260, 273; monument to, in Buenos Aires, 158; monument to, in Tucumán, 212
Bello, Andres, 287; arbitration work of, 288; university work of, 288, 289
Beltran, Luis, 258-259, 270
Benedictine college in São Paulo, 90, 91
Bethlehem Steel Corporation in South America, 303, 381
Bethlehemites in Argentina, 220
Bezoar stone, 376
Biobio River in Chile, 317
Birds of the Brazilian forest, 452, 465, 466
Blumenau, city of, 108, 122
Blumenau, Dr. Hermann, 108
Bogotá, 3; university of, 67
Bolas weapon, 377
Bolivar, rubber production in, abuses of, 486 (*note*)

Bolivar, Simon, 213, 273, 287; passage of the Andes by, 272
Bonpland, Aimé, 391, 392
Borórós Indians, 432
Bosco, Giovanni, 429; missionary plans of, 430, 437
Botanical gardens, of Buenos Aires, 155; of Montevideo, 139, 140; of Rio de Janeiro, 69, 70
Boundary difficulties in South America, arbitration of, 266, 268, 269
Boyacá, Battle of, 272, 273
Bravard, M., 247
Brazil, agriculture in, 99, 100, 101, 106, 107; changes of government in, 72, 73; coffee production in, 99, 100; confusion of names in, 455; desert lands of, 479-481, 490; diamond production in, 36, education in, 35, 67-69, 90-92, 455-457; foreign capital in, 65, 66; forests of, 74, 106, 107, 464-471, 477, 478; forests of, animal life of, 452, 453, 465, 466; immigrant population of, 92, 93, 107-109; Jesuit mission in, 83-85; origin of name of, 37-39; palm trees of, 464-471; Portuguese exploration of, 95-98; production of maté in, 111-115; race mixture in, 39-43, 85, 95, 98; racial differences in northern and southern, 108; railroads in, 66, 101, 104, 105, 122, 125; river scenery of, 448-451, 464-470; rivers of, exploration of, 27, 96, 459, 460, 482; rubber production in, 101; slavery in, 97, 108, 395, 484-486
Brazil, Dr. Vidal, 87, 88
Brazil Railway Company, 66, 104, 105
Brazilian hospitality, 32, 33, 44, 45, 53, 54, 81, 105, 125, 126
Brazilian literature, 69, 84
Brazilian Telegraphic Commission, 472, 476, 493, 494
Brébeuf, Jean de, 440
Buccaneers in South America, 21, 240, 299
Buenos Aires, architecture of, 151, 156-158, 165, 166; Botanical Gardens of, 155; charitable work in, 160-164; churches in, 151, 152, 157, 158; commercial importance of, 147-149, 164-166; contraband trade of, in colonial times, 241; docks of, 147, 164; education in, 159, 160-164; electricity in, 165; foreign capital in, 170; harbor of, 147; hospitals in, 160-164; narrow streets of, 150, 151, 157; population of, 153-155, 169, 170; reception in, 148, 149, 170-172; sanitation in, 164, 165; street-car system of, 165
Burmeister, Herman, 226
Butterflies of Rio de Janeiro, 75

Cabot, Sebastian, 149, 388, 501; exploration of Paraná River by, 389
Cabral, Pedro Alvares, 38, 39
Cajazeira, Dr., 478
Calbuco, volcano, 340, 343
Calchaque Indians, 202-204, 229
Callado, Francisco da Rocha, General, 116
Calle Florida, in Buenos Aires, 151
Campos dos Parecis, 479
Capuchins in Brazil, 482
Capybara, 445, 453
Carbajal, 96, 97, 486

Carbrera, Geronino Luis de, 226, 229
Carib fish, 417, 418
Carib Indians, 19
Caribees, 19-21
Carioca, 56
Carioca aqueduct, 76
Carioca tradition, 76, 77
Carmelites in Brazil, 482
Casa Dorada, in Buenos Aires, 151
Casa Rosada, in Buenos Aires, 151
Casanova, Mariano, Archbishop, 290, 294
Castellanos, Juan de, 295, 486
Castelnau, Francis de, quoted, 459
Castilio, Pedro, 246
Castro, 6
Cathedral of Buenos Aires, 151, 152
Catholic clergy and South American independence, 218-223, 236, 237, 258
Catholic university in Santiago, 290, 293
Catholicism, in Argentina, 158, 160, 231, 232, 266, 267, 393; in Brazil, 83-85, 90, 91, 432, 433, 455-457, 482; in Chile, 287, 290-294, 315, 327, 338, 339; in Ecuador, 432; in Paraguay, 394-400, 402, 429, 434; in Patagonia, 369, 370, 372, 431, 432; in Tierra del Fuego, 431, 432; in Uruguay, 138, 139, 144, 145
Cattle ranching, in Argentina, 183, 184; in Brazil, 110; in Uruguay, 131-136
Caupolican, Chief, 317, 322; statue of, in Santiago, 284
Caymans, 423
Cebu, 453
Centera, Barco, 295
Central Argentine Railway, 200
Central Uruguay Railway, 126
Cereals, exportation of, in Argentina, 200, 201; production of, in Argentina, 187; production of, in Brazil, 106; production of, in Uruguay, 131
Cesar, Moreira, 56
Chacabuco, Battle of, 272, 273
Chacama Indians, 393
Chañar, shrub, 175
Chapada of Brazil, 490, 491
Chapman, Frank, 8, 9
Charlevoix, P. F. X. de, quoted, 396
Charrua Indians, 130, 388
Chauvinism in Argentina, 168
Chaves, Nuflo de, 95, 441, 442, 453
Cherrie, George K., 8, 9, 10, 428
Chicago Beef Trust in Uruguay, 136
Chigoes, 443
Chile, boundary difficulties of, 266, 268, 269, 314; charitable work in, 297, 338, 339; desert lands of, 275-277; education in, 287-291, 293-295, 338; encomienda system in, 307-311; fertile lands of, 306, 333; forest resources of, 349; French nuns in, 338; German settlement in, 326, 331-337, 341, 342; Indian population of, 326; Indian wars in, 317-322, 324, 325; lumber industry in, 334; military spirit in, 312-314; military vicariate in, 315; mineral wealth of, 275, 303; mountain scenery of, 285, 286, 340-346, 363; native labor in, 292, 306-310, 331; naval defense of, 312; newspapers in, 294, 295; nitrate fields of, 331; potato culture in, 307; railway development in, 300; shape and size of, 275; social conditions in, 292, 293, 298, 308-311; Spanish

feudalism in, 308-311; University of, 67, 287-289; wine industry in, 306, 307
Chilean hospitality, 305, 336-339
Chilean literature, 295, 319-324, 329, 330
Chilean patriotism, 315, 316, 329, 330
Chiquito Indians, 396, 485
Christ of the Andes, statue, 265-268
Churches, in Bahia, 34, 35; in Buenos Aires, 151, 152, 157, 158; in Cordoba, 230; in Rio de Janeiro, 66, 67; in Santiago, 291
City improvement in South America, 36, 61-65, 94, 95, 150, 151, 157, 164-166, 231
Cocoa exportation from Brazil, 36
Coelho, Gonçalo, 49
Coffee exportation from Brazil, 36, 99, 100
Coimbra, University of, 69
Colombia, Salesian fathers in, 434
Colombia-Peru controversy, arbitration of, 288
Colonization. *See* Immigrant population
Columbus, Christopher, 21
Commerce in South America, 28, 29, 36, 37, 45, 46, 52, 53, 164, 170, 301-304, 381, 382; early Spanish monopoly of, 238; effect of Panama Canal on, 303, 304; old Spanish route for, 239, 240
Commercial monopoly in colonial times, 241, 242
Concepcion, Chile, earthquakes in, 316, 317; foundation of, 316
Concepcion, Paraguay, 418
Conquistadores, in the Andes, 347; in Argentina, 226-229; in Chile, 275-278, 308-311; on the Paraguay River, 428, 441-445; in search of the Enchanted City, 355-357; in South America, 2, 3, 21, 22, 361, 362, 370, 501; in South America, incentives of, 228
Convent schools, in Cordoba, 231, 232; in Santiago, 290, 291
Corcovado Mountain, 48, 70; ascent of, 74-76
Cordilleras Mountains, 2; passage of San Martin's army over, 262, 264, 270
Cordoba, 173, 174; agricultural development of, 225, 227; banquet to our party in, 245; churches in, 230; colonial architecture of, 230; commerce of, under Spanish rule, 240; education in, 231-235; foundation of, 226, 229; people of, 230; water supply of, 231; University of, 67, 232; University of, foundation of, 233; University of, mathematics and physics in, 235
Coroado Indians, 432
Cortes, Hernando, 21
Corumbá, charitable work in, 429, 434, 435; education in, 429, 434, 435; welcome at, 428
Cotton production in Brazil, 101
Cousiño, Isadora, 282
Cousiño, Luis, 282
Cousiño Park in Santiago, 282
Criollo cattle, 132, 184
Crown of Thorns, Argentine theory of, 168
Cruz, Dr. Oswaldo, 62, 63
Cuenca Vidal Reservoir, in Argentina, 379, 380
Curibocos, 40
Curityba, 108, 122
Cuyabá River, 439, 440
Cuzco language in Argentina, 202

Dames de Sion School, 91
Dairy industries in Uruguay, 136, 137
Dáyde, Ambrosio, 440
Dea Palmaris, shrine of, 466
"Dead Inca," 48
Dedo de Deus Mountain, 50
Deer, marsh, 453
Democracy, lack of true, in South America, 298
Descalvado, village, 453
Deserts, of Argentina, 175, 224, 225, 376, 378, 379; of Brazil, 479-481, 490; of Chile, 275-277
Diamonds of Brazil, 36, 37
Dias, A. Gonçalves, 470
Dictatorship in South America, 410-413
Dique San Roque Reservoir, in Cordoba, 231
Dobrizhoffer, Martin, quoted, 180, 426, 427
Dominica Island, 22
Dominicans, in Argentina, 218, 220, 266; in Brazil, 97; missionary work of, 394
D'Orbigny, Alcide, 396
Drake, Sir Francis, 21, 299
Dredging in Buenos Aires Harbor, 147
Droughts in Argentina, 188
Duprat, Monsignor, 153
Duvida River, 420

Earthquakes, building materials resistant to, 248; in Concepcion, Chile, 316; in Mendoza, 246-248; in Santiago, 280; in Valparaiso, 299
Ecclesiastical seminary, in Concepcion, Chile, 293; in Santiago, 291, 293
Ecuador, Salesian fathers in, 432
Ecuador-United States controversy, arbitration of, 288
Education, in Argentina, 159, 160-164, 231-238, 249; in Brazil, 35, 36, 67-69, 90-92, 455-457; in Chile, 287-291, 293-295, 338; in Paraguay, 413, 429, 434, 435; in Uruguay, 138
Edward VII of England, arbitration of South American boundaries by, 266
El Dorado, 362, 390
El Gran Moxo, 446-448
El Mercurio, newspaper, 294
Emus, 376, 377
Enchanted City of the Cæsars, 353-359, 390, 447
Encomienda system in Chile, 307-311
English, in Buenos Aires, 170; in Valparaiso, 300, 301
English invasion of Argentina, 158, 159
"Enshrouded woman," 48
Equatorial temperature, 25, 26
Ercilla, Alonzo de, epic poem of, 295, 319, 323-325
Errazuriz, Crescente, 296
Eucalyptus tree, 175
Eyzaguire, Ignacio Gonzalez, Archbishop, 293, 294; journalistic work of, 294

Fagnano, Monsignore, 431
Falkner, Thomas, quoted, 180
Falucho, monument to, in Buenos Aires, 151
Farquhar, Percival, 66, 105

Fawcett, P. H. Major, quoted, 486 (*note*)
Feudalism in Chile, 308-310
Fiala, Anthony, 11, 12, 14, 17, 18, 428
Fidelis, Reverend Fr., 157, 158
"Finger of God," mountain, 50
Fishing in Paraguay River, 417, 418
Flores de Leon, Diego, 347, 350, 353, 357
Flowers, of Argentina, 155, 156; of Rio de Janeiro, 69, 70; of Uruguay, 129, 139, 140
Fonck, Francisco, 350, 351, 352
Fonseca, João Saveriano da, quoted, 460
Foreign capital, in Argentina, 170; in Brazil, 65, 66
Forests, of Brazil, 74, 106, 107, 464-471, 477, 478; of Brazil, animal life of, 452, 453, 465, 466; of Brazil, travel in, 473, 475; of Chile, 334, 349
Fossils of animals in Argentina, 177, 178, 383
Francia, Dr. Rodriguez, José Gaspar, 391, 410, 411
Franciscan College of São Luiz, 455, 456
Franciscans, in Argentina, 220, 233, 258; in Brazil, 97, 455-458, 482; in Chile, 327, 348, 350, 351, 359; in the Chaco, 425-427; missionary work of, 394
French, in Brazil, 72; in Buenos Aires, 170; in Valparaiso, 300
French nuns in South America, 338, 339, 457
Frio Lake, mountain scenery around, 348
Frontin, Paulo, 62
Funes, Gregorio, 233; Argentine constitution drafted by, 236; legal eminence of, in Spain, 234; on mission Indians of Paraguay, 398; statue of, in Cordoba, 238; university work of, 235
Fur seal in Uruguay, 130, 131

Gama, Don Domicio da, 43
Garay, Juan de, 146, 147 (*note*), 150, 229
Garden of Eden, locations of, 168, 383, 384
Gaucho, living conditions of, 191
Gaucho songs, 192-194
Gauchos, of Argentina, 175, 191, 196; of Brazil, 117, 118; of Uruguay, 129, 130
Gavea Mountain, 48
Geology of Andes Mountains, 269; of Pampean deserts, 225
German military system in South America, 313
"German peril" agitation in Brazil, 120, 121, 123
Germans, in Brazil, 108, 119, 120-122; in Buenos Aires, 170; in southern Chile, 326, 331-337, 342; in Valparaiso, 300, 301
Germany and South America, 36, 37, 45, 46, 120, 121, 123, 301-303
Gil y Lemus, Francisco, 359
Gilded Man of Lake Guatavitá, 447
Glaciers of Tronador, 344-346
Gobernador Island, 49
Gold, search for, in South America, 95-98, 361, 362, 446-448, 484
Golden City of Manoa in Guiana, 447
Gorgas, Colonel, 63
Government changes in Brazil, 72, 73

Government factions in Uruguay, 142
Goyaz, Paulista exploration of, 95
Graaff, Johannes de, 22
Grain. *See* Cereals
Gran Chaco, extent of, 424; Indians of, 425-427; missionary work in, 425-427
Gran Paititi, 390
Grela, Ignacio, 218
Groussac, Pablo, 204, 248
Guanabara Bay, 49-52
Guanabara Palace, 53
Guanaco, 376, 377
Guapay River, early exploration of, 441-445
Guaporé River, 96, 460
Guarani Indians, 393; in Asuncion, 409; under Jesuit rule, 397-400
Guevara, José, quoted, 448
Guillelmo, Padre, 369

Half breeds, in Argentina, 205; in Brazil, 39-43, 85, 95, 98; in Brazil, Jesuit mission to, 83-85; in Paraguay, 409
Hamilton, Alexander, 22
Harper, Frank, 14, 17, 18, 417, 418
Hawkins, Sir Richard, 299
Headball, Indian game of, 497, 498
Herva tree, 112, 113
Hidden Water, 49
Hides, use of, in Argentina, 181, 182
"Historia Naturalis Palmarum," 467
"Home of Birds and Palms," poem, 471
Horses, in Argentina, 180, 181, 183, 184; in Uruguay, 137
Huiracocha, Chief, 203
Humboldt, Alexander von, 288, 392 483
Humming-bird, 452
Hunting expeditions of Roosevelt party, 438, 462, 463
Hutten, Philip von, 96

Igreja de São Sebastião Church, in Bahia, 67
Immigrant population, of Argentina, 169, 170, 186, 189, 190, 378; of Brazil, 92, 93, 107-109; of Chile, 326, 331-337, 341, 342
Incas, 21
Incas, ancient empire of, 202-204, 311, 312
Independence, Hall of, in Tucumán, 214, 215
Independence, War of. *See* War of Independence
Indian labor in Chile, 307-311
Indian languages, 84, 202, 426, 427
Indian wars in Chile, 317-322, 324, 325
Indians of Argentina, ancient civilization of, 202-204; increase of population of, 202, 205
Indians of Brazil, 39, 40, 41, 496-500; headball game of, 497, 498; Jesuit missionary work among, 83-85; production of maté by, 112-114; Salesian missionary work among, 432, 433; slavery of, 97, 395, 484-486; use of palm by, 468, 469
Indians of Paraguay, advancement of, under Jesuit rule, 399, 400; expert printing of, 396, 397; missionary work among, 394-396
Indians of Patagonia, 376, 377; mission to, 369
Indians of Tierra del Fuego, Salesian mission to, 430-432

Instituto Oswaldo Cruz in Bahia, 64, 65
Instituto Serumthérapico of Butantan in São Paulo, 86, 87
Irala, Domingo de, 95, 149, 441, 442
Iron mountain in Chile, 303
Irrigation in Argentina, 225, 245, 379, 380
Italians, in Mendoza, 252; in Buenos Aires, 169; in São Paulo, 92, 93
Ixtaccihuatl Mountain, 48

Jabiru stork, 452
Jacarandá tree, 155, 207
Jacares, 423
Japanese in South America, 6, 7
Jesuits, in the Andes, 350, 357; in Argentina, 393-406; in Brazil, 83-85, 97, 482; in the Chaco, 425; in Paraguay, 393-406
Jivaro Indians, 432
João VI, Dom, of Brazil, 72
Jungle, medical practice in the, 498-500; travel through the, 474, 475; vegetation in the, 477, 478

Koerner, General, 314

La Amortahada, 48
"La Araucana," poem, 295, 319-325, 329, 330
La Aurora, newspaper, 295
Labarden, Manuel José de, 423
La Gasca, 441
Laguna de los Xarayes, 446-448
Land owners, in Argentina, 189, 190, 375; in Chile, 292
Land-owning class in South America, effect on democracy of, 298
La Piedade Church in Bahia, 34
La Plata, Museum of, 177
La Recoleta Cemetery, Buenos Aires, 151, 152
Lasagna, Bishop, 433
Las Casas, Bishop, 394
La Union, newspaper, 294
Lautaro, Chief, 317, 320; military genius of, 320
Lava beds of Mendoza Valley, 269
Lemco and Oxo Company in Uruguay, 134, 135
Leon, Cieza de, 296, 487
Liebig, Justus von, 134, 135
Lima, Manoel Felix de, 460, 482
Lima, University of, 67
Literature in Brazil, 69, 84
Llanquihue, Lake, mountain scenery around, 339, 340
Lobos Islands, fur seals at, 131
Locusts in Argentina, 188, 189
Lopez, Carlos Antonio, 411, 487
Lopez, Francisco Solano, 411, 412
Lopez, Gaspar, Padre, 369
Los Patos Pass in the Andes, 262-264
Lulu Indians, 202-204
Lumber industry in Chile, 334
Lyceum of Arts and Trades in Bahia, 35

Machinery, in Argentine sugar industry, 209; for wine-making in Mendoza, 251
Mackenna, B. Vicuña, 296, 355, 363
Mackenzie, Murdo, 110
Mackenzie, Sir William, 65
Madeira River, 96, 460
Mãe d'Agua of Brazil, 450
Magalhães, Amilcar de, Captain, 476

Magellan, 71
Maipó, Battle of, 272
Mamelucos, 40, 85, 95; explorations of, 95-97; Jesuit work among, 83-85; slave raids of, 97, 395, 405, 484, 485
Mamoré River, 96, 460
Mangue Canal, in Rio de Janeiro, 56, 57
Mansvelt, 21
Manto headdress for women in Santiago, 291, 292
Manuela la Tucumána, 212
Mapuches, 317
Maria Ausiliatrice, Sisters of, 429, 435-437; in Brazil, 433, 436; in Tierra del Fuego, 431
Marques, Dr. Joaquin A. da Costa, 439
Marquette, 440
Martinique, 20, 23
Martius, Karl Friedrich von, 467
Mascardi, Nicolas, 350, 357, 358, 362
Mataquito, Battle of, 321
Maté, food value of, 115-117
Maté industry, in Brazil, 111-115; in Paraguay, 421
Matto Grosso, Catholicism in, 455-457; Indians of, 432, 433; missionary exploration of, 481-487; Paulista exploration of, 96; slavery in, 484, 485
Maule River, 311, 317
Medical practice in the Brazilian jungle, 498-500
Medical research in São Paulo, 86, 87
Medicine, Academy of, in Bahia, 35
Medicine, School of, in Montevideo, 138
Medina, Toribio, 296
Medrano, 96, 97
Meiggs, Henry, 300
Mendoza, 173, 246; earthquake in, 246-249; education in, 249, 250; public park of, 249; San Martin in, 256, 260, 261; vineyards of, 250, 251
Mendoza, Garcia de, 246
Mendoza, Pedro de, 146, 149, 180, 428, 501; exploration of Paraná River by, 389, 390
Menendez, Francisco, 348, 350, 352, 359, 371, 372; "Diarios" of, 351, 371
Menendez y Pelayo, M., quoted, 296
Mercederians in Argentina, 220
Mestizos, 40, 98, 205, 409
Metal work, ancient Indian, 204
Middle class, need of, in South America, 298
Millalelmo, Chief, 318
Miller, Leo, 12, 24, 25, 428
Minas Geraes, Paulista exploration of, 95
Missionaries in South America, explorations of, 350, 357-359, 362, 370, 483-488; literary work of, 96, 97, 370-372, 397, 404, 405, 487, 488
Missionary work in the Andes, 350, 351, 357-359; in Brazil, 83-85, 432, 433, 482, 487, 488; in Ecuador, 432; among the Guarani Indians, 393-406; in Paraguay, 394-400; in Tierra del Fuego, 431, 432; among the Toba Indians, 425-427
Misti, volcano, 48
Mitre, Bartolomé, 214
Molina, Dr. José Augustin, 216, 296
Monroe Doctrine, Roosevelt on, 142-144

Montevideo, Atheneum in, 138, 141; charitable institutions of, 138, 139; Botanical Gardens of, 139, 140; modern buildings of, 138, 139; population of, 140; rapid progress of, 140; reception of our party in, 138, 142-145; schools in, 138; Salesian convent in, 138; Solis Theater in, 141; University of, 138; Whites and Reds in, 142
Montoya, Ruiz de, leadership of mission Indians by, 405, 406; works of, 404; works of, printed by Guarani Indians, 397
Monuments to South American heroes, 152, 153, 158, 238, 256, 262, 273
Moreno, Dr. Francisco, 342, 352
Morgan, 21
Morro Escalvado, mountain, 453
Morungava, cattle ranch at, 110, 111
Mosquitoes, extermination of, in Rio de Janeiro, 63
Mountain scenery, around Rio de Janeiro, 47-51, 70-79; around Santiago, 285, 286; of southern Chile, 340-346, 363
Moxo Indians, 485
Mucury Indians, 485
Muiscas, 21
Mulattoes in Brazil, 39
Müller, Dr. Lauro, 62, 65, 121, 419
Mussurama snake, usefulness of, 88, 89
Musters, George C., 362
Mutton production, in Argentina, 185; in Uruguay, 137
"Mystery of the Strait," 21, 71

Nahuelhuapi Lake, Indians of, 369, 377; Jesuit mission on, 357, 359; mountain scenery around, 350, 367
Naval development, of Argentina, 381; of Chile, 312
Negroes in Brazil, 39, 42, 57, 58
Nevis Island, 22
Neuquen, town of, 381
New Granada, 3
Nichteroy, town of, 49, 52
Nitrate, production of, in Chile, 331
Nordenskjöld, Otto, 177, 432
Nossa Senhora da Boa Viagem chapel, in Rio de Janeiro, 67
Nossa Senhora da Victoria Church, in Bahia, 34
Nuñez, Cabeza de Vaca, Alvar, 2, 3, 149, 410, 441, 501; church erected by, 445; "Commentaries" of, 445, 446
Nyoac, steamboat, 419

Obra Conservacion de la Fe, in Buenos Aires, 162
O'Brien, George, Captain, 312
O'Higgins, Ambrosio, 307
O'Higgins, Bernardo, 262, 263, 273
Olivares, 296
Omagua Indians, 393
Orellana, Francisco de, 27, 96, 501
Organ Mountains, 50, 51
Oribe, General, 142
Oriole birds, 465, 466
Oro, Justo de Santa Maria de, 218
Osorno, volcano, 340-345, 364
Our Lady of Carmel in Chile, 314, 315
Our Lady of Mercy, in Mendoza, 260, 261; in Tucumán, 213, 214
Ovalle, Alonso de, 296

Pacific Steam Navigation Company, 300
Padilla, Sr. D. Ernesto, 209
Page, Thomas Jefferson, Captain, 461, 465
Paleologus, Fernando, 24
Palm, symbolism of the, 470
Palms of Brazil, 464-466; number of species of, 466, 467; varied uses of, 468, 469
Palermo, Park of, in Buenos Aires, 153-155
Palo Santa tree, 155
Pampa, animals of Argentine, 176-178, 383; arid regions on, 175, 224, 225; cattle ranches on, 181, 185; cultivation of, 186, 187; droughts on, 188; early Spanish colonization on, 179; early Spanish trade route across, 240; extent of, 174; fertility of soil on, 175, 176, 179, 182, 184, 187, 188; Gauchos of Argentine, 175, 191; horses on, 180, 181, 183, 184; immigrant population of, 186, 189, 190; locust plagues on, 188, 189; plant life on, 175, 176; railroads on, 186; sheep-raising on, 182, 184; *see also* Argentina, Patagonia
Panama Canal, effect of, on South American commerce, 303, 304; speech on, by Roosevelt in Santiago, 280-282
Pão d'Assucar, 47, 48, 70
Papagaio River, falls of, 494-496
Paqueta Island, 49
Paraguayan tea, 111-117
Paraná, immigrant population of, 107-109; production of maté in, 111, 115; subtropical climate of, 105-107
Paraná River, exploration of, 388, 403; scenery on banks of, 386, 387
Paraguay, dictators of, 410-412; education in, 413, 429, 434, 435; expulsion of Jesuits from, 401, 402; increase of Indian population in, 399; mission colonies of, 394-400; mixed population of, 409, 421
Paraguay River, alligators of, 423; cruise up the, 414-416; early exploration of, 428, 441-445, 448; early exploration of, accounts of, 442-445; fishing in, 417; Gran Chaco on, 424; living conditions along, 421, 422, 439; scenery of, 420, 421; scenery of, at night, 448-451
Parecis Indians, 484, 496-500
Passionists in South America, 157, 158
Passos, Dr. Pareira, 62
Patagonia, game in, 376; Indians of, 376, 377; Indians of, missionary work among, 369; national park project in, 368; scenery of, 375, 376; travel conditions in, 374; *see also* Argentina, Pampa
Paulistas, early explorations of, 95-97, 483; industrial progress of, 40, 85, 98-102; slave raids of, 485, 486
Paz, José Maria, 234
Pearson, F. S., 66
Peccaries, 462
Pedro II, Dom, of Brazil, 42, 43, 72
Pelée, volcano, 20
Penitentes, peaks, 269
Peons in Chile, 292
Pereira, Duarte Coelho, quoted, 51, 52

Perez Rosales Pass in the Andes, 347
Pernambuco, city of, 52
Piauhi, Paulista exploration of, 96
Pichincha, Battle of, 273
Piranha fish, 417, 418
Pizarro, Francisco, 3, 21, 226
Plant life, in Brazilian jungle, 477, 478; on Pampa, 175, 176
Plaza, Nicanor, 284
Poles in Brazil, 107, 108
Porteños, 153
Porto Alegre, German settlement of, 118-120, 122
Porto do Campo, village, 461-466
Porto Seguro, 39
Potato cultivation in Chile, 307
Pottery, ancient Indian, 204
Poya Indians, 369, 377
Prado, João Leme do, 479-481
Printing in Paraguayan missions, 396, 397
Puelche Indians, 369, 377
Puerto Militar, 381
Puerto Murtinho, 421
Puerto Varas, convent school in, 338; German breakfast to our party in, 336-339
Pueyrredon, Juan Martin, 271, 414 (*note*)
Puntiagudo Mountain, 344
Putumayo Indians, 486 (*note*)

Quebracho tree, 155
Quesada, Gonsalo Ximenes de, 3, 21, 96, 226
Quichua language in Argentina, 202
Quinta Normal Park in Santiago, 282
Quiroga, dictator, 412
Quito, Paulistas in, 96; University of, 67

Race mixture in Brazil, 39-43, 85, 95, 98
Racial differences in northern and southern Brazil, 108
Railways, in Argentina, 186, 200, 381; in Brazil, 66, 101, 104, 105, 122; in Chile, 300; in Paraguay, 413; in Uruguay, 126, 127
Rainfall in Chile, 275
Rainy season, in Paraguay, 421, 443; on the Pampa, 225, 240; travel during, in Brazil, 458, 459
Raposo, Antonio, 96
Reductions of Paraguay, advancement of Indians in, 395-400; foundation and object of, 394; Mameluco attacks on, 97, 395, 405, 485
Religious orders, schools of, in Buenos Aires, 160
Religious spirit in South American armies, 213, 214, 259-261, 314
Republican government in South America, 218, 413; abuse of, 412, 413
Rhea bird, 130, 131, 177
Rice production in Brazil, 101
Rio de Janeiro, Botanical Gardens of, 69, 70; butterflies of, 75; churches in, 66, 67; city improvements of, 61, 63-65; commercial development of, 52, 65, 66; docks of, 60, 61; electric power in, 65, 66; fortifications of, 49, 71, 72; harbor of, 51, 52; mountain scenery of, 47-51, 70-79; origin of name of, 49; population of, 57, 58; reception of our party in, 53,

54; sanitation in, 61-63; schools in, 67; streets of, 54-60; yellow fever in, 61, 62
Rio de la Plata, 146, 147
Rio de Mendoza valley, 269
Rio Grande do Sul, cattle farming methods in, 110, 111; horsemen of, 117, 118; immigrant population of, 106-109; production of maté in, 111; subtropical climate of, 105-107
Rio Maule, in Chile, 311, 317
Riquelme, cruiser, 414
Rivadavia, 161, 391
River of Doubt, 420
Rivera, town of, 125, 126
Rivera, General, 142
Rivers of Brazil, exploration of, 27, 96, 459-461, 482, 484
Rodrigues, Barbosa, 467
Rodriguez, José Gaspar, 391, 410, 411
Rojas, Diego de, 226
"Roman Peace" of Spanish rule, 243
Rondeau, General, 256
Rondon, Colonel Candido Mariano da Silva, 419
Roosevelt, Kermit, 46
"Roosevelt South American Scientific Expedition," 15; *see also* South American Expedition
Roosevelt, Theodore, 4-7; appreciation of General San Martin by, 152, 153; hunting expeditions of, 438, 462, 463; on Monroe Doctrine, in Montevideo, 142, 143, 144; on Panama Canal, in Santiago, 280-282; on reading, 16, 17
Rosas, dictator, 412
Rosales, Diego de, 296, 349, 350, 356, 357
Rosario, 164, 173, 200; size and commercial importance of, 201
Rotos, 292, 331
Rua do Ouvidor, in Rio de Janeiro, 55, 56
Rubber production in Brazil, 101
Rubber production in Bolivar, abuses of, 486 (*note*)

Sa, Estacio de, 67, 71
Sa, Mem de, 67
Saavedra, Hernando Arias de, 132, 394
Sacred Heart schools in Santiago, 290, 291
St. Eustatius Island, 22
St. Francis de Sales, Society of, foundation of, 430; *see also* Salesian fathers
St. John of God, priests of, in Argentina, 220
St. Joseph of Chambéry, Sisters of, 92
St. Raphael, Salesian mission at, 431
St. Vincent Island, 20
Salavarrieta, Policarpa, 212
Salesian convent in Montevideo, 138
Salesian fathers, in Brazil, 432, 433; in Colombia, 434; in Ecuador, 432; educational work of, 433-437; in Tierra del Fuego, 431, 432
Salesian schools in Corumbá, 429, 434, 435
Salesian trade school in Bahia, 35
Salines of Argentina, 225
Salto Bello Falls, 493
San Christobal, hill, 285

San Francisco, Church of, in Mendoza, 261
San Marcos, University of, in Lima, 67
San Martin, José de, 152, 153, 213, 238, 255, 273; birthplace of, 391; Chilean campaign of, 263, 272, 273; in Mendoza, 256, 260, 261; monument to, in Buenos Aires, 152, 153, 262; monument to, in Mendoza, 256; organization of patriot army by, 254-259; passage of the Andes by, 262, 263, 271-273
San Miguel de Tucumán. *See* Tucumán
Santa Anna do Livramento, 125, 126
Santa Casa da Misericordia Hospital, in São Paulo, 92
Santa Catharina, immigrant population of, 107-109; maté production in, 111; subtropical climate of, 105-107
Santa Clara Island, 48
Santa Cruz, 39
Santa Fé, foundation of, 229
Santa Lucia, hill, in Santiago, 279, 283-286
Santa Maria de Buenos Aires. *See* Buenos Aires
Santiago, earthquakes in, 280; fine architecture of, 279, 280, 282; foundation of, 278; pleasure grounds of, 282-286; Roosevelt in, 280-282; scenery around, 285, 286; schools in, 287-291; strong position of, 279; University of, 67, 287
Santiago del Estero, 201, 202
Santo Domingo Church in Buenos Aires, 158
Santo Domingo Church in Cordoba, 230
Santos, yellow fever in, 101
São Bento College in São Paulo, 90, 91
São Francisco Church in Bahia, 35
São João, fazenda, 440
São Lowrenço River, 440, 441
São Luiz de Caceres, Franciscan college at, 455, 456; French nuns in, 457; reception at, 454; schools in, 455-457
São Paulo, architectural beauty of, 85, 86, 89, 90; Benedictine college in, 90, 91; charitable institutions of, 92; coffee culture in, 99, 100; education in, 90-92; foreign population of, 89, 90, 92, 93; growth and prosperity of, 94, 95; increase of population in, 94; Jesuit college in, 83, 84; medical research in, 86, 87
São Salvador. *See* Bahia.
São Sebastião. *See* Rio de Janeiro.
Sarcabana, weapon, 468
Sarsfield Dalmacio Velez, 234
Savoy Hotel in Tucumán, 207
Scenery in South America, 1, 2, 5, 363, 364
Schaerer, Eduardo, 414
Schmidt, Ulric, 441-444
Schools, in Bahia, 35; in Buenos Aires, 159, 160-164; in Cordoba, 231-235; in Mendoza, 249, 250; in Montevideo, 138; in Rio de Janeiro, 67, 68; in São Luiz de Caceres, 455-457; in Santiago, 287-291
Schwab, Charles M., 303, 304, 381
Scientific interest of South America, 4, 5, 177, 178, 351, 383, 391, 392, 420

Sepotuba River, 460, 463; palm trees along, 464-471; scenery along the, 464-466
Sepp, Anthony, quoted, 180 (*note*)
Serra Azul Mountains, 454
Serra dos Orgãos, 50, 51
Sertão of Brazil, 479-481; exploration of, 482, 484
"Sertum Palmarum Brasiliensium," 468
Sheep-raising, in Argentina, 182, 184; in Uruguay, 137
Sigg, Jacob, 13, 14, 18, 428; medical work of, 498-500; usefulness of, 463
Silveira, Francisco Berquó de, 55
Sipe-Sipe, Battle of, 254, 255
Skunk, 224
Sky scenery on Paraguay River, 448-451
Slave-dealing in Brazil, 97, 395, 484-486
"Sleeping Giant," 48, 49
Sloth, 453
Snake birds, 452
Snake-bites, treatment for, in Brazil, 87, 88
Sociedad de Beneficencia, in Buenos Aires, 161
Sociology, study of, in Chile, 293
Solano, San Francisco, 425
Solis, Juan Diaz de, 149, 388, 501
Soufrière, 20
Sousa, Thomé de, 33
South America, land owners in, 298; conquistadores in, 2, 3, 21, 22, 361, 362, 370, 501; Dominican missions in, 394; Franciscan missions in, 394; French nuns in, 338, 339, 457; Maria Ausiliatrice Sisters in, 437; missionary exploration of, 350, 357-359, 362, 370, 483-488; Salesian fathers in, 436, 437; scientific interest of, 4, 5, 177, 178, 351, 383, 391, 392, 420; travel conditions in, 66, 104, 105, 200, 300, 342, 348, 385, 386; war of independence in, *see* War of Independence
South American commerce, 28, 29, 36, 37, 45, 46, 52, 53, 164, 170, 301-305, 381, 382; early Spanish monopoly of, 238; effect of Panama Canal on, 303, 304; early Spanish route for, 239, 240
South American Expedition, animal collecting of, 428, 438, 462, 473; books and reading of, 16-19; equipment for, 11-13, 18; itinerary for, 103, 104, 173, 385; organized, 8-14
South American literature, value of missionary records to, 370-372, 397, 404, 405, 488, 489
South American opinion on Roosevelt, 6, 7
South American patriots, treatment accorded to, 273
South American revolutions, bad effect of, 412, 413
South American scenery, 1, 2, 5, 363, 364
Spaniards in Buenos Aires, 169, 170
Spanish colonial policy in South America, 238-243
Spanish conquistadores in South America. *See* Conquistadores
Statia Island, 22
Steamship lines in Chile, 300
Stock farms, in Argentina, 180-184; in Brazil, 110; in Uruguay, 131-136
Storms, Araucanian belief concerning, 318, 319

Sugar industry, in Argentina, 209; in Brazil, 36
Sugar Loaf Mountain, 47, 48; picnic on, 70, 71
Swiss colonists in Uruguay, 136, 137

Talcahuano, naval school at, 312
Tapajos River, 460
Tapir, 453, 462
Tapirapuhan village, 472
Taylor, Hugh, 105
Teatro Colon in Buenos Aires, 166; banquet to our party in, 170
Techado Mountain, 344, 346
Temperature at the equator, 25, 26
Termite ants, 488, 491, 492
Texeira, 96
Thayer-Ojeda, Tomas, 296
Thays, M., 151, 153, 156
Tierra del Fuego, Salesian fathers in, 430-432
Tijuca Mountain, 50, 51; ascent of, 74, 77
Timber production, in Brazil, 106; in Chile, 334
Tipa tree, 155
Toba Indians, 424, 425
Tobacco, exportation of, from Brazil, 36; production of, in Brazil, 101
Todos los Santos Lake, mountain scenery around, 343-346
Toribio, Santo, Bishop, 394
Travel conditions in the Andes, 342, 348, 349; in Argentina, 200, 385, 386; in Brazil, 104, 105, 474, 475; in Chile, 300, 342; in Uruguay, 126, 127
Trejo y Sanabria, Fernando de, Bishop, 233, 394
Trees, of Argentina, 155, 156; of Brazil, 69, 70, 106, 107, 464, 465-471; of Brazil, dense growth of, in jungle, 477, 478; giant size of, in the Andes, 349
Tronador Mountain, 344-346, 364
Tropical birds, 465, 466
Tucumán, 173, 174, 200; agricultural college in, 210, 211; ancient Indian civilization in, 202-204; Battle of, 212, 213; colonial and modern buildings of, 205-207; commerce of, under Spanish rule, 240; congress of, 214-220, 236; conquistadores in, 229; foundation of, 211; fruit-growing in, 210; increase of native population in, 205; living conditions in, 209, 210; scenery around, 207, 208; sugar industry in, 208
Tufa beds of Rio de Mendoza valley, 269
Tupi Indians, 393
Tupi language, Jesuit work on, 84
Turks in Patagonia, 378

United Provinces of Rio de la Plata, congress of, 214-220, 236; *see also* War of Independence
Universities of South America, 67, 138, 159, 232-235, 287
Urucumacuan, gold mines of, 484
Uruguay, absence of Indians in, 130; agriculture in, 131; animals of, 130, 131; beef industries in, 134-136; cattle farming in, 131-136; flowers of, 129; Gauchos of, 129, 130; horses of, 137; living conditions in, 127, 128; mutton production in, 137; population of, 127, 128; prairie lands of, 127; sheep raising in, 137

Uspallata Pass in the Andes, 257, 262-264, 267, 268
Utiarity village, 493; Indians of, 496-500
Utiarity Falls, 494-496

Valdivia, Germans in, 332
Valdivia, Pedro de, 2, 3, 226, 229; cities founded by, 317; invasion of Chile by, 276-278, 317-322, 324, 325; statue of, in Santiago, 284
Valley of Eden in Uruguay, 128, 129
Valparaiso, buccaneer attacks on, 299; commercial importance of, 299, 301, 302; earthquakes in, 299; foreigners in, 300
Value of palms in Brazil, 468, 469
Vampire bats, 473, 474
Van Noort, Oliver, 299
Vega, Garcilaso de la, 203, 296
Vergara, Valdez, 296
Vespucci, Amerigo, 31
Vicuña, Carlos Moria, 296
Vicuña, 376
Vicuña wool, 204
Villegaignon, Chevalier de, 71, 72
Virgin Mary, statue of, on San Christobal Hill, 285
Von Ihering, Dr., 86

War of Independence, Catholic clergy in, 218-223, 236, 237, 258; in Argentina, 152, 158, 159; in Chile, 263, 272, 273; passage of the Andes in, 262, 263, 271-273; women in, 212, 254, 255
War of the Triple Alliance, 411, 412
Washington, George, 24
West Indian scenery, 19, 20, 22, 23
Wheat, exportation of, in Argentina, 200, 201
Wheelwright, William, monument to, in Valparaiso, 300
Wild fig vine, 478
Wine, production of, in Argentina, 251, 252; in Brazil, 106; in Chile, 306, 307
"Woman in White," 48
Women, in charitable work in Buenos Aires, 161, 162; in charitable work in Chile, 297; in War of Independence, 212, 254, 255
Wool production in Uruguay, 137

Xarque, production of, in Brazil, 118

Yellow fever in Rio de Janeiro, 61, 62; in Santos, 101

Zarate, Don Juan Ortiz de, 182
Zoological Gardens of Buenos Aires, 156

FOLLOWING THE CONQUISTADORES

Up the Orinoco and Down the Magdalena

By H. J. Mozans, A. M., Ph. D. Illustrated. 8vo, cloth, gilt top, uncut edges. Price $3.00 net. By mail $3.20.

"His pages breathe the poetry of travel, the romance of Sir John Mandeville, tempered by the moderation of scientific research. This is a very model of a travel book, and the author is to be congratulated on a result that will insure a wide public for the promised sequel."—*The World,* London, England.

"The book is beyond question the most valuable of all the books on South America which has appeared. It is as interesting as a novel, full of entertaining anecdote and of real value to the student. It contains some maps and excellent illustrations from photographs."—*The Call,* San Francisco, Cal.

"This is a remarkably interesting book, leading us through a region little known to the majority of English travelers, and possessing, in consequence, that charm of novelty in which works of the same description are occasionally deficient."—*The Standard,* London, England.

"The reader will find this trip with the author, "Up the Orinoco and Down the Magdalena," as agreeable and instructive as a personally conducted visit to the heart of the Andes."—*Evening Transcript,* Boston, Mass.

"This volume, remarkable alike for its instructive qualities and the excellent composition, will open a vista of delight to the reader who relishes travel."—*The News,* Charleston, S. C.

"Dr. Mozans sees the country with the trained and experienced eye of a world traveler and with the well stocked mind of the lover of literature. The past is linked with the present, the unknown with the known, and poetically appreciated in a way that is most delightful."—*The Tribune,* Chicago, Ill.

"The author, a traveler of many years of experience, who has explored strange corners of the globe in every zone, combines with accurate observation and a facile power of description a knowledge of history that enables him to illuminate his work with something of the romance that attaches to the tales of the conquistadores in whose trail he followed on this journey. The resulting book is one that gives the reader a complete new set of impressions and ideas concerning Venezuela and Columbia and the great rivers that water these still unsettled lands."—The *Times Star,* Cincinnati, Ohio.

"Not since the appearance of Humboldt's *"Personal Narrative of Travels in the Equinoctial Regions of America"* has the fertile and romantic region of *Tierra Firma*—the scene of the exploits of some of this most illustrious of the *Conquistadores*—been so fully and so vividly described as by Doctor Mozans in his instructive and fascinating volume *"Up the Orinoco and Down the Magdalena."—Bulletin of the Pan-American Union.*

FOLLOWING THE CONQUISTADORES

Along the Andes and Down the Amazon

By H. J. Mozans, A. M., Ph. D. With an Introduction by Theodore Roosevelt. Illustrated. 8vo, cloth, gilt top, uncut edges. Price $3.50 net. By mail $3.70

"It was a great project and a grand journey, but we do not recall any writer who could describe it so delightfully as Dr. Mozans. He has not only an irresistible literary charm, but he is so saturated with knowledge of what he writes about that all he writes has an irresistible interest."—*The Herald,* Glasgow, Scotland.

"Readers of Dr. Mozans' book have been impressed by the remarkable, almost amazing, erudition shown in it. It has also a modernity that is unusual in scholarly persons. Dr. Mozans seems to have been everywhere and studied everything. His especial interest in life has been thoroughly to acquaint himself with the history, antiquities and people, past and present, of northern South America."—*The Literary Digest,* New York City.

"Dr. Mozans writes English after our own style, and has a point of view half philosophical and half poetic. He is highly sensitive to the mystery of the dead civilizations of the Andean plateaux, as well as to the abounding life of the modern States, and the book generally is the pleasantest account of South America we have encountered for a considerable time."—*The Standard,* London, England.

"To read his book is not only to travel with him to strange places but also to be steeped in good literature."—*The Record-Herald,* Chicago, Ill.

"Great learning is often allied with great simplicity. It is so in the case of Dr. Mozans. He is bubbling over with information about the achievements of the Spanish conquistadores and the subsequent history of the lands over which they established their sway."—*The Field,* London, England.

"Whether Dr. Mozans' volume is resorted to for solid information or mere entertainment it will well repay the reading."—The *New York Times.*

"A book which every traveler to South America, especially every traveler to the west coast of the continent, will wish to have in his handbag."—*Bulletin of the Pan-American Union.*

"This is a delightful book from every standpoint."—Ex-President Roosevelt, in the Introduction to Dr. Mozans' book.

"Like the well-known works of Waterton and Humboldt on South America, the two books by Dr. Mozans are sure to have a permanent value and to be recognized as soon as known, as authorities on the countless subjects discussed in their illuminating pages with such fairness and scholarship."—*The Freeman's Journal,* New York City.

D. APPLETON AND COMPANY, NEW YORK

A TIMELY VOLUME OF UNUSUAL INTEREST

Woman in Science

By H. J. MOZANS, A. M., Ph. D., Frontispiece, 8vo., Cloth, $2.50 net. By mail $2.64.

"A historical survey of the higher education of women that is almost monumental in design. . . . The conclusion of the admirable survey is inspiring for its breadth and idealism."

—*The Review of Reviews,* New York City.

"All who are interested in the progress and advancement of women will be inspired by this exhaustive treatment by Dr. Mozans."

—*The Literary Digest,* New York City.

"Dr. H. J. Mozans's present volume, 'Women in Science,' is assuredly no labor of the market. Its pages are the outcome of long days at the University of Athens, of months at Bologna, Padua and Pavia, of years of delving into the recorded lives of the great women of civilization. . . . But he closes his scholarly and most courteous volume with a freshened hope."

—*The Times,* New York City.

"The book marks an epoch in the struggle of women for recognition in the educational world and is worthy of a place in the library of every cultivated man and woman in the land."

—*The Evening Telegram,* Portland, Oregon.

"It is a much more refreshing story than the story of the militant struggle to vote. It wakens not mere sympathy but deep respect."

—*The Knickerbocker Press,* Albany, N. Y.

"The present book is emphatically timely, dealing as it does with the right of woman to the opportunity to develop her life precisely as the man has the right to develop his. . . . This book is a storehouse of facts and arguments for all who in this struggle take the side of reason and justice."

—*The Outlook,* New York City.

"Writers and orators who deal with feminism in its chameleonic aspects will want to read Dr. H. J. Mozans's 'Woman in Science.'"

—*The Public Ledger,* Philadelphia, Penna.

"After outlining woman's capacity for scientific purposes, the book takes up, step by step, her achievements in all the departments of pure science from the earliest times to the present. An inspiration for those interested in the cause of women."

—*Current Opinion,* New York City.

"For those directly interested in the cause of woman it is a fountain of inspiration."

—*The Constitution,* Atlanta, Ga.

"The book will be especially valuable to those who are directly interested in the 'Cause of Woman,' and who wish argumentative ammunition for the fray."

—*St. Paul Dispatch,* St. Paul Pioneer Press.

"He has written a wonderful book which every woman who undertakes to forward the feminist cause should read. . . . The book Dr. Mozans has written about them has the romantic interest of a novel and the inspiration of a battle hymn!"

—*The Journal,* Madison, Wisconsin.

D. APPLETON AND COMPANY, NEW YORK

535

75 340TF BR2 4597 08/94 24-950-00

FLORIDA STATE UNIVERSITY
3 1254 02507 2568